

THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. PERRIN. *Histoire des Vaudois et des Albigeois.* (History of the Waldenses and the Albigenses.) Genève: Mat. Berjon. c10.101.XVIII. (1618.) Two Volumes (generally bound in one).
2. GILLES. *Histoire ecclésiastique des Eglises Réformées..... autrefois appelées Vaudoises; commençant dès l'An 1160..... et finissant en l'An 1643.* (Ecclesiastical History of the Reformed Churches.....formerly called Waldensian; beginning at the Year 1160.....and ending in 1643.) Genève: Jean de Tournes. MDCXLIV. (A thick quarto.)
3. LEGER. *Histoire générale des Eglises Evangéliques des Vallées de Piedmont.* (General History of the Evangelical Churches of the Valleys of Piedmont.) Leyden: Jean le Charpentier. 1669. (Two folio volumes.)
4. *Histoire de la glorieuse Rentrée des Vaudois dans leurs Vallées.* Par HENRI ARNAUD, Pasteur et Colonel des Vaudois. (History of the glorious Re-entrance of the Waldenses into their Valleys. By H. A., their Pastor and Colonel.) MDCCX. (Believed to have been printed at Cassel.)
5. *The History of the Evangelical Churches of the Valleys of Piemont.* Collected and compiled with much pains and industry by SAMUEL MORLAND, Esq. London. MDCLVIII. Folio.
6. ALLIX. *Remarks upon the ecclesiastical History of the ancient Churches of Piedmont.* London. 1690. Quarto.
7. MACCRIE. *The Progress and Extinction of the Reformation in Italy.* 1827.

8. *Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piedmont in the Year 1823.* By W. S. GILLY. London: Rivingtons.
9. *Waldensian Researches during a second Visit to the Vaudois.* By W. S. GILLY. London: Rivingtons. 1831.
10. *Vigilantius and his Times.* By W. S. GILLY, D.D. London: Seeleys. 1844.
11. *The Romaunt Version of the Gospel according to St. John, &c.* By W. S. GILLY, D.D. London. 1844.
12. *Histoire de l'Eglise des Frères.* (History of the Moravian Church.) Par A. BOST. Genève: Guers. 1831.
13. *Lettres de Felix Neff.* (Neff's Remains and Correspondence.) Par A. BOST. Genève et Paris. 1842. Two Vols.
14. *Visite dans les Hautes-Alpes.* (A Visit to the Department of the Upper Alps, the ancient Dauphiné.) Par A. BOST. Genève et Paris. 1842.
15. CESAR MALAN, D.D. *Le Chrétien primitif: Anecdote Provençale.* (The Primitive Christian: a Provençal Anecdote.) Genève.
16. CESAR MALAN, D.D. *Complainte sur l'Origine et les Malheurs des Vaudois de Mérindol, &c.* (The Lament of the Vaudois of Merindol: a Ballad with Music.) Genève.
17. RAYNOUARD. *Choix des Poésies originales des Troubadours.* (Selection of original Poems of the Troubadours.) Paris. 1816. Six octavo Volumes.
18. MAITLAND. *Facts and Documents illustrative of the History, Doctrine, and Rites of the ancient Albigenses and Waldenses.* London. 1832.
19. G. S. FABER. *Researches upon the History and Theology of the ancient Waldenses and Albigenses.* London. 1838.
20. DR. TODD, F.T.C.D. *Discourses on the Prophecies relating to Antichrist.* Dublin. 1840.
21. DR. TODD's articles on the *Waldensian MSS. in the Library of Dublin University*, in the *British Magazine* for April, May, June, 1841.
22. *Geschichte der Waldenser und verwandter Secten.* (History of the Waldenses and Sects related to them.) Von Dr. C. U. HAHN. Stuttgart. 1847.
23. (Review of the foregoing work by HERZOG in the) *Theologische Studien und Kritiken*, 1851, viertes Heft.
24. SCHMIDT. *Uebersicht einiger zur Kenntniss des religiösen Lebens im Mittelalter dienender Werke.* (Review of some Works serving for the Knowledge of religious Life in the Middle Ages.) *Studien und Kritiken*, 1851, erstes Heft.
25. *Histoire de l'Eglise Vaudoise.* (History of the Waldensian Church.) Par A. MONASTIER. Genève. 1847. Two Vols.
26. *De Origine et pristino Statu Waldensium, secundum antiquissima eorum Scripta cum Libris Catholicorum ejusdem Aevi collata.* Per J. J. HERZOG. Halis. 1848.

27. (Review of the two last-mentioned works by HAHN in the) *Studien und Kritiken*, 1850, viertes Heft.
28. *Les Vaudois de Provence*. (The Waldenses of Provence.) Par LOUIS FROSSARD, Pasteur. Avignon: Bonnet. 1848.
29. *Quelques Observations sur l'Origine et les Doctrines primitives des Vaudois*. (Some Observations on the Origin and primitive Doctrines of the Waldenses.) Par J. J. HERZOG. *Revue de Strasbourg*, Dec., 1850.
30. *Le Guide du Catéchumène Vaudois*. (The Waldensian Catechumen's Guide.) Par M. A. CHARVAZ, Evêque de Pignerol. Paris et Lyon. 1840-2. Three Vols. 18mo. (From the Roman Catholic point of view.)
31. (Articles by PROFESSOR REUSS on the Vaudois and Catharic Versions of the Bible, in the Strasburg) *Revue de Théologie*, Dec., 1851, Dec., 1852, Feb., 1853.
32. *L'Israel des Alpes. Première Histoire complète des Vaudois du Piemont*. (The Alpine Israel. First complete History of the Waldenses.) Par ALEXIS MUSTON. Paris: Ducloux. 1851. Four Vols.
33. *Die Waldenser im Mittelalter: Zwei historische Untersuchungen*. (The Waldenses in the Middle Ages: Two historical Investigations.) Von A. M. DIECKHOFF. Goettingen. 1851.
34. (Notice of the last two works by CUNITZ in the Strasburg) *Revue de Théologie*, Aug., 1852.
35. *De l'Origine des Vaudois*. (Of the Origin of the Waldenses. A paper by MUSTON in the) *Revue de Théologie*, Aug., 1852.
36. *Die Romanischen Waldenser, ihre vorreformatorischen Zustände und Lehren*. (The Romanist Waldenses, their Condition and Doctrines previous to the Reformation.) By DR. HERZOG. Halle. 1853.
37. *Les Vaudois avant la Réformation*. (The Waldenses before the Reformation. A notice of Herzog's work by CUNITZ in the Strasburg) *Revue de Théologie*, Nov., 1853.
38. *A short History of the Waldensian Church*. By JANE LOUISA WILLYAMS. London: Nisbets. 1855. Second Edition.
39. *Histoire de Vigilance, Esclave, Prêtre, et Réformateur des Pyrénées*. (History of Vigilantius, Slave, Priest, and Reformer of the Pyrenees.) Par NAPOLEON PEYRAT. Paris. 1855.
40. *La Liberté de Conscience*. (On Liberty of Conscience.) Par JULES SIMON. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1857.
41. *The Waldenses, past and present*. Article in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* for Dec., 1854.

EVER since the Reformation the Waldenses have inspired evangelical Christians with the deepest interest. In England,

at least, the religious public of the present day are better acquainted with their glorious history than any previous generation, except perhaps those that were contemporary with the two great persecutions of the seventeenth century. Many of our readers doubtless have had the privilege of visiting the valleys, as the writer of these pages had some twenty years ago, and of reckoning among their friends the descendants of martyrs and heroes. Others, who have never stood at the foot of the majestic Vaudalin, nor wandered along the Pelice, with its vineyards and mulberry groves, or the Germanasca, with its precipices and Alpine solitudes, are yet more or less familiar with those names, and with the names of the men who have made them for ever famous. Assuredly we know less of the faith and patience of the Vaudois, of their spirit of forbearance and forgiveness and Christian meekness, than we do of their martial heroism; for the one is essentially registered in heaven, while the other, from its nature, is reported and remembered upon earth: but certainly the latter may vie with all that is told of ancient Greece itself. The world has inherited much of its culture from Greece. The acquisitions and achievements of that little country and its colonies could not be blotted out of history without mutilating the entire process of human development, and must remain prominent in the remembrances of the race so long as it exists; while the sufferings and miraculous endurance of the Vaudois are but an episode in history, and have but indirectly and subordinatedly affected the interests of mankind as a whole: yet the episode belongs to the religious—that is to say, to the highest—sphere of history. Its interest must therefore grow upon us as we learn to estimate things at their real value, and its bearing upon the great changes of the sixteenth century is found upon examination to be more important than appears at first sight.

The earliest persecutions perpetrated in the name of Christianity belong to the ancient Catholic Church, rather than to that of Rome, properly so called. Under Constantine, says M. Jules Simon, the very Judges who had shortly before condemned Christians in the name of the old Roman deities, now condemned Donatists in the name of the orthodox faith. After a conflict of three centuries, such as the world had never seen, conscience had proved stronger than the sword; and in the very hour of this mighty victory Christians forgot their Lord's promises and commands, to grasp that weapon, the powerlessness of which had just been proved upon themselves! A few noble minds protested against this false way of securing the truth. Hilary of Poitiers, for instance, mourns over the degeneracy of those Christian teachers who try to terrify their adversaries by sentences of exile, imprisonment, and death, while the Apostles conquered the world without other arms than their own faith

and the power of God. Athanasius teaches that truth can be propagated by persuasion only ; and fera of the Emperor is not persuasion. He adds, 'Christ Himself only stands at the door and knocks. (Rev. iii. 20.) He does not force it open.' Chrysostom, a little later, says, that the attempt to cut off heretics will only let loose upon the world an irreconcilable war.* But the voices of those great men were lost in the crowd. It became an established principle, that civil rulers were bound to impose the true religion upon their subjects ; and the Arians, Jovinian, the Priscillianists of the south of France and of Spain, the Paulicians of Asia Minor, all in their turn experienced bitterly the application of the principle. All suffered, moreover, through the influence of the hierarchy generally, whether in the east or west, and not through the Bishops of Rome in particular.

However, when the breaking up of the Roman Empire gave the Pope opportunity to complete the feudal character of the hierarchy, and to become the acknowledged head of the Latin Church, persecution of every form of religious dissent became at once more severe and more systematic. Pagan persecutions had always arisen from popular impulse, or from the fury of some Emperor peculiarly cruel and suspicious, or else hardened by Stoicism. In either case the storm was from its own nature intermittent ; but now there was a vigilance at work that could not be cheated into allowing its victims a moment's breathing time. There was a great bloated spider in the centre of the web, capable of detecting the least vibration of every fibre. The pagan priesthood had never formed one organized body throughout the Empire, to watch every rising symptom of independence ; whereas the Pope had at his command multitudes without any interest except that of their order, and of a oneness of purpose such, that to compare it to the discipline of an army is to represent it very inadequately indeed. Pagans had remained true to the external character of their civilization even in persecution. They only took cognizance of acts of public worship, gave themselves no trouble about doctrines, sent martyrs out of the world with bodily tortures exclusively, and overlooked the various channels by which the obnoxious religion exercised moral influence. Fallen Christianity, as the corruption of a higher and spiritual principle, showed itself capable of a more deadly hostility. In the infliction of physical suffering it could only equal its predecessor ; for human cruelty had already exhausted its ingenuity. The number of its victims was probably as great : the purple of the Cæsars had not been more deeply dyed in the blood of the saints than was the purple of the Roman Pontiffs : but Cæsars had not known how to sound

* Οὐ γὰρ δεῖ ἀναγκρῖν αἱρετικόν, ἐπεὶ πόλεμος ἔσονται εἰς τὴν οἰκουμένην ἐμελλεν εἰσάγεσθαι.—*Forty-sixth Homily on Matthew.*

consciences with the vigorous instinct of religious despotism, to aggravate despotism by moral torture; nor were they solicitous enough about their subjects' salvation to think of that surest precaution against heresy,—the seizing the children of the recusant, and bringing them up in abhorrence of their parent's faith.

Papal persecutions, in the proper sense of the word, began with the appearance of the Albigenses in France and Italy in the eleventh century. Two hundred years later the fatal tribunal of the Inquisition centralized and reduced to scientific rule the cruelties and perfidies that had been already freely practised, and of which it remains the symbol in the remembrances of Christendom. The feelings of that age may be gathered from the language of St. Louis, as reported by Joinville: 'A layman can only defend religion with his sword, and he should thrust it to the hilt in the body of every unbeliever.' For the difference between the Albigenses and Waldenses we must refer to a former paper.* Many an otherwise interesting work has been rendered useless for the earnest student through the confounding those two classes of religionists. The first evangelical martyr, or at least the first among many sufferers whom we can distinctly recognise to be such, was Pierre de Bruys, who, after many years' itinerant preaching in the south of France, was burned as a heretic at St. Gilles in Languedoc. There is some uncertainty about the time, accounts varying from 1126 to 1141. His fate did not deter another preacher of righteousness, Henry, surnamed 'of Lausanne,' from pursuing the same career. Henry engaged in controversy with St. Bernard, confronted more than one diocesan synod, and perished in the dungeons of Rheims A.D. 1148. The disciples of those two servants of God were called from their names, Petrobussians and Henricians.

The next eminent confessor was Waldo, the merchant of Lyons, who adopted a sort of voluntary poverty, and employed his wealth in getting portions of the Old and New Testaments translated and disseminated, for which he is said to have been excommunicated by the Archbishop of Lyons in 1172; but there are many contradictory statements made even by the oldest historians about the first official reception of Waldo's novelties, and his own fate is involved in obscurity. This much is certain, that his immediate followers had at the outset no idea of abandoning the Church of Rome; they tried rather to produce a reformation within it; and as they seemed likely only to become a sort of mendicant order, they did not at once meet with great hostility at Rome. Walter Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford, says, that at the Lateran Council held by Alexander III.

* 'The Albigenses or Cathari.' *London Quarterly* for April, 1855. (No. VII.)

in 1179, he saw illiterate Waldensians, so called from their Primate, Valdes of Lyons, who presented to the Pope the Psalms and several other books of both Testaments translated into the vulgar tongue, (*lingua Gallica*,) and earnestly sought permission to preach. Mapes was commissioned to examine them; and by his own account ridiculed their ignorance of scholastic theology, to the great amusement of the bystanders. It is to be feared that Oxford could still, after a lapse of seven centuries, send forth examiners like-minded with this haughty churchman. It has sometimes been asserted that the Waldenses were condemned by this Council; but, on the contrary, the Pope expressed his approbation of their voluntary poverty, and only warned them strictly not to preach or usurp any sacerdotal functions. They must have thought, however, with Pascal, that enforced silence is the greatest of persecutions; for they disobeyed the order, and we find them at last formally excommunicated by Lucius III. in 1183, under the designation of 'Poor Men of Lyons,' for preaching without being authorized. From this time forward no mercy was shown to them. We can track them by their blood over great part of France, especially in those districts where the Albigenses had preceded them, and already undermined men's confidence in the priesthood. Letters and sentences of Archbishops and Inquisitors—the hoarse cry of fanaticism glutting itself over many victims—guide us through the night of the Dark Ages, to the places where the Lord was crucified afresh in the persons of those that served Him faithfully. A letter of Innocent III. shows that they were very numerous about Metz in 1199; and the head and front of their offending was the circulating translations of the Gospels, Epistles of Paul, Psalms, Book of Job, &c. At Aix, Arles, Avignon, we are told with some exaggeration, that so great was the number of Waldenses apprehended between the years 1206 and 1228, that it was impossible to provide lime and stones to make prisons for them.

But what was the relation of the Poor Men of Lyons to the population of those Alpine valleys to whom the name *Waldenses* was afterwards exclusively confined? Where do we first meet evidence of a concentration of resistance to Rome in this given geographical district? In order to escape involving matters of simple history with complicated controversies, we shall first confine ourselves to the earliest extant notices of the presence of Waldenses in the neighbourhood, suspending for a moment the discussion of all arguments for or against their previous existence. The House of Savoy got possession of the valleys in 1188, and with their rule commence the records of persecution. In 1198 the Emperor Otho IV., at the instance of the Archbishop of Turin, made a decree against the Waldenses and other heretics who were sowing tares in the diocese of Turin. The

valleys have always been reckoned part of this diocese: so one class of writers infers from the *letter* of the decree that there were then no Waldenses in the whole district, except scattered emissaries; others suppose that an evangelical community was already concentrated in the valleys, and that the imperial decree was intended to hinder them from spreading into the plain. In our opinion, subsequent events confirm the latter interpretation. In 1220 Count Thomas of Savoy, and the local Magistrates of Pignerol, (a Piedmontese town at the foot of the valleys,) determined that a fine should be inflicted on whosoever should give a Waldensian a night's lodging. Then come cases of heretics burned in the neighbourhood, in Val Perusa, during this same century. In 1308 the Waldenses of Val Angrogna were strong enough to turn out a party of Inquisitors by main force. In 1332 a Bull of John XXII. complains of the protection afforded to the heretics of Val Lucerna and Perusa by their feudal lords, speaks of officers of the Inquisition having been forcibly driven from places in the Marquisate of Saluzzo, and of a Waldensian Synod in Angrogna attended by five hundred persons, *per modum Capituli*, an expression which seems to imply deputies having a right to voting. This same year a Vaudois preacher was discovered at Marseilles, and sent to his native valley to be burned. In 1335 Benedict XII. issued a Bull against the heretics of the other side of the Alps in Dauphiny. Among the accounts of a bailiff of Embrun at the same time, there is a pithy '*item for prosecuting Waldenses.*' The accounts of the warden of a castle in the valley of Pragela, in 1315 and 1345, include sums to Inquisitors, and the purchase of instruments of torture. In 1375 friends of the Vaudois forced the Dominican convent at Susa, and killed an Inquisitor.

Putting all these indications together, it seems evident that in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Waldenses must have been very numerous, and probably formed the bulk of the population in the region which they afterwards occupied almost exclusively. Indeed, even at this period some of them emigrated to Calabria for want of room at home. This region consisted of seven valleys on the east or Piedmontese side of the Alps, and four smaller and less fertile on the west: the former, Onzino and Cruzzolo, the highest valleys of the province of Saluzzo, Val Lucerna, with Angrogna branching from it, Val San Martino, Pragela, and Perusa; the latter, an introductory basin to the two preceding, and the Waldenses occupying the right bank of the Cluson only. On the French side, Barcelonetta, Gueyras, Fressinières, and the valley afterwards called after Louis XII., *Val Louise*: one massive Alpine section, with Mont Viso in the middle, surrounded by summits little inferior in majesty; the sources of the Po on one side, and the Durance on the other. Peyrat remarks the picturesque associations of

many of the names in this at once grand and beautiful region: *Cluson*, 'closed in;' *Rora*, 'dewy;' *Pragela*, 'frosty meads;' (*prata gelida*;) *Bovil*, 'place of oxen;' *Pomaret*, 'rich in apples;' *Pramol*, 'soft meadows:'—the very list is an idyl.

Of this territory only about one-third now belongs to the Waldenses. On the Dauphiny side, the sword has left but a few Protestants in the most sterile and inaccessible wilds. On the Italian side, they were repeatedly, and at last finally, driven from Saluzzo: they were gradually forced into Romanism, or else exiled from the valley of Pragela, during its possession by the French. The three central valleys only, with the Waldensian half of Perusa, have resisted through all vicissitudes, presenting the extraordinary phenomenon of a little people that has repeatedly withstood armies more numerous than itself, and persecutions so many, that the record will probably never be complete: there were at least thirty-seven. It was their misfortune to belong to an Italian Prince, to a priest-ridden family which has furnished more saints for the Romish Calendar than any other house of Prince or subject in Christendom. Between the years 1561 and 1686 alone, there were no less than sixty-eight enactments made against them. There were four formal attempts at total extermination by regular armies; and in most cases the danger was increased by the perfidy of their Sovereigns or their agents, inducing them to disarm upon terms which were always broken. In one instance the entire population was in the prisons of Piedmont, or in the ditches of its fortresses, at the same time; three-fourths of them perished there, and the remnant was banished. With all this, innumerable private *auto-de-fe*, their children torn from them, their Pastors burned or disembowelled whenever they could be kidnapped. Every possible variety of death was inflicted upon this people in both their isolated and their wholesale martyrdoms. They were smeared with pitch and set on fire; their flesh was beaten off with heavy iron chains; they were beaten to death with burning brands; they were flayed alive; were hurled from the top of precipices; they were sawn asunder, impaled, buried alive; fastened down in the furrows of their own fields, and ploughed into bleeding dismembered masses. Some had their bowels torn out with blunt instruments; others were blown up by gunpowder introduced into the mouth after their tongues had been cut out. Here fiendish ingenuity thrusts a cat into the opened entrails of a still breathing victim; there limbs are chopped off slowly with a hatchet, and fire applied to stop the bleeding, lest the sufferer should escape too soon. They were tied up to the trees of their own orchards, and the heart and lungs deliberately hacked out. Fathers marched to their own deaths with the heads of their sons hanging from their shoulders. The breasts of women were

sliced off; infants were quartered, or dashed against the rocks; young girls roasted alive upon lances; women with child burned alive, others cut open with sabres; the mother and new-born babe thrown into the same fire. A barbarous obscene mutilation of men, and the perpetration of the last outrage upon woman under every imaginable circumstance of atrocity, were the unfailing traditional proceedings of all the armies of the Church; and when wearied with slaughter, they put quick lime into the wounds of the heretics who still retained life enough to suffer. 'There is not a rock in the Vaudois valleys that is not a monument of death,' cries Muston; 'not a meadow but has seen some execution; not a village but has had its martyrs.' And the wretches guilty of those fratricides were hounded on by Popes and monks, and taught that they wrought out their salvation! When the Waldenses did not perish in the day of blood, and were consigned to the judicial process of the Inquisition, the executioner was only more deliberate and the torture more scientific. Their nails were torn out, for instance, or tight cords drawn round their limbs, cutting into the flesh for weeks, until vermin bred in the wounds. The weak and fainting were plied with double torments, to make them admit the truth of the abominable charges which the foul imagination of the monks had invented against them. Those whom it was thought proper to execute publicly were burned at the stake; but great numbers were dispatched in prison, bastinadoed to death, starved to death, drowned in the dead of night, or crushed under a massive stone slab that was slowly lowered by machinery.

Why speak of those horrors? why not turn away as from a ghastly dream, and forget them for ever? Because it is a sacred duty we owe to the cause of emancipation from Rome, and from religious intolerance in general, that those things should be remembered. Because it is the will of God that the human race should have a history, and learn from it, and be able to recognise old dangers and temptations when they re-appear. We say temptations as well as dangers: for every man who tries to lord it over another's conscience, were it only an English squire hunting the humble Methodist from his property, sets his seal to the fatal principle that was here carried out to its full consequences. We should tell of these things, too, in honour to the memory of the martyrs. Where would Protestantism, where would Christianity be, if true-hearted men and women had not braved and vanquished secular and spiritual tyranny? Those sweet valleys, that look so unfit for scenes of violence when they are seen sleeping in their loveliness at the close of a fine autumn day, how they have been watered with holy blood! what noble proofs of the power of moral principle have been exhibited here! In no other spot of earth, save Calvary, no, not even in the Coliseum and the catacombs, has

God been more glorified, or man more honoured in being allowed to suffer and to die for his Lord.

Even in times of nominal toleration, the state of the Waldenses would have appeared one of insupportable hardship to a people less accustomed to endure extremes. Two-thirds of every municipal council should by law be Roman Catholics, though in many populous communes there were no Romanists of respectable character. Cooped up within their valleys, they could acquire no property outside those narrow limits; and even within them were obliged to observe the holidays of the Roman Church, and pay tithes to the Priests. The brethren that had sought refuge among them from France, or from the neighbouring valleys, were driven away. They had to submit to every effort for the perversion of their children, without daring to defend or spread their own convictions. Until 1794, any person could steal their children from them at any age. From that time boys could legally be induced to leave their parents at twelve years of age, and girls at ten. If they married within the degrees of relationship at which marriage was prohibited by the Church, husband and wife were forcibly separated, the man sent to the galleys for life, the woman publicly beaten with rods, and the children—for such marriages were sometimes not interfered with for years—were taken away by the monks for ever. Until a late period, if any Waldensian Pastor became particularly eminent, he was sure to be summoned to Turin; if he obeyed, it was to be put to death; if he remained away, he was banished for contumacy. No opportunity of harassing and trammelling its best subjects was too minute for the observation of the Court of Piedmont. There is an edict of 1771 against family worship; and one of 1826 against the system of mutual instruction in schools. The heretics dared not so much as express upon a tomb the hope of the salvation of their dead.

While every petty vexation was suggested by the Priests, the sterner contests grew out of the mission of Papal Nuncios and Cardinal Legates sent to stir up the Dukes of Savoy. No band of murderers ever invaded the valleys without its attendant monk; and the intervals of violence were filled up with ceaseless calumny. But a quarter of a century ago, an encyclical of Gregory XVI., (1832,) written in the half whining, half scurrilous style that has long distinguished those documents, says, that the Waldenses, Wicliffe, and other children of Belial,—the shame of the human race,—had wanted to overthrow all law and government, and were justly anathematized by the apostolic see.

By a Bull of May 27th, 1621, Gregory XV. allowed the Duke of Savoy to tithe the ecclesiastical revenues for six years, on condition of devoting the sum to the extirpation of heresy. By a pontifical decree of August 19th, 1649, Innocent X. annulled charters confirming the ancient privileges of the Wal-

denses, for which the Court of Piedmont had made them pay sums heavy for their means. In 1694, when Victor Amadeus II. gave some short respite and scant justice to his unfortunate subjects, the Inquisition, presided over by Innocent XII., declared that any accommodation with heretics was an offence against God, and a scandal to the faithful. 'It cannot be mentioned without tears,' adds the soft-hearted tribunal, 'he has actually allowed heretic children to be restored to their parents, to the evident damnation of their souls..... Wherefore his Holiness, in his zeal for the house of God,.....doth hereby annul, invalidate, and reject the said edict with all its contents, as enormous, impious, detestable,' &c. Alas! the Italian people were little better than their Priests; for, so late as 1794, there was a plot to fall upon the defenceless women and children of the Waldenses, while the men were at the French frontier in the service of their Sovereign; and the authors of this fell design were left unpunished. In 1799 the Russian Prince Bagration saved them from pillage.

The clergy took advantage for their purposes of royal minorities; for they always governed the widows who acted as Regents: and every return of a Sardinian Prince to his dominions after political disasters was piously signalized by fresh severities against the unoffending Protestants. Thus, in 1559, Emanuel Philibert, having regained possession of the valleys and many other territories, after having been deprived of them for twenty-three years, thought himself obliged to send them a mission of preaching monks, giving strict orders that the inhabitants should attend their services, and give up all their heretical books. This was the first step towards the butcheries of 1561. A still more striking instance was that of Victor Emanuel, brought back from a long exile by a British squadron in 1814. *On the morning after he had taken possession of his palace*, he issued an edict depriving the Vaudois of all the privileges they had enjoyed during his absence, and putting in force the vexatious measures of his predecessors.

We will briefly note the principal epochs in the history of this little people, as far as it is known.

During the closing years of the fourteenth century, the Inquisitor Borelli made fearful havoc in the valleys on the Dauphiny side of the Alps, by repeated executions, and of great numbers at the same time. On Christmas night, A.D. 1400, he made an unexpected and bloody irruption into the valley of Pragela. A great many of the inhabitants perished by the sword, or by cold and hunger in their flight.

In 1487 Innocent VIII. published that famous tariff of indulgences which was one day to rouse Luther. Parricide was pardoned for eight *gros*, (equivalent to about £6 now,) fratricide sold at the same price; the husband who killed his wife got off

for six *gros* ; simple murder of a layman was rated at five ; incest, seven, &c. *Simultaneously* with this shameless production, (April 27th, 1487,) his Holiness proclaimed a crusade against the Waldenses, promising to every one who should kill a heretic remission of all his sins, annulling all bargains contracted with this doomed people, forbidding every one to give them shelter, and authorizing the first comer to take possession of their property. Albert de Capitaneis, the Pope's Legate, was soon at the head of eighteen thousand troops, French and Piedmontese, besides a great horde of irregular volunteers attracted by the hope of pillage. It was the first deliberate attempt to exterminate the whole population of the district on both sides of the Alps ; and before the trial was made, its success must have appeared certain. De Capitaneis attacked the entire line of valleys in a great many places at once, and was repulsed everywhere, on the Piedmontese side at least. At one spot only in the centre of the line victory was for a moment doubtful. The Vaudois who defended the heights of Roccamaneot, commanding the entrance to the valley of Angrogna, were almost overpowered by numbers : their wives and children behind them fell on their knees, exclaiming, *O Dio, ajutaci !* 'O God, help us !' The enemy were near enough to catch the words. 'Tis my men that shall answer you,' cried their leader, the dark chief of Mondovi, raising his visor as he spoke, either in contempt of the mountain marksmen, or in mock courtesy. At that instant an arrow pierced his forehead ; his men, seeing him fall, lost heart, and took to flight. Next day the attack was renewed. The families of the Waldenses were assembled for safety in the *Pra del Tor*,—that rock-girt recess at the head of the valley in which for so many centuries young shepherds of the Alps had prepared themselves, by earnest study of the word of God, for that mission of love which was so often to terminate at the stake. The mountaineers retreated up the valley, and husbanded their strength to guard the approaches of the *Pra del Tor* ; there, a sudden fog aiding, they nearly cut off the whole detachment sent against them. Their leader, Saguet, a man of gigantic stature, rolled into a deep basin of the mountain torrent, which bears his name to this day. Unhappily, upon the Dauphiny side the assailants were more successful. Fressinières resisted boldly ; but the inhabitants of Val Louise, to the number of three thousand, took refuge in a vast cavern on the rocky flanks of Mont Pelvoux. Thither they were pursued by the crusaders under De la Palu, who butchered all those that tried to escape, and smothered the rest by lighting a great fire at the entrance of the cave. The conquering army took possession of the houses and lands of their victims. Recently two English travellers made their way with difficulty to a horizontal cavity running between two beds of

rock on the face of a precipice, which they were told was the scene of this great crime.* They found its form did not correspond to the traditional account : but Muston's description has all the minuteness of accurate information ; and we cannot help suspecting the travellers were misled by their guides.

True to a noble instinct of real catholicity, the Waldenses were ever ready to connect themselves with sincerely religious movements, whatever the source from whence they emanated. When first heard of, they associated with the followers of Arnold of Brescia ; then with the Brothers and Sisters of the Free Spirit ; a little later with the mystic schools on the banks of the Rhine. The layman of whom the celebrated mystic preacher, John Tauler, speaks, as his instructor, is now known to have been Nicholas of Basle, an eminent Waldensian of the fourteenth century. Then we find them quoting Wicliffe, communicating to the literature of the Hussites, and borrowing very largely from it. Moreover, their own disciples were scattered throughout Europe. When once the Reformation had dawned upon the world, such a community could not remain long without coming into contact with it, and hailing it with lively sympathy. *Barbe*, or Pastor, Martin of Lucerne was the first to bring Lutheran books and tracts into the valleys in 1526 ; and in 1532 a Synod, with deputies from their brethren in Provence, Dauphiny, Calabria, and Bohemia, met the Reformer Farel and two Swiss Pastors at Champforans in Angrogna. A new confession of faith was drawn up, and the Waldenses were formally incorporated with the Churches of the Reformation. There had been as yet no complete translation of the Scriptures into French : the Waldenses at Champforans, of their deep poverty, voted fifteen hundred gold crowns toward the execution of this necessary work. Olivétan, who was present at the Synod, undertook the translation, and his Bible was printed at Serrières, near Neufchatel, in 1535. It was a characteristic present to the infant Reformed Church of France from a community whose earliest sufferings had been brought upon them on account of their zeal for the dissemination of the word of God.

Alas ! the light that had been kindled in central and northern Europe was only to rouse the persecutor in Italy. The Alpine confessors seemed to their enemies to deserve extermination all the more for having found so many allies. Moreover, they had been emboldened to build churches for the first time, and to break off all appearance of communion with Rome : steps that naturally attracted malevolent attention. The industrious habits of the Waldenses having made them a source of wealth and consideration to their feudal lords, they had been encou-

* See 'Excelsior,' vol. ii., p. 235.

raged in the fourteenth century by liberal offers to settle on fertile lands at the foot of Mont Leberon in Provence. Those flourishing settlements were now the first to feel the storm. The Cardinal de Tournon obtained the signature of Francis the First to a warrant of extermination, without that frivolous Monarch being aware of what he was putting his name to. The purport of the order was still more carefully concealed from the intended victims, until the ferocious Baron d'Oppeda undertook its execution. Then the towns of Merindol, Cabrières, and more than twenty surrounding villages, were razed to the ground, with every circumstance of barbarity. Cabrières surrendered on condition that the lives of its inhabitants should be spared; but, of course, no faith was kept with heretics; they were put to the sword ruthlessly; pollution as well as death was the fate of the women, and that by scores, in the church where they had taken refuge. On the whole, about five thousand persons perished; but when speaking of such massacres, one has a painful sense of incapacity to conceive or describe their horrors. The tale of agony is not really told in those round sums of so many hundred or thousand martyrs of all ages and sexes, because the individual case, with its harrowing details, is lost in the multitude. Let us take one instance: suppose that of the young mother, who, flying with her infant through fields of wheat, was overtaken by the soldiers. She suffers death; but first, worse than death; and as the wretches afterwards tell their comrades with jeers, the whole time she clasps her infant to her breast, and will not let it go. Take this case, we say, and multiply it by hundreds. Imagination can do something here, but the pen is powerless.

The fate of other colonies which had been settled in Calabria, in or after 1340, was not less terrible. Their feudal lord, the Marquis Spinello, whose ancestors had encouraged them on his estates, gave them over to the vengeance of the clergy in 1560 and 1561. Two little towns, La Guardia and St. Xixt, with ten or twelve villages, were inhabited by Waldenses. They were rooted out by the usual approved methods. Sometimes the inhabitants of a village were entrapped into submission on the monks assuring them falsely that their co-religionists elsewhere had abjured. Sometimes a band which had fled to the mountains in despair, was drawn into the power of their enemies by trusting the solemn promises of Priests and Inquisitors. How those promises were kept may be seen from the following triumphant descriptions in a letter by Luigi d'Appiano, a follower of Cardinal Alexandrini: 'Before Monsignor's arrival, eighty-six of the relapsed had been flayed alive; then split in two, and the quarters set up on poles along the road for the space of thirty-six miles; which considerably strengthened Catholicism, and was a great shock to heresy. There are already fourteen

hundred of those Ultramontanes* in prison; others still wander in the mountains; but ten crowns a head are offered for bringing them in;.....only the more obstinate will be put to death. All Ministers and heads of the sect will be burned alive. Five of them have already been sent to Cosenza to be thus executed, smeared over with rosin and sulphur; so that, being consumed by degrees, they may suffer the more, to correct their impiety. There are many women in prison, who are all to be burned alive. Five of them are to burn to-morrow.' The letter ends with a brutal jest on the pregnancy of some of those obscure but ever blessed martyrs. At Montalto, in the same district, a prison was emptied in a way that strikes the imagination with more horror than perhaps any other of either pagan or papal invention; and so far does honour to the ingenuity of the Calabrian Inquisitors. The executioner selected a first victim, took him behind the prison, set him on his knees, covered his head with a napkin, and cut his throat. Returning then, with the gory napkin on his arm, he selected a second victim, holding the knife dripping with blood between his teeth while untying the cords that bound him; they proceed to the same place, and repeat the same tragedy; and this eighty-eight times, for so many prisoners! The same man of death each time, the same knife, the same reeking napkin. The most eminent teacher of the unfortunate Waldensian community of South Italy was John Louis Paschal, who was sent to Rome, and burned before the castle of St. Angelo, September 8th, 1560, that Paul IV. might feast his eyes upon his agony. That stern Pontiff, the uncle of Charles Borromeo, was a great restorer of discipline. He was personally the representative of that revival of a certain religious earnestness in the Church of Rome which was provoked by the Reformation; but, alas! he was also, in his own person, a proof that she was inexorable and incorrigible.

But the distant Waldensian settlements were only the limbs of the old heresy; it was determined that its very heart and trunk should be crushed at the same time. The Inquisition made a great many seizures in the plains of Piedmont during the summer of 1560. The convent of Pignerol kept a band in pay for the sole purpose of harassing the Vaudois. Those wretches succeeded in getting hold of the Pastor of San Germano, by sending for him to visit a sick person; and some poor women of his congregation were forced at the sword's point to carry the faggots with which he was burned. But the Pope wanted more than those isolated sacrifices. He induced Emanuel Philibert to undertake a war of extermination against his Protestant subjects, the second in their eventful history.

* Was the word 'ultramontane' used in this singular sense because the Waldeusian colonists came from beyond the Apennines?

His Holiness relinquished in the Duke's favour his ecclesiastical revenues from all Piedmont and Savoy for one year, and engaged to furnish fifty thousand crowns monthly, as long as military operations should be necessary. On the 1st of November, 1560, the Count de la Trinita entered the valleys with a Piedmontese army. At his approach the Roman Catholic inhabitants of the villages nearest the frontier confided their wives and daughters to the keeping of the Protestants, that they might be out of reach of the licentious fury of the Crusaders. This memorable testimony to the moral superiority of the Protestants is mentioned by Chancellor De Thou, as well as in their own memorials. After several unsuccessful attempts to possess himself of Val Angrogna, La Trinita tried the old orthodox way of perfidious machination: he promised to withdraw his army on the payment of eight thousand crowns. This was a greater sum in money than could be found in the coffers of the poor mountaineers; but they raised it by selling their cattle at shamefully low prices to Trinita himself and his friends. He then refused to keep his word unless the Ministers were sent away: the Waldenses carried the spirit of concession even to this, and sent their Ministers over the Col St. Julian with a guard to protect them against an ambuscade laid by the Priests. On this La Trinita withdrew part of his army to the plain, but left garrisons in four important posts to exercise every oppression, and commit every outrage. At last, on the 20th of January, 1561, proclamation was made that the inhabitants of Val Lucerna should, within twenty-four hours, make their choice between the mass or the galleys, the gibbet and the stake.

The next day saw a very different scene from one of general recantation. Deputies from the three valleys of Perusa, San Martino, and Lucerna, (Angrogna is always politically or administratively included in the latter,) and from that of Pragela, which was then under the French sceptre, met upon a height crowned with gigantic chestnut-trees over the village of Bobbio, and there solemnly swore to stand by each other to the death in defence of their religious liberties, without prejudice, added they, to the obedience due to their lawful superiors in other matters. They immediately marched on Villar, and took it after a siege of ten days, though three attempts were made to relieve it. After this, during four months, there was not a week without an engagement of more or less importance. La Trinita tried to disunite the Waldenses by promises of protection to one or another district in particular. He always proposed an armistice when he intended to make a grand attack. The numbers of the invaders, too, admitted of their assaulting each mountain fastness by several directions at the same time; and, in one attack upon the Pra del Tor, they were joined by a *corps* of French and Spaniards: but craft and force were equally

powerless against the united and heroic Waldenses. The Piedmontese troops melted away that spring like the snow on the mountains. They also deserted in numbers; many of La Trinita's personal friends fell; at last his own illness put an end to the campaign. Conditions were signed at Cavour, June 5th, 1561, to the great indignation of the Pope and the priesthood; and the Waldenses could return again to their desolated farms and ruined dwellings. The treaty allowed them to have sixteen churches: it was never registered by the Senate, yet it formed the basis of all subsequent negotiations.

The pestilence of 1630 is the next remarkable epoch. It was introduced by the passage of a French army; more than half the inhabitants were carried off by it; whole families disappeared, crops remained unreaped, houses untenanted, and lands without known heirs. The Pastors nearly all died at their posts: of fifteen, only two survived,—one of them the dear old historian, Gilles. This calamity made the valleys more dependent on Geneva for Ministers than they had been, and caused the total disuse of preaching in the indigenous Provençal *patois*, French taking its place. About this time also, and up to 1633, the last Waldenses disappeared from the Marquisate of Saluzzo, after a struggle which had lasted a century.

A branch of the Council for the Propagation of the Faith and the Extirpation of Heretics was established at Turin in 1650; and it became the fashion among the Piedmontese aristocracy to belong to it. The zeal of the members of this Council brought about a third war of extermination; and one, unfortunately, more successful than the two preceding. Louis XIV. had sent troops to Modena; and upon their march homeward the Duchess Christina, mother of Charles Emanuel II., persuaded her son to profit by the opportunity of their co-operation. The first step taken was an edict of January 23rd, 1655, obliging all the members of the 'pretended reformed religion' to evacuate San Giovanni, La Torre, and the other lower villages, and retreat into the less hospitable district higher up. They had but three days to make their choice between expatriation, perversion, and death; their property to be sold within twenty days on pain of confiscation. They unanimously rejected the alternative of apostasy. Leger says that in his parish of nearly two thousand souls, (San Giovanni,) not one gave up the faith of their fathers. They did not altogether despair of having the iniquitous sentence rescinded, and sent repeated deputations to Turin: the last of which was even authorized to ask his Highness to allow the Waldensians to emigrate in a body. They were referred to the Marquis of Pianezza, a pupil of the Jesuits, who assigned them the 17th of April for an audience. When they appeared at his door at the appointed time, they were told to call another day. They learned only too soon that

he had secretly left Turin on the 16th to put himself at the head of an army of fifteen thousand men, and take such measures as would render all remonstrance vain. The greatest part of this army was enrolled by the Propaganda: it included four French and Bavarian regiments, and twelve hundred Irish exiled by Cromwell, who had already tried their hands at massacre at home in the never-to-be-forgotten Rebellion of 1641. Notwithstanding the great disparity of numbers, the first engagements recalled the former victories of the children of the mountain. Then Pianezza changed his tactics and tried treachery. We must say, the facility with which the Waldenses always allowed themselves to be deceived is something monstrous; and we are afraid it cannot be accounted for merely from the tendency of men of truth to expect integrity in others; there must also have been some breaking down of moral courage, some readiness to grasp at every excuse of escape from the terrible and unequal struggle. The Marquis promised solemnly that they should have nothing to fear if they would only exhibit submission to their Prince, so far as to receive a regiment at quarters in each of their principal communes. The poor dupes consented, a very few clear-sighted and resolute men protesting, and the wolf was let into the fold. All the strong positions of Lucerne, and of the lower part of Angrogna, were occupied on the 23rd of April. Next day, being Easter Eve, a bell tolled at four in the morning from the tower of Fort St. Mary over La Torre. It was the signal for universal massacre.

The aged were burned in their beds; mothers were beaten with the dead bodies of their little ones; women writhed in agony, impaled naked upon posts set up along the wayside, or borne aloft in this condition like banners;.....but we will not try to describe those countless horrors. The burning words of Leger, and other eye-witnesses, are in every recent historical work on the subject, as far as modern decency admits. It was a people's martyrdom, lust and cruelty rioting without restraint. We have ourselves, as a nation, recently passed through months of indignation and anguish. The bare intimation of the atrocious sufferings of our countrymen and countrywomen in India has been sickening and maddening. Then what must it have been to see exactly the same outrages perpetrated upon far more victims, at one time; the scene a space not much larger than the Isle of Wight, and the survivors, not a people of twenty-eight millions, but a remnant less numerous than the mutilated dead? As that noble Englishman, Morland, told the Duke before his Court, if all the tyrants of all ages were alive again, they would be ashamed to find they had contrived nothing barbarous or inhuman in comparison of these things.

By some strange caprice, a few of the Vaudois who fell into those murderous hands were allowed to live; and, after twenty

years, some of them survived as galley-slaves, chained to the oar. Yet the massacre did not prove as universal as it was intended to be; premature murders committed by some of the soldiers, when marching to their posts, had given the alarm to many families, and nearly the whole population of San Martino received warning from a compassionate Roman Catholic neighbour in time to effect their escape. They fled, some to the recesses of the mountains, more to their brethren in the French valleys. But the heroism of one man soon led them back as avengers upon the murderers of their brethren: that man was Joshua Janavel. On the fatal 24th of April, with only six comrades he had assailed in a narrow rocky pass a column of four hundred men marching to surprise the isolated village of Rosa; and they fled, panic-struck, without perceiving that the number of their antagonists was so small. Next day, with seventeen men, six of whom had only slings, he routed a larger body of invaders; a third, a fourth attack with increased numbers met with the same fate. In one of them, Janavel's party, then about forty strong, reckoned sixty-five dead bodies of their enemies upon the field. At last Pianezza actually sent eight thousand soldiers, and two thousand volunteers, against a village of some thirty houses! As they came by different routes, one band succeeded in burning the houses and putting to death the women and children, while the men were engaged with another column. Janavel's wife and daughters were spared, in hope that concern for their safety might induce him to submit; but he commended their souls with his own to God, and turned upon the persecutors with the fury of a wounded lion. In Jahier of Pramol he found a friend and brother in arms worthy of himself. The Waldenses who had fled over the French frontier, crowded back to the standard raised by those two heroes; many of their co-religionists came with them, and Janavel and Jahier soon found themselves at the head of fifteen hundred hardy guerillas. They surprised the Irish regiment at San Secundo, and cut it to pieces; and they laid waste the lands of the Roman Catholics along the borders.

The 15th of June became a memorable day in Waldensian annals. Janavel was stationed with three hundred men at Roccamaneot. After an action of several hours' duration, he defeated ten times that number of assailants with a loss of five hundred. During the afternoon Jahier arrived with three hundred more, tired, and yet eager, combatants. The united bands descended the mountain, and threw themselves upon the host below. This bold movement was followed by partial success, until Janavel was carried wounded off the field. Jahier, less wary, allowed himself to be drawn into an ambuscade, where he was surrounded by a body of cavalry, and fell with his son and a hundred and fifty brave companions. Deprived of

their two leaders in one day, the Waldenses continued the conflict undauntedly. Under their Moderator, Leger, they defended victoriously barricades erected at the passages of Mount Vachere. Sympathizing friends from Switzerland, Dauphiny, and Languedoc, swelled their numbers to eighteen hundred; and a French General, Descombies, had been chosen Commander, when at last the Court of Turin yielded to the remonstrances of all the Protestant powers, and the Treaty of Pignerol (August 18th) left the Waldenses only a little more straitened for room than they had been. But what havoc had been wrought within those four months! Upon how many hearths had the fire been quenched for ever! How many time-honoured, though humble, lineages were extinct!

The treaty had been patched up in a hurry during the absence of the British and Dutch Ambassadors; and the Court cannot have intended to observe its conditions; for they took measures to hinder the Vaudois from being able to defend themselves, if attacked again. Leger was obliged to fly for his life. Janavel, and about forty of the bravest leaders, were outlawed. The latter united in a band, and maintained desultory hostilities with their enemies; productive, as may be easily supposed, of innumerable vexations to the inhabitants in general. After two years this spark assumed the proportions of a conflagration. The Marquis de Fleury, with six regiments, marched to attack the Vachere from the east, while De Bagnol, Governor of Lucerna, took Val Angrogna in front. Janavel posted a small detachment in a defile to check the advance of Fleury, while he fell with six hundred men on De Bagnol's division, and defeated it with great slaughter; then, hurrying up the mountain to where Fleury was kept at bay, routed his army also. Twice in one day the Waldenses fell on their knees to give God thanks upon the field of battle: they lost only eighteen men, the Piedmontese a thousand. At this conjuncture the Swiss Cantons offered their mediation, which was accepted by both parties. But, during the negotiations and consequent suspension of arms, the Piedmontese made a simultaneous attack on Val Perusa, Angrogna, and Lucerna, with more troops than before. They gained some momentary advantages, and were finally repulsed. The Court replied by lying excuses and misrepresentations to the Ambassadors, who complained of this treachery. But at length a sort of amnesty was agreed upon. The valleys paid a heavy fine into the Duke of Savoy's coffers. Janavel and his outlawed companions expatriated themselves. There was no British protection for the Waldenses now. Charles II. was spending upon his pleasures the money that the nation had collected for them.

The political reaction of Rome against the Reformation had reached its climax towards the close of the seventeenth century. Southern Germany had been re-conquered. The Catholic can-

tons in Switzerland had acquired a predominance to which their population did not entitle them. Holland struggled for existence against the armies of Louis XIV.: that selfish, pompous tyrant had nearly extirpated Protestantism in France. James II. was on the throne of England. It could not be expected that the Waldenses should escape at such a period, nor did they.

The Edict of Nantes was revoked on the 18th of October, 1685, on the strength of the impudent fiction that there were no longer any Protestants in France. Of course the directors of Louis's conscience were not slow to remind him that there were also heretics to be extirpated on his frontiers. He forced Victor Amadeus II. to co-operate with him by threatening to drive out the heretics himself, and keep the valleys for his trouble. On the 31st of January, 1686, appeared an edict suppressing all the privileges of the Vaudois,—privileges that had been solemnly ratified twenty times over, and by this Prince himself, as well as his ancestors. Protestant worship was to cease immediately, and for ever; churches were to be razed; Pastors and schoolmasters to conform, or quit the country within fifteen days, on pain of death and confiscation; all children to be brought up Catholics. We can conceive with what feelings this proclamation was received in those valleys so often desolated by the iron and the brand. Two or three months were spent in vain endeavours to propitiate the Duke. The Swiss Ambassadors sent expressly on this occasion, despaired of the mountaineers being able to resist, and proposed a wholesale emigration to the territories of the Elector of Brandenburg. The Duke of Savoy accepted the idea readily; and it found favour with some of the Waldenses, but not with all. The well-meaning Ambassadors seem to have weakened the hands of the brave men whom they wished to serve, spreading irresolution and dismay: the Pastors, most of them, inclined for peace upon any terms. The approach of the French and Piedmontese armies ought to have united men of all opinions; and the success with which San Germano, Bobbio, and other posts were defended, might have taught them to trust in God and in their righteous cause. But a spirit of disorganization and infatuation had got abroad. Valleys and communes treated separately, forcing others, whose flank was thus uncovered, to do the same. The French General, Catinat, affirmed with an oath that no soldier of his would so much as touch a chicken in a farm-yard. Prince Gabriel, uncle of the Duke, gave the most solemn assurances of the clemency of his Royal Highness, and district after district successively laid down their arms. It was but offering the throat to the knife. All the scenes of 1655 were re-acted. The men were first separated from their families, and imprisoned; many of them put to death with torture and ignominy.

The commanders of the French and Piedmontese themselves were shocked to see in their soldiers' hats the bloody trophies of the mutilations they had inflicted on the defenceless Protestants. Then the fiends were let loose upon the women and children. When some of the former resisted their dishonour with extraordinary energy, the soldiers cut off their arms and legs, and then brutally outraged the bleeding trunks. Yet the number actually put to death by violence was much less than in 1655. The purpose of the Court, it seems, was rather to make trial of a gentle process of conversion. So the whole population was loaded with chains at once: the prisons of Piedmont could not contain them all. Happiest they that were thrust into the ditches of fortified towns, exposed to the heat of summer and cold of winter; for they escaped the infected air of the dungeons, in which the captives lay over one another like those between the decks of a slaver. Their young children were taken from them; they were insufficiently fed on loathsome food and fetid water, and refused enough of the latter for the scantiest offices of cleanliness; the dead and dying left to rot together.

When the fratricidal work was over, Victor Amadeus issued a decree, (May 26th,) declaring that all the Waldenses had been guilty of high treason, and that their lands and goods were forfeited. It was intended to colonize the deserted homesteads with Piedmontese; but an unexpected obstacle presented itself. When most of the troops were withdrawn, some few, wild-looking, naked, half-famished men issued from the clefts of the rock and the dens of the wild beasts, in which they had concealed themselves, men familiar with every danger and privation, who had no longer families, or homes, or altars, men whom no earthly influence could inspire with hope, or fear, or mercy. Those desperate men made each other out, and found themselves to be about eighty in number. Unarmed at first, they surprised isolated posts in the night, and furnished themselves with the weapons and ammunition of their enemies. They gave no quarter, and looked for none; and the terror they inspired hindered any strangers from settling in the valleys during the first year. At last, Victor Amadeus, wearied at once by the incessant expostulations of the Protestant States of Europe, and by the daring exploits of the outlaws, determined to let his prisoners emigrate. During the whole winter of 1686-7, successive parties of Waldenses crossed Mount Cenis on their way to more hospitable lands. Many perished in the snow; others, weak and driven beyond their strength, sank upon the way. Children, too, were torn from their parents at many places on the journey through Savoy. In all, from three thousand to three thousand five hundred reached Geneva. The prisoners had at first amounted to more than fourteen thousand, exclusive of five hundred sent as a delicate present to Louis XIV. for his

galleys. About nine thousand perished during the few months that they were in prison. Some two thousand unfortunates embraced Popery, and they fared no better than their comrades; for they were obliged to settle in the unwholesome plains of Vercelli, and their children were scattered among the convents, or given to rich families. It was only at Geneva that many could ascertain the fate of those that they loved. It should be added that the Waldensian Pastors were retained in prison when their flocks were sent away. Thus the fourth general persecution apparently extinguished for ever the light that had shone through so many centuries at the foot, and on the slopes, of Mount Viso.

Yet the remnant of the Vaudois could not believe that light was doomed to disappear. With a patriotism ennobled by still higher emotions, they could not be persuaded that their exile would be final. Never, since Israel plunged into the channel of the Red Sea, has there been such an instance of collective hoping against hope. Old Janavel used to write from his asylum at Geneva to his countrymen scattered throughout Switzerland, impressing upon their minds that it was a duty to return at all hazards to the land of their fathers; and he was seconded by Henri Arnaud, one of the few Pastors who had escaped falling into the hands of the Piedmontese. The illiberal hostility of the Lutheran Clergy in Germany, and the devastation of the Palatinate by the French, contributed not a little to foster this desire in the bosom of the poor exiles; for Switzerland was too thickly peopled a country to admit of their settling in it anywhere in a body. Two attempts to gather in arms and throw themselves into Savoy were defeated by the vigilance of the Bernese Government, which did not choose to forfeit friendly relations with the Duke of Savoy; and for a time the members of the expedition were confined in St. Peter's Island, in the Lake of Bienné. But those precautions were gradually relaxed; and, on the night of August 16th and 17th, 1689, they managed to assemble in the wood of Prangins, and to cross the Lake of Geneva, before forces could be assembled to stop them. The adventurers numbered about eight hundred men, of whom more than a fourth were natives of France. Arnaud, their Pastor and commander, had been furnished with money by William III., who, in the interval, had ascended the throne of England. This handful of daring men threw themselves into the midst of the Alps, and followed the central chain for eight days, crossing passes where, even at that season, they were knee-deep in melting snow, sleeping on the mountain-side in the drizzling rain, and lighting their watch-fires with the roofs of the deserted *châlets*. After passing Mount Cenis, they found at nightfall, at the bridge of Salabertrand, within one day's march of home, a body of two thousand five hundred Frenchmen posted to dispute their passage. An engagement of

two hours dispersed the French force, leaving seven hundred wounded or dead upon the field. The Vaudois only lost twenty-two men; but, as they continued their march all night up the long steep ascent of Mount Sci, eighty more, overcome with fatigue and sleep, fell into the hands of the enemy pursuing with fresh troops. Next morning, Sunday, the 25th of August, the way-worn pilgrims knelt to give God thanks upon the Col de Sci. The valley of Pragela was at their feet, and beyond it the glaciers of their own mountains, all rosy in the light of the rising sun.

The expulsion of intruding Catholic colonists was quickly accomplished; but it was more serious work to meet the overpowering numbers sent in arms against them. Ten thousand French under Catinat, and twelve thousand Piedmontese, chased them from mountain to mountain. They were in sad distress for food. More than once a skirmish was risked to gather the fruit of a few chestnut-trees. Many gallant fellows were cut off in partial combats. Others, especially the strangers, were utterly discouraged, and dropped off in small parties, generally, alas! to fall into the enemies' hands. On the 23rd of October, the little band, reduced to four hundred men, and hemmed in on every side, turned to bay at the Balsiglia,—a rocky projection from the brow of a steep mountain in Val San Martino, rising in a succession of terraces, with three abundant springs gushing out of the rock. Occupying this natural fortress, the Waldenses repelled several assaults, until the inclemency of the weather forced their assailants to leave them for the winter. They constructed a mill, and gathered from under the snow the rye and barley that the affrighted colonists had left unreaped that autumn. On the 30th of April, 1690, though the snow was still deep upon the ground, the enemy were seen again defiling up the valley in all the pomp of war. 'Our rocks will hear the thunder of your cannons undismayed,' was Arnaud's answer to Catinat's summons; 'they are accustomed to louder storms.' On the 2nd of May, a general assault was repulsed with great slaughter. Measures were then taken to occupy the mountain behind the rock; the besiegers raising earthworks, and bringing cannon into position, with great labour. On the 14th of May, the Waldenses were driven from the lower terrace; and, on the following night, they escaped unobserved, by crawling along the face of a precipice. When day dawned, the astonished Frenchmen found the eagle's nest was empty. The siege was again changed into a pursuit, and one that could not have lasted very long, but that Providence had in reserve a most unexpected mean of saving this afflicted people. The Duke of Savoy was wearied at heart of the vassalage which Louis XIV. imposed upon him. He suddenly determined to exchange the French for an Austrian and English alliance; and, in one week after their

flight from the Balsiglia, the Waldenses found themselves in the service of their native Prince, helping him to expel the French from the valleys! Leave was given for all the surviving exiles to come home; and of four hundred and twenty-four catholicized families, there were only three that did not return to the faith of their ancestors. The entire period of imprisonment and exile was precisely four years. Some writers, however, call it three years and a half, to make it correspond with the three and a half days' insensibility of the two witnesses in the Apocalypse; nay, Bishop Lloyd made this application before the event took place, and persuaded a refugee Minister, called Jordan, to return home before the news of his countrymen's deliverance reached England.

France and Savoy made peace in August, 1696; and by a secret article, which was executed two years afterwards, all who were French subjects by birth were to be driven from the valleys. Arnaud himself, and no less than three thousand others, came under this designation, and had to leave their adopted country. They founded settlements in Würtemberg, Hesse Darmstadt, and other parts of Germany. Many of those emigrants were from the valley of Pragela, where Protestantism was being gradually stifled. The infamous Pelisson, the well-known persecutor and purchaser of consciences, had told his agents in this valley they might go to one hundred francs for a conversion; but he had to try rougher methods of making proselytes. Five months before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, their churches were razed to the ground, and their Pastors banished. The Priests could intrude into every house, and send away the members of the family from the bedside of the sick and dying, in order that the latter might be the less able to withstand their importunities.

In 1713, the Treaty of Utrecht guaranteed to Victor Amadeus the valley of Pragela, which he had re-conquered; and he continued the deplorable work begun by Louis XIV. No one could keep a school without the approbation of the Clergy; parents were fined when their children had not been brought to the Priest to be baptized; no Protestant could receive a legacy, or purchase land, or be buried in a fenced cemetery; the child perverted during his parents' life could force them to give him at once his share of the property. 'The inhabitants of Pragela, &c., are to be considered as Catholics, without inquiring what they think,' declared this bigoted Prince, in his immoral old age; anticipating thus the summary phrase of the present King of Naples, in a letter to Louis Philippe, '*My people do not want to think!*' The last emigrants for conscience' sake, several hundred in number, left the valley for Germany in 1730; and Romanism has since reigned without a rival there.

The first interval of complete religious liberty enjoyed by the

long injured Waldenses was during the sixteen years that they belonged to the French Republic and to Napoleon I. (1798-1814.) They were then on the footing of the other French Protestants; and in Napoleon's affectation of regulating every trifle at home from the palace of the Czars, an order for the suspension of a negligent Pastor came from Moscow in 1812.

We have already mentioned the ungenerous haste with which the restored King of Sardinia revived in 1814 the former system of restriction; but it was not to last for ever. It is to the honour of the unfortunate Charles Albert, that he gave liberal institutions to his subjects before being driven to it by the earthquake which shook all the thrones of Europe in 1848. The Sardinian constitution was promulgated on the 8th of February, 1848. The letters patent admitting the Vaudois to all the privileges of citizens appeared on the 17th of the same month, just one week before the breaking out of the French Revolution; and bonfires blazed upon those hills that had been so often lit up with fires of death: yet the inhabitants of the more retired parts of the valleys were slow to believe in the reality of their emancipation, and allowed years to pass before they joined in illuminating upon its anniversary. At the great national festival celebrated at Turin, February 28th, 1848, the Waldensian deputations were by common consent the first to defile before the King. The firmness since displayed by the liberal ministry of Piedmont through many temptations, gives every reason to hope that it was indeed a new era which began at that eventful season. We presume that the enlightened Minister of Sardinia, the Count de Cavour, is the descendant of a noble Waldensian lady, the ill-used Octavia Sollara.

The modern Church of the valleys, like that of the time of the Reformation, looks upon the evangelization of Italy as its peculiar calling; and, as it has been well said, 'it is difficult to repress the conviction, that a people with so unique a history behind them must have a noble history before them.' Italian is now being introduced into the pulpit in place of French; there are Waldensian Churches beyond the limits of the valleys, at Turin, Genoa, and Nice; and, thanks to the exertions of Dr. Gilly and the liberality of General Beckwith and others, there is a college at La Tour, a hospital, industrial school, orphan asylum, and there is sound primary instruction in parochial and subsidiary schools. May the prayer of Milton be accomplished, the martyred blood and ashes be sown over all the fields of Italy, and produce fruit an hundredfold! It does not seem, however, that the official Waldensian Church is to be the only labourer in these sunny fields. There are free congregations at Turin and Genoa which disapprove of indiscriminate admission to Church membership of the whole mass of hereditary Protestants. As dissenters from the time-honoured candle and

seven stars, those communities are naturally unpopular with many Englishmen. We were sorry to see, at the beginning of Miss Wilyams's little book, a letter from the late Dr. Gilly, calculated to impress the reader unfavourably towards Dr. De Sanctis personally, acknowledging, indeed, that there was nothing to be said against his moral character, but implying that he had exhibited some mysterious failings as a missionary Pastor, and that he only left the Waldensian Church because *the Table* (governing Presbytery) was obliged to dispense with his services. The simple fact is, there grew up a difference of opinion between the Waldensian Clergy and the Doctor, the latter being sustained by most of the Italian converts at Turin; and the difference was one which in our day could not but arise: one party became Congregationalist, the other remained directors of a national Presbyterian Church. There are good people on both sides, and the controversy ought not to be made personal. It has been also reported that De Sanctis and his friends were connected with the Plymouth Brethren; and this is repeated by a writer in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*; but they disavow the connexion, and have proved their sincerity by adopting a formal organization and drawing up a confession of faith. It is true they exposed themselves to misconception by not very clearly understanding their own ecclesiastical affinities; and they were silly enough to make the pre-millennial advent one of the articles of their confession. That circumstance indicates a morbid Christianity, and may suggest doubts as to whether the new community be destined ever to exercise much influence for good in Italy. The great evangelical meeting at Berlin last September appointed a Committee for the purpose of mediating between those divided brethren.

It is time to come to the most obscure, though not the least interesting, portion of our subject. What of the generations that preceded the earliest known sufferers in this land of martyrs? Whence the origin of the Church of the Waldenses?

They generally claim to be *primitive Christians*, representatives of a community that, having received the Gospel in the earliest ages, has always faithfully preserved the treasure, and remained untainted by the superstitions that spread over the rest of Christendom. Rainerius, an Inquisitor of the thirteenth century, represents the Waldenses as dating the apostasy of the Church from the pontificate of Sylvester in the reign of Constantine the Great; and an anonymous German interpolator of Rainerius, a century later, says, that some supposed the sect had continued from the time of that Pope: but Herzog has detected the origin of this idea. The forged Decretal Epistles pretended that the Church had received through Sylvester great donations and privileges from the first Christian Emperor. The Waldenses, like the rest of the world in the Middle Ages, were

deceived by those documents; and the reference to Sylvester is no authentic tradition, but a supposition suggested by an invention. In the same way the use of the term 'Leonists' led to the myth of 'a devout man, one Leon, in the time of Constantine the Great;' whereas the word, in the mouths of those who first used it, meant simply Lyonists, or Poor Men of Lyons.

Many writers date the existence of the Alpine Israel from the time of the energetic protestation made by Vigilantius in 406 against the increasing corruptions of religion. Jerome, in a letter to Riparius, says of that early Reformer, 'I once saw the monster, and endeavoured to chain him down with the testimonies of Scripture; but he took himself away, he escaped, he broke forth, and clamoured against me between the waves of the Adriatic and the Alps of King Cottius.' From this it has been concluded that Vigilantius had followers in the Cottian Alps, the region of the Vaudois valleys. It is certain, from the complaints of Jerome in a more formal treatise against Vigilantius, that the latter was supported by many of his contemporaries and even by Bishops. Mr. Faber, when he wrote his *Waldenses and Albigenes*, thought that Vigilantius had settled in the Cottian Alps, and was the spiritual ancestor of the Vaudois; and his statements are very complacently repeated in the article of the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* already referred to, without the writer's being at all aware that their original author had repudiated them. Mr. Faber, in a letter to Dr. Gilly so far back as 1844,* owned himself convinced that Vigilantius had retired to his birth-place at the foot of the Pyrenees. That this was the case is indeed manifest from the few notices of this judicious and faithful Christian which have come down to us. St. Exsuperus, Bishop of Toulouse, and his other immediate supporters, were all Iberians like himself. The much commented expression, *Inter Adriæ fluctus Cottique Regis Alpes*, was probably but a picturesque way of saying, 'Throughout the length and breadth of Italy.' In that age the most frequented route from Italy to Gaul lay through the Cottian Alps over Mount Genève, corresponding with the modern one from Susa to Briançon; and this was just the road likely to be taken by Vigilantius on his return from the East, where he had spent some time with Jerome. Moreover, the controversy alluded to in this passage of the letter to Riparius only concerned the opinions and writings of Origen, which the recluse of Bethlehem was accused of admiring over much. It was not a matter of a kind to excite general interest, much less to create a religious community. Some years elapsed before Vigilantius set his face against the false spirituality and the revived paganism which were breaking in upon the Church under the auspices of its

* See Gilly's *Vigilantius*, p. 338.

greatest names; and when he did, he was probably a representative of the feelings of the race to which he belonged. The Council of Eliberis (Elvira, in Granada) had prohibited many of the practices he denounced a hundred years before. Even if it could be proved that the inhabitants of the Cottian Alps sympathized with the Pyrenean Reformer's opposition to image worship, that would not involve a breach with the Latin Church. Serenus of Marseilles, in the sixth century, ordered the images set up in the churches of his diocese to be broken, as did Agobard of Lyons and Claudius of Turin in the ninth. The Council of Frankfort, too, under Charlemagne, condemned the abuse. Jonas of Orleans and Dungal, the adversaries of the Bishop of Turin, compare his iconoclastic proceedings to the errors of Vigilantius; but it is in terms which imply resemblance merely. Had there been direct affiliation, they would certainly have mentioned it. To all this let us add, that one of the most important parts of Vigilantius's teaching was his denunciation of the supposed merits of celibacy; and in this, as we shall see, the Vaudois, at the oldest date at which their opinions can be ascertained, did not agree with him.*

The next name which naturally presents itself to the mind, when investigating the origin of the Waldensian Church, is that of Claudius. Their valleys were in his diocese; and from 817 to 840 he made North Italy ring with his vigorous opposition to relics, images, pilgrimages, and the worship of saints. Dungal speaks of two parties in the diocese of Turin, one using images and pictures, and the other with the Bishop condemning them as idolatrous; but he evidently speaks of individual tendencies, and not of any community expressing itself in its corporate capacity. Claudius himself was a member of the western Catholic hierarchy, and was raised to the see of Turin by the Emperor Ludovicus Pius expressly in order to contend with prevalent superstitions, as Jonas is unable to conceal. He founded no separate community, he belonged to none; and had he encouraged such, his adversaries would surely have reproached him with it.

We have already spoken of Waldo. Roman Catholic writers are not alone in attributing to him the whole religious movement of which our Waldenses afterwards became the representatives. Neander, Gieseler, Herzog, Dieckhoff, Reuss, Schmidt, in short, all the most distinguished modern authorities, whether for ecclesiastical history in general, or for this particular branch of it, agree with them, alleging that the very name *Waldensian* is evidently taken from that of the merchant of Lyons, and that

* Jovinian, one of Vigilantius's contemporaries, and like-minded with him, was originally a monk at Milan, and died, A.D. 412, in the island of Boa, on the coast of Dalmatia, where Honorius had banished him. No attempt has been made to connect him particularly with the Waldenses.

it is not found to occur anywhere before his time; the earliest recorded use of it being in an edict of Alphonso, King of Arragon and Marquis of Provence, in 1192. Dr. Gilly, Muston, and their school, contended for Beza's suggestion, that the merchant Reformer was called Waldo, as a surname taken from the already pre-existing sect. They urge that since there were no family names in his time, Peter Waldo must have meant Peter the Vaudois. It is objected against this, that there is no certainty he was really called Peter; the name is found for the first time in Pillichdorf, so late as the beginning of the fifteenth century. Waldo, on the other hand, was a very common proper name in the Middle Ages. Maitland adduces no less than seven churchmen of the name, who signed acts of provincial synods in France, North Italy, and Germany, between the years 739 and 1047. Then the contemporary historians or controversialists, Walter Mapes, Pierre de Vaux Cernay, the secretary of Simon de Montfort, Alanus, Stephen de Borbone, Moneta, writing all of them within three-fourths of a century of the revival at Lyons, are unanimous in making Waldo the founder of the sect. The oldest Waldensian historian, Perrin, though believing in the high antiquity of the community, derives the name from Waldo; and of course in this expressed the opinion of his brethren at the time. It was that of their predecessors in 1535; for, writing to the German Protestants, they call themselves Waldenses, *olim invidiosè nominati*. The Bohemian Brethren, too, in the Preface to their *Confession of Faith* of 1573, say of the Waldenses, 'Their Churches are much older than ours, taking the name from one Waldus, a Lyonnese, as they give out,' (*ut perhibent, not ut fertur*.) This is certainly very strong evidence; but the old school have a stubborn fact to throw into the opposite scale. In the *Nobla Leyczon*, the oldest monument of Waldensian literature, the word *Vaudois* occurs, lines 368-372: if there is any one who loves the Lord Jesus, and will not lie, nor rob, nor avenge himself, 'they say he is a Vaudois, and worthy of punishment,' '*Ilh dion qu'el es Vaudes e degne e punir*.' Now at the beginning of this same poem, lines 4-7, there is the following sentence:—

*'Mot curios deorian esser de bonas obras fur,
Car nos veyen aquest mont de la fin apropiar.
Ben ha mil e cent anz compli entierament,
Que fo scripta l'ora, car sen al derier temp.'*

'Very careful should we be good works to perform; for we see this world drawing near its end. Well have a thousand and hundred years been fulfilled entirely since the hour was written; for we are in the last time.' Here is an internal note of the date of the composition; and, putting the two passages together, do they not establish the existence of religionists called *Vaudes* in the beginning of the twelfth century, sixty or

seventy years before Waldo? Dr. Todd, and Herzog in his earliest work, attempt to get rid of this difficulty by supposing that the author reckoned his eleven centuries from the generally supposed date of the Epistle he quotes; (1 John ii. 18;) and that, therefore, he must have written some time after A.D. 1190. Professor Reuss takes the same view, and is very angry indeed at the stupidity of any critics who call it in question; but we confess we cannot bring ourselves to attribute so much acquaintance with the history of the canon, so much chronological refinement and acuteness, to a simple writer of religious poetry in a most uncritical age. Our erudite Professors must not be allowed to take the author of the *Nobla Leyczon* for one of themselves. Even in our own day, the public life of our Lord, and the books of the New Testament, are popularly dated from the beginning of the era. Mr. Miall, in his *Bases of Belief*, makes our Lord appear as a teacher 'from seventy to eighty years before the destruction of Jerusalem;' (page 7;) and as the error is repeated in a second edition, neither friend nor reviewer can have pointed it out. Can we suppose a religious rhymist in the twelfth century more exact than an educated and intelligent British statesman now-a-days, with the entire circle of his literary friends? Messrs. Cunitz and Dieckhoff have a more summary and thoroughly German way of settling the matter. They say roundly that the offending lines (6 and 7) must be a forgery; and even Herzog inclines to this opinion in his last work. It is notorious that MSS. of devotion and religious instruction were often interpolated during the Middle Ages without any fraudulent purpose, but simply as an improvement of the book, for the owner's private edification; but if the lines before us were introduced at any period later than the one they suggest, it could only be for a purpose of deception: if so, it is done with such art as to be unlike anything of the sort previous to the eighteenth century. The forger does not prefix a date to the book, but allows the date he wishes to fasten upon it to be gathered incidentally from a practical exhortation; and that founded on a motive frequently recurring in Waldensian literature,—the supposed nearness of the end of all things. This would be worthy of Chatterton or Defoe; but nobody who knows the clumsiness of all attempts at literary falsification during the Middle Ages, ought to think of attributing such exquisite skill to an obscure reviser of the *Nobla Leyczon*. And then what would be the object of the interpolator? To make his sect older than it really was by some sixty years, and no more? Surely any one tampering with dates would have gone farther back, at the very least one century farther; for in that case the forged date would be rendered increasingly plausible, by the fact that at the close of the tenth century all Europe was aghast in anticipation of the end of the world. No; the suppo-

sition of forgery here is unworthy of any respectable critic. The *Noble Reading* must have been written in the beginning of the twelfth century.

It will in some degree diminish the perplexity attending the controversy about the passages just quoted, if we distinguish accurately between their bearing on the *fact* of the existence of this community, and their bearing on its *name*. Let us begin with the least important. We have no MS. of the *Nobla Leyczon* much older than the Reformation; hence there is no absolute certainty that the word *Vaudes*, in line 372, was in the original. It may possibly have come in the course of time to replace a synonymous word. And it must be owned that the whole text of the poem has undergone various minor changes: it differs slightly in every MS. and every printed edition. But we ought not to recur to violent suppositions, unless driven to them irresistibly. There is a high degree of probability that the word is authentic, since it is found in all existent MSS. It must be observed, too, that contemporaries never call the merchant of Lyons simply Waldo; but use forms which look like surnames, though treated as proper names by those writers themselves. Alanus calls him *Waldus*; Peter of Vaux Cernay, *Waldius*; Moneta, *Valdesius* and *Valdisius*; Stephen de Borbone, *Waldensis* and *Valdensis*; Mapes has the ablative *Valde*, implying the form Valdes or Valdez. A Strasburg MS. of A.D. 1404 has *Waldis*, with the comment, 'So called from a certain region.' We incline then to think the name older than the merchant Reformer; but it must be observed that the conflicting theories do not necessarily exclude each other. It is not impossible that the word *Vaudes* was used of old for the sect; that it had afterwards an eminent adherent whose proper name was Waldo, and that from him the old name passed into the later form *Waldenses*, a sort of re-impression from the original. There is in Switzerland a Canton of Vaud, the inhabitants of which are called *Vaudois*. The name in this case originated without reference to any person called Waldo. It may have been so in Piedmont also. The coincidence between the term for the religion and the name of the convert would indeed be strange; but not more so than many coincidences of name and vocation in ordinary life.

The current explanation of the word *Waldenses* is 'dwellers in valleys,'—*convallenses*, as De Thou has it: but etymologists say there is no analogy for the introduction of the letter *d* in such case; and it is found from the very first in all the forms used, *Vaudes*, *Vadoys*, &c. Besides, the Swiss Vaud is anything but a valley. Bernard of Font-Caude, and Ebrard of Bethune, are referred to as early testimonies for the sense of *Vallenses*; but they only make puns upon the word, which are not to be taken seriously. Monastier explains it by its use in Provençal for 'sorcerer;' but

this is to take a secondary meaning for the primitive. We find *Vaudes* used for 'sorcerer' in Switzerland also; and it occurs in the prosecution of Joan of Arc in the north of France. Evidently the Swiss and Normans did not speak Provençal; but they applied the heretic name as a note of suspicion and ignominy. The learned Basnage derives it from Waldo, a follower of Berenger of Tours in the second half of the eleventh century. Others believe the word to be of German origin. Livy calls certain nations whom Hannibal had to deal with in his passage of the Alps 'semi-German.' The relics of the Teutones, vanquished by Marius at Aix in Provence, took refuge somewhere in those mountains. Now everybody except Dr. Latham believes those tribes to be German; and as the Doctor gives no good reason for his dissent, it is to be presumed that everybody is right. The Burgundians on the banks of Leman, and the mixed race in the valleys of Mount Viso, may both have called themselves *Baldi* or *Baldes*, 'the bold,' 'the valiant'; hence, by a change common in all languages, *Valdes*. Nay, the change was not always made; for in Raynouard's great collection of Provençal literature, *Baudes* occurs repeatedly instead of *Vaudes*. The names Germanasca, Vaudalin, Frioland, are referred to this mixture of German stragglers with the native Iberian race; Ebrodunum, Embrun, means, 'the Mount of the Iberians.' We certainly did remark with surprise, before we ever heard of this theory, that many natives of the valleys had fair hair and blue eyes,—a type very rare indeed among the population in the neighbourhood. The language, however, and the physical characteristics of the majority show that the great body are of Provençal stock.

But let us turn from names to things. We think with Hahn, that the *Nobla Leyczon* ought to be enough to substantiate to every impartial mind the existence, at the beginning of the twelfth century, of a community of evangelical dissenters speaking a variety of the Provençal tongue, very like the present *patois* of the valleys. And we are afraid that the new German school display so much ingenuity in rejecting this simple fact, from a morbid zeal to contradict generally received opinions. We are quite impartial in the matter; for, when once the origin of the Waldenses is brought down lower than Claudius of Turin, there is an end to the theory of their being primitive Christians, and there is no temptation from controversial interests to put them a century earlier or later. Had the movement originated with Waldo, his disciples could not have forgotten it seventy years later, when Moneta wrote; yet that author tells us they contended '*quòd sua via ante Waldensem fuit.*' Herzog explains this away, and says that the claim to antiquity and apostolicity was only set up after the Reformation, to meet Roman Catholic arguments. George Morel, he adds, the messenger of the Churches to the Swiss Reformers, only attributes to them an

antiquity of four hundred years. The words of the letter which Morel brought to Ecolampadius and Farel in 1530 are these: 'We are the teachers of a poor afflicted people, which, since more than four hundred years, yea, as our people rather say, since the time of the Apostles, not without the special grace of Christ, hath dwelt amid cruel thorns.' The Apostles are referred to, says Herzog, as a concession to rising prejudice; but the writer expressed his own opinion in the first clause. Even this interpretation would carry us back to about A.D. 1100. But what if Morel meant to speak, not of the origin of the Waldenses, but of the duration of their sufferings? They had dwelt among thorns for four centuries. He does not say how long they had remained unnoticed before that. And further on the letter has, 'From the time of the Apostles until now we have ever had the same doctrine that you have concerning the faith.' An Italian MS. in Cambridge, dated 1587, and supposed to be the history written by Pastor Miol about that time, says, that, according to some, pure doctrine had been preached in the valleys for five hundred years. This points to the eleventh century. Rorenco, Grand Prior of St. Roch, states that nothing certain could be ascertained about the origin of the Waldensian heretics, except that they were not a new sect in the tenth century, and may have been detached from the Church by Claudius. The monk Belvedere laments vaguely that heretics have been found at all periods in Val Angrogna. The Chronicle of the Abbot of Ursperg, 1212, calls the Poor Men of Lyons 'an ancient order which arose in Italy long ago.' Many notices of heretics in this region in the eleventh century may possibly refer to scattered Albigenses, rather than to evangelical Christians. Such is the Bull of Urban II., 1096, in which he complains that the *Vallis Gyrontana* (afterwards Val Louise) had long been infested with heresy. Yet it is remarkable that this very valley was the birth-place of Pierre de Bruys. Stephen de Borbone says that the disciples of the merchant of Lyons associated themselves with other heretics in Provence and Lombardy, drinking in their errors. The *Passagini*, condemned by Lucius III., in 1183, in the same breath with the Poor Men of Lyons, probably mean the inhabitants of the mountain passes who had sympathized with the latter. From all these evidences of unequal value, we conclude that pious but obscure adherents of Claudius of Turin continued to propagate his convictions after his death; that they came gradually more and more into conflict with the Church of Rome, but found a safe asylum in the Cottian Alps; and that, attaining at last the complete consciousness of their difference from prevailing religious ideas, they grew up into a missionary and aggressive Church. The struggle against the absolute supremacy of Rome that was long maintained by Milan and the north of Italy, may

have in some measure favoured their independence. Then the ravages of the Saracens spread such dismay along the foot of the Cottian Alps, that the see of Embrun was unoccupied for several years after 916: a time of anarchy and strife between town and country followed,—a state of things likely to screen even heretics from observation. When the merchant of Lyons and his followers joined them, it was a great increase to their numbers and influence: they had affiliated congregations even so far as Picardy and Bohemia: but at the same time it brought them more prominently into notice, and drew down upon them the deadly hatred of the priesthood.

The new school maintains that the oldest and most precious remains of Waldensian literature belonged to pious Christians scattered throughout Provence, and who were afterwards, by the effect of persecution and various other causes, concentrated in the valleys of Piedmont. In support of this opinion, it is urged, in the first place, that the contents of those venerable documents suit the brilliant and corrupt civilization of the south of France, rather than the rude manners of the region in which they are generally supposed to have been written. The Fathers are frequently quoted in them. One work, indeed, and one of the oldest, the *Vergier de Consolacion*, is a *catena Patrum*. The 'wisdom of this world' is rebuked. One anonymous poet warns his readers of the vanity of towers and palaces, fine beds, sumptuous raiment, beautiful gardens, and vineyards.* Another speaks against singers and rhymers, and denounces the love of good cheer and the habit of lying in bed late.† We do not think this point is established. The humble *Barbe Morel* possessed all the learning of his time; the Waldenses nearest the plain had rich vineyards of their own; there were the palaces of a capital city within a long day's walk of them. A more formidable argument, if well grounded, is taken from the language of the writings in question; it is distinctly Provençal. Now the records of the Synod of Angrogna, in 1532, are drawn up in a dialect much nearer to the Italian than any of the other Waldensian writings. Herzog assumes that this document represents the language of the mountaineers at that time, and thereby proves that the older literature must have been written elsewhere. This is going too far: for even if the Waldensian dialect were Italianized in the sixteenth century, it might have been purer Provençal in the thirteenth, just as it has since acquired a more French tinge, and as the dialect of the lower part of the valleys is more Italian at the present moment than that of the upper parts. But it so happens there is sufficient evidence that the Waldensian dialect was not Italianized up to the very threshold of the sixteenth century, and has remained

* *Desprezzi del Mont*, line 104.

† *Novel Sermon*, lines 172, 227.

with very little variation that of the old writings. Messengers of the Bohemian Brethren having visited the valleys in 1489, a letter was written on that occasion to King Ladislaus in Latin. The Waldensian translation of this letter is in the old dialect. Several tracts translated or imitated from Hussite originals, and which therefore cannot be earlier than the fifteenth century, are in the same dialect; and so is a letter of the *Barbe* Bartholomew Tertian, of about 1470, which is transcribed in Perrin's History. From all this it appears that the Italianisms of the articles of the Synod of Angrogna are an exceptional case. It is probable that the version extant is not the original official document, and is not to be taken as its precise letter, since it designedly omits three articles, passing from the fifth to the ninth. The rest of the MS. of which it forms a part, (No. 2, Dublin University Library,) consisting of Morel's letters to Ecolampadius and Bucer, with the translation of those Reformers' answers, is in genuine old Provençal, slightly more French than usual.

Philological considerations confirm the title of the Waldenses to their own literature, instead of disproving it. Raynouard, the great authority in all these matters, pronounces those writings to be the only extant remains of a peculiar and primitive dialect of the Provençal language, and to be older than the compositions of the Troubadours in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. There are no Waldensian remains in the language of the Troubadours, except the tract *De Vitiis et Virtutibus*, in the Royal Library of Paris, and a New Testament, in the same Library, of which Dr. Gilly published the Gospel of St. John; and, on the other hand, there are no remains of the Troubadours in the dialect of the Waldenses. This literary isolation is just what might be expected from the geographical isolation of this branch of the Provençal stock: in short, the present inhabitants of the valleys represent a population identical with them in language and religion, which formerly occupied a much larger area on both sides of the Alps. When once the Waldensian writings are ascertained to belong to this community as a whole, it is idle to ask whether they were indited within the actual limits of the valleys or not. Most of the MSS. still extant were found in the valley of Pragela; probably because books escaped better in the stifling persecution to which it was subjected, than in the more violent persecutions so repeatedly let loose upon the rest of the region. It cannot be said that the present *patois* of the Vaudois is identical, word for word, with the language, as it was six and seven centuries ago. There are differences between the old Waldensian translation of the New Testament, and Bert's edition of the Gospels of Luke and John, printed at London in 1832; but they are unimportant, and cannot be compared to the changes which have taken

place in all the other modern languages during the same interval.

In the height of their prosperity, the Waldenses, in or near their principal seats, may not have been much under one hundred thousand. It is a tradition that there were one hundred and forty *Barbes* in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Reports of Inquisitors, seized by the Protestant partisan, Lesdiguières, in the archiepiscopal palace of Embrun, reckoned the heretics of Dauphiné, in 1501, at fifty thousand. Perrin pretends that Morel told Ecolampadius that his brethren numbered eight hundred thousand souls; and this is, of course, quoted by every generation of historians. But it is a gross misstatement, of a piece with the same author's other frauds. George Morel's own MS. in Dublin only makes him say, the Waldenses were so widely scattered, that the extremes were eight hundred miles asunder. In Morel's credentials, the community that sends him are called 'the Christians of Provence.' He was himself of Merindol; but we presume the Piedmontese valleys are included in the designation 'Provence,' though politically distinct. The brethren on the west of the Alps must have been the most numerous at that time; but even there they had not much carnal strength to boast of. There is an inquisitorial record of two Waldenses convicted in 1494 of saying, 'Did you ever hear of a *fist-full of people*,' (*un plen pung de mond*), 'without whom the world would come to an end?' Statements about the multitude of their disciples in Italy, so much as six thousand in Venice alone, &c., refer to times subsequent to the Lutheran reform.

It is easy to understand that a community like this, which had grown into being without any very distinct starting-point, and which was twitted with novelty by its adversaries, should lay claim to represent the unbroken tradition of primitive Christianity; and it is slowly and unwillingly that we have been convinced the claim cannot be sustained. Even if simple submission to the authority of the Bishops of Rome constituted the sole corruption of the Church, there are strong appearances that the earliest Waldenses did not testify against the principle of Papal authority, however they may have been disgusted by the abuses connected with it in practice. Dr. Gilly justly compares their relation towards the Church of Rome at first, with that of the first Wesleyans towards the Church of England. They did not wish to abandon it, but to effect a reformation in it; and that, we must add, not so much a change in the official doctrine as a reformation of morals and practical piety. The *Nobla Leyczon* is essentially an exhortation to repentance; and the whole movement, compared with the Lutheran Reformation, is like the ministry of John the Baptist, compared with that of Paul. Moneta says, '*Fides, ut ipsi dicunt, una est in Ecclesiâ*

Romand et in congregatione Waldensium, licet discrepantia sit in operibus.' The accession of Waldo, and his followers, could bring about no change in this respect. We have seen them importuning Popes, during nine years, for leave to preach; and even then breaking with the hierarchy rather than with the traditions of the Church. One of the early treatises against the Poor Men of Lyons says, 'They recognised that the primacy of apostolic power resided in the Pope.' It was not until their intercourse with the Hussites that they seem to have come to consider themselves as a distinct Church.

But submission to Rome was only the last step, or rather lapse, in the Church's long corruption. Every intelligent student of ecclesiastical history in the present day knows that all the evils of Popery began to exist in germ at a much earlier age than former Protestant controversialists were willing to admit. The Waldenses displayed from the very first an intense antipathy to image-worship; they rejected purgatory and the efficacy of prayers for the dead, from their practical experience of the way in which souls were led into false security by those doctrines; and they asserted nobly the universal priesthood of Christian men: but, on the other hand, they never brought into evidence the doctrine of justification by faith. They held the superior sanctity of the unmarried state, and of voluntary poverty; used the Apocrypha and canonical Scriptures indiscriminately, and frequently exhibit traces of the theological teaching of the schoolmen; such as the division of repentance into contrition, confession, and satisfaction, or the use of Thomas Aquinas's expression, '*Fides formata*,' &c., &c.

Valdo himself is said to have put his two daughters into a convent; and whether the story be true or not, it shows that he was thought to approve of convents. The *Barbes* imitated him in embracing a life of total poverty. They had the few necessities they allowed themselves to possess in common, and never married. Their duties were to preach, hear confessions, impose penances, and grant absolution; and, at their ordination, they were questioned about the Holy Scriptures and the *seven* sacraments. There were also houses of retreat for unmarried Deaconesses. In one MS. at Paris, the *religios* are called the noblest part of the people of God; and those who were bound by vows are set above such as live chastely without them. The *Nobla Leyczon* actually makes the notion of celibacy help to distinguish the New Covenant. '*La ley velha maudi lo ventre que fruc non a porta, ma la novella consellia gardar vergeneta*:' 'The old law curses the womb that hath borne no fruit; but the new advises to retain virginity.' The word '*castila*' came to mean in their vocabulary the unmarried state exclusively, and is lauded in the most extravagant terms: 'Sweet fruit, serenity of soul, holiness of body, sister of angels, sister of Jesus

and His mother Mary, unimpaired beauty of religion, security of the soul, health of the heart,' &c. (*Vergier de Consollacion*.) Yvonetus says, that the peculiarly devout who called themselves 'the poor people of God,' left their wives, if they had been married before their conversion: yet they rejected, as a heresy, the doctrine that marriage is sinful; and confined themselves to the maxim of the Romish casuists, that, to be pure, it should be contracted solely from a wish to have children. (*Las Noczas*.) 'The corner of the house-top,' of Prov. xxv. 24, is explained in one place allegorically to be the *vita religiosa*. We find believers repeatedly divided into three classes, as in the following passage of the *Cantica*: 'The degree of the married is fair, by the law of legitimate matrimony, and by the gift of alms to Christ's poor, and by purity of faith in the Holy Trinity, and by the hope which they have in our Lord Jesus Christ. But the degree of the continent is fairer, by abstinence from the flesh, and by contempt for the world. But fairest of all is the degree of the perfect, (*li perfeyt*), by a more frequent fellowship with Christ in heaven, and because they are more abundantly acquainted with celestial secrets.' The third and perfect order means those who embraced not celibacy merely, but poverty. A sermon on the Epiphany, in a MS. at Geneva, assuming, as was popularly done in the Middle Ages, that the Wise Men of the East were three Kings, makes them types of those three orders, and calls the most eminent that of the governors of the Church, *regidor*. St. John is also referred to, in accordance with the popular belief, as the model of unmarried Christians. The Waldenses fasted four days in the week, one of them on bread and water. It is strange to find, along with these elements of legalism and false spirituality, the round assertion that holy water is no better than rain water, and that a layman can make the body of Christ better than an immoral Priest; or this stout proposition, that sounds as if it fell from the lips of John Milton: 'Whatsoever degree of holiness any man hath, so much efficacy and power hath he in the Church, and no more. He cannot go a step beyond his faith.'* As a general rule, it may be said, a quantity of Romish superstitions are to be found among this people in their earliest stage, or in a state of semi-development. Thus the Virgin Mary is repeatedly treated as the highest of all creatures, to be honoured next after God,—the Queen of Heaven. Even in the *Nobla Leyczon* she is called 'the glorious Virgin, our Lady,' *nostra Dona*; and the sinner is menaced with exclusion from the communion 'of God and of the Virgin.' Yet they generally refused to repeat the *Ave Maria*; or, if they did, treated it as a simple greeting, not as a prayer. As for the

* '*Quantum quis habet sanctitatem, tantum habet facultatem et potestatem in Ecclesiâ, et non ultra extra fidem.*'—*Leger*.

Pater noster, it was repeated scores of times over in the manner of the Pharisees and Roman Catholics. One Anthony Blasii of Angiogna, who fell into the hands of the Inquisitors in 1486, owned that he had confessed to a Waldensian teacher, who imposed upon him, as a penance, that he should repeat *pater-nosters* every night in bed, until he fell asleep: and yet poor Blasii was a better Protestant than certain English Bishops are now, in one respect:—he did not believe there was any virtue in consecrated ground! With the same inconsistency they talked of baptismal innocence; and yet believed that children could be saved without baptism. They practised auricular confession, as we have seen; and yet asserted that God only could forgive sins. In one passage of the *Cantica*, the evangelical and the Pharisaical views are mixed up in the same sentence: ‘The mercy of God is upon them that repent them truly, confess them entirely, and do fitting penance, through the precious blood of the Lamb.’ In some cases, however, the practice seems to have assumed the unobjectionable form of the penitent merely asking the Priest for good advice. The bread of the Lord’s Supper is called ‘supersubstantial’ in the Waldensian tracts. Allusion is made to the habit of not allowing a crumb of it to fall to the ground; and the *Glosa Pater* directs an exhortation against those who believed then that no change took place in the consecrated elements: yet they did not hold the doctrine of transubstantiation completely, and avoided the word, using *transformar* in its place.

The Waldenses thought the preaching of repentance to be the grand distinguishing feature of the New Covenant. Taking a well-known passage of the Sermon on the Mount in its most superficial sense, they reckoned the taking of any oaths whatever a deadly sin; and—strange contrast between the precept of the fathers and the practice of their heroic sons—they taught the unlawfulness of self-defence under any circumstances! The exact measure of their rupture with the Church of Rome is much harder to be determined than is generally thought. It is certain that they continued occasionally to receive the communion and other sacraments from the hands of the Romish Priests; and it is not quite so certain that they received them from their own Ministers. The *Nobla Leyczon*, far from finally breaking with the Priests, gives them good advice as to the exercise of their functions. The interpolator of Rainerius attributes to the heretics the practice of daily communion in secret, —*sibi mutuo participans*. On the other hand, Yonetus stigmatizes their duplicity in receiving from the Priests the sacraments of the Church with the outward appearance of respect. Morel, in 1530, makes to Eccolampadius this apparently, at first sight, decisive statement: ‘It is not we, but the limbs of Antichrist, who give to our people the signs of the sacraments.’ And yet,

in 1489, the Waldenses had assured King Ladislaus that they did not go to mass; and, in 1517, Claude Seyssel, Archbishop of Turin, accused them of being unwilling to receive the sacraments; and at the same time it was known to be their habit, when they entered a Catholic church, to say mentally, 'Cavern of robbers, God confound thee!' A tract, contemporaneous with the letter to Ladislaus, begins, 'These are the causes of our separation from the Church of Rome;' and afterwards claims the use of the cup for the laity. We cannot, then, but think Morel expressed himself too positively, and only meant to say that he and his brother *Barbes* dared not regularly and publicly administer the Lord's Supper. He himself says that the communion was part of the service at the ordination of *Barbes*. Dr. Gilly and his school try to make their way out of these contradictions by supposing that the Waldenses had degenerated in the days of Morel; or else that he spoke merely of the state of his brethren on the west of the Alps. But neither supposition is tenable. The fact seems to be, that these good people enjoyed ordinances of their own secretly and irregularly; but were driven by fear of man to attend at intervals the worship of what they had long called 'the Church of the malignant.' The Bohemian Brethren were scandalized at this weakness, and reproached them with it; but the poor Waldenses were nearer to the lion's mouth. The *Barbes* always travelled by twos, the elder having authority over his companion; and were not to stay more than two or, at the most, three years in the same place: resembling the Methodist Preacher in this as well as in the very idea of the institution, which only professed modestly to supply a want. In theory the Waldenses never questioned the ancient distribution of the clergy into Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; but they are only supposed to have possessed this organization themselves by those who confound them with the Albigenses. This was one of the subjects upon which they sought instruction from the Reformers. Morel enumerated inquiringly the passages of Scripture which seemed to tell in favour of episcopacy; and then adds, *His tamen gradibus inter nos non utimur*: a statement which sets at rest a world of fond imaginings about 'the Bishops of this primitive Church.'

The still extant fragments of Waldensian literature consist of translations of Scripture, six or seven religious poems, a great many sermons, and some fifty generally short treatises. They are contained in four volumes belonging to the public library at Geneva, eight at Dublin, and five at Cambridge, with a few scattered documents elsewhere. Seven more volumes, deposited at Cambridge by Morland, were abstracted from it during the reign of James II.; but the most important of their contents are still to be found in the other collections, except the tract *Antichrist*, which now only exists in printed editions.

The Waldenses translated parts only of the Old Testament and of the Apocrypha. No less than six remaining MSS. of the New Testament have been attributed to them: two at Paris, one at Dublin, the others at Grenoble, Zurich, and Lyons. The last-mentioned MS. has been proved by Herzog and Cunitz to belong to the Cathari, not to the Waldenses. A Paris MS. in Catalan has not been examined as yet by any competent judge. The other four are distinctly Waldensian; and Professor Reuss, who has studied the oldest German translations of the Middle Ages more perhaps than any man living, pronounces them quite inferior to these Provençal ones. Dr. Gilly published the Gospel of John as it is in the Dublin and one of the Paris MSS., with specimens of the others; but, as Herzog says, he must have been very badly served by his correspondent, or his printer, or his own eyes. There are one hundred and eight faults in the transcription of the Grenoble codex of one chapter of John, one hundred and one in that intended for the Lyons MS., and two hundred and fourteen in the Zurich copy of the same chapter! and that without reckoning instances of arbitrary punctuation and wrong distribution of letters. The Dublin MS., which contains part of the Old Testament and of the Apocrypha, as well as the New, is dated 1522; but of course it was copied from a much older original. The Zurich MS. has no date; but Reuss saw at once that it must be later than 1491, because the copyist had adopted divisions of the chapters into seven or four sections, according to their length,—a fashion which was introduced in that year. Closer observation showed that it must have been written some time about or after 1520, when Erasmus's first editions of the New Testament were the standard Greek text; for while most of the volume was true to the Vulgate, as was the case with the Provençal translation generally, some of the principal Epistles and the Apocalypse were corrected after the Greek text, and that Erasmus's; for there are readings which only appeared in Erasmus's editions and those in which he was copied, but which were soon afterwards rejected by the received text.

His careful analysis of the Zurich MS. led Professor Reuss to a very important discovery. Everybody knows that Sixtus V. had issued an official edition of the Vulgate in 1590, and that it was hurriedly suppressed by his successor Clement VIII., who, acting under the advice of Bellarmine, issued a new, infallibly correct edition two years later. The Sixtine Vulgate was so zealously hunted after by the Pope's agents, that all the copies, except three, were destroyed; but nobody outside the Vatican could tell the reason why it was done. Now the Waldensian translation was made from the Vulgate, and of course from the text most circulated during the Middle Ages. Professor Reuss was struck by the fact that the Waldensian translation generally

agreed with the Sixtine edition in places where it differed from the Clementine. This led to the remark, that the oldest editions of the Vulgate printed by private persons did the same; while the Clementine readings were almost invariably supported by the Greek text as it stood in the sixteenth century. The evident conclusion is, that Pope Sixtus's Vulgate followed the mediæval Latin copies, while Bellarmine always preferred and perhaps sometimes invented a reading which would agree with the text which the Protestants were in the habit of quoting, and which they treated as the sole authentic one. It was, in short, a concession which the Papal critics thought it convenient to make, but attempted to conceal. Many readings of the Romaunt version, which agree with neither the Greek nor the printed Vulgate, are in conformity with the quotations of the old Latin Fathers.

Apart from translations, those writings fall into two classes: those that preceded the influence exerted by the Hussites, and those that followed it.

The *Nobla Leyczon* is at the head of the first class. We should have said above, when discussing the authenticity of its date, that Monseigneur Charvaz urges against it that writers in the twelfth century never dated their works. To this it is to be replied, in the first place, that the passage from which we gather the age of this venerable poem is not a formal date; in the second place, there are two instances of dates in Provençal writers in Raynouard's collection. It is well known that the Provençal was the first of modern languages to be ennobled by any literary productions. In it the genius of our modern world made its first attempts. But the Alpine dialect of the Provençal was also that in which its powers were first tested; or, at least, it is that which presents the oldest remains. The 497 rude lines of the *Noble Reading* are not only the sacred memorial of a first Reformation, they are also *the first-fruits of all our literature*; and Europe's earliest accents were words of piety. It conveys a curious impression to the English reader to see the word *fellon* used in this old Provençal for 'sinner' in general, and *baron* for 'man.' Abraham was 'a baron well pleasing unto God;' the star appeared to 'the three barons in the east,' &c. (Doubtless from *vir*.) The other oldest Romaunt tracts are also in poetry, confirming the general rule that in all literatures poetry precedes prose. They are the following: *Lo Payre Eternal*, *La Barca*, *Lo Desprez del Mont*, *Lo Novel Confort*, *Lo Novel Sermon*, and *l'Avangeli de li quatre Semencz*.

One of the oldest prose writings is entitled *Tribulacions*. It was intended to cheer the brethren who were suffering dreadful persecution from a certain Pope Innocent,—persecution, it says, worse than that of the heathen of old. The believing people

had to take refuge in the mountains, where they perished from cold, hunger, and the fury of wild beasts. We know there were persecutions under two Innocents, the fourth and the eighth of that name; but the one referred to here cannot be the latter; for it seems that the victims did not defend themselves, and they suffered in common with Manichean heretics, and the two mendicant orders had just come into existence. The writer calls them the two horns of the beast in the Apocalypse; (xiii. 11;) while his own brethren are the 'true Catholics.' Hence the work must belong to the age of Innocent IV., a little more than a century later than the *Nobla Leyczon*.

The *Pistola Amicus* supposes a flourishing state of the community.

The *Cantica* is a comparatively long and very interesting commentary on the Song of Solomon. The author was a young man who seems to have thought his community, and even some of its spiritual guides, had degenerated sadly. It was evidently completely organized at that time, and had to defend itself at once against Rome and against heretics who had denied the reality of our Lord's human nature. The author adopts the Romish doctrine of Christ's having died for original sin only; and as he borrows an expression from Thomas Aquinas, he cannot have lived earlier than the latter part of the thirteenth century.

Want of space obliges us to omit noticing many other tracts and fragments; but the *Glosa Pater* attracts attention, from the singular circumstance that it was re-written under Hussite influence at a later period; and arguments against any change in the elements of the sacrament were substituted for matter expressly to the contrary in the original tract. A copy of each recension is still extant. The last borrows from Huss the expression, 'Church of the predestinated;' but it must have preceded the Reformation; for it contains exaggerated praises of the Blessed Virgin and of the unmarried state.

Dr. Todd has the credit of inaugurating the recent thorough sifting of Waldensian history and remains; but it was Dieckhoff who first discovered that the Taborite confession of 1431 was the groundwork of a whole series of Provençal treatises on the sacraments, purgatory, &c., and of a confession of faith which had been complacently ascribed to the twelfth century; that the *Interrogaciones Menors* was but the Moravian Brethren's catechism recast; and that various other tracts were borrowed, altered, or imitated in the same way from Hussite sources. There was no dishonesty in this; no intention is betrayed in the tracts themselves of a wish to make them appear older than they really were. Wicliffe is repeatedly quoted by his title of 'the evangelical Doctor,' and Huss as 'Master John of sacred memory.' Also a phrase is taken from the *Milleloquium* of

Augustin Triumphus, who died in 1328.* With the usual exaggeration of discoverers, Dieckhoff imagined that the whole body of Waldensian literature was later than the Reformation; but this Herzog refutes most satisfactorily. Even writings of the class just mentioned suppose the voluntary poverty of the *Barbes*, praise vows of celibacy, understand extreme unction as Wicliffe did, divide the Commandments after the Romish fashion, and, above all, speak of meriting salvation by good works: they must then have preceded the Lutheran Reformation. Those later works, though written in Provençal older than Morel's, have many more Latin words than the early works, are more didactic, more scholastic in their form, and, especially the *Antichrist*, more sternly opposed to Popery. Auricular confession was now thrown overboard altogether, or nearly so. And while the *Nobla Leyczon* had spoken of Antichrist as yet to appear in the last days, the writers of the fifteenth century boldly apply the term to the Pope.

There are two independent sources of information about the all-important subject of the first intercourse of the Waldenses with the Reformers. Scultetus, who was in possession of the papers of Ecolampadius, published, in his *Annals of the Reformation*, the letter of Morel to that Reformer, and the answer it received. The collection made by Morel himself for the use of his co-religionists, and which is now at Dublin, is more complete, including a second letter of Ecolampadius, and a correspondence with Bucer.

Morel twice intimates that abuses had arisen from the practice of celibacy, combined with the near neighbourhood of the retreats of the Ministers and Deaconesses. Here, as everywhere else, false spirituality had produced its fruits; and the answer of Ecolampadius suggests the idea that further details had been communicated orally. The messenger of the Waldenses confesses in their name that they had erred in believing that there were many sacraments, speaks of their repugnance to take oaths of any kind, and explains their opinions and institutions generally; among which we observe, that in their meetings the two *Barbes* always spoke successively. Those simple people laid open their whole hearts and ways with the greatest candour and humility, neither exaggerating what was good nor hiding what was evil, and entreating to be set right in all things by their stronger and more enlightened brethren, in whom they felt the most unlimited confidence. Among their questions we will only note the following: 'What are the canonical books? Is self-defence lawful in any circumstances? Should capital punishments ever be inflicted? It is written, *The statutes of the*

* Monastier thought this quotation was not in the Geneva MS. of the treatise on purgatory, because he did not observe that the leaves were not placed in their proper order.

people are vanity. (Jer. x. 3.) Are civil laws, then, binding on the Christian man? If labourers are treated unjustly, can they repay themselves at the employer's expense? Is it usurious and unlawful to take any interest at all for money? Is all commerce by which one gains without labour sinful, as Chrysostom saith? Do the sufferings of Christ avail only for original sin? Is death-bed repentance of any avail? Is it lawful to kill false brethren who betray our places of assembly?' They question at length about predestination, explaining modestly their own views, which were much more scriptural than those which the Reformers all too soon imposed upon them.

There were two Waldensian messengers on this occasion: the least prominent of them, Pierre Masson, was arrested at Dijon on their way back, and received the crown of martyrdom. Morel made his escape to Meridol, and told his brethren there 'in how many and great errors they were, by which their former teachers had led them away from the right path of piety.' This was being ungrateful towards his predecessors, who had been faithful to the measure of light they had received; and the resolutions of the famous Synod of Champforans (September, 1532) were conceived in a like spirit of violent reform; all the peculiarities of the old Waldensians, whether good or bad, were swept away by the impetuous Farel. Daniel de Valence and John de Molines, two French *Barbes*, protested against the novelties of the Reformer, and against the danger to which their brethren were about to expose themselves, by celebrating their services openly; but their opposition was borne down by the enthusiasm of the great majority.

It was natural that the Waldenses should, from this time forward, gradually forget the distinction between that part of their creed which was really handed down from their fathers, and that which they had learned from the Reformers; and that the whole should come to be popularly considered as equally ancient. It was with a view to confirm this popular notion that the historian Perrin advisedly falsified the documents in his hands. In the treatises which he professed to edit, and the extracts taken from others, he omits everything unfavourable to the Vaudois, as well as everything that would show their first reformation was partial. He makes interpolations without scruple, substitutes the word *cène* for 'mass,' and the Protestant for the Catholic division of the Commandments, &c. Worst of all, he produced what he called an ancient confession of faith taken from the *Spiritual Almanack*, and from the *Memoirs of George Morel*, and which proves to be chiefly a compilation from the answers of Bucer and Ecolampadius; and actually puts in the mouths of the Waldenses the doctrinal rectifications addressed by the Reformers to them! Thus Bucer's statement, 'We know no other sacrament than baptism and the Eucharist,'

is made to figure as a Waldensian declaration; and, as such, is repeated by all historians, through two centuries, from Leger to Hahn. Never did pious fraud meet with better success!

Indeed, the Waldenses themselves were the first to be imposed upon. Neither Gilles nor Leger had it in their power to consult the all-important MSS. of Morel. They may have discovered a measure of unfaithfulness in Perrin's treatment of less important texts, however; and it is to be observed that in the year 1617, while Perrin's MS. was yet unpublished, the French Protestant Synod of Vitre ordered that it should be submitted to the examination of the Pastors and Professors of Geneva, as if it suspected there was something wrong. It is not known what report, if any, was made. But, in 1623, we find the Synod of Charenton deciding that a new history should be written. The person to whom the task was confided died soon afterwards. The men of the valleys must have disapproved of Perrin's book; for it was in 1620, the year after it was published, that Gilles was charged by the Synod of Pramol to undertake the work which appeared twenty-four years later. Perrin seems to have sold dishonestly to the agents of Archbishop Usher the manuscripts which had been lent to him by the Churches. It ought to be a matter of congratulation to the Vaudois that this man was not a native of their valleys; yet, notwithstanding his temporary success, he is no exception to the rule that fraud always tends to defeat its own purpose. His forgeries suggested Dieckhoff's doubts; and if the original MSS. had not subsisted, his version of them would have brought their authenticity into discredit altogether in this more critical age.

Morland relates that, when he was leaving England on his embassy to Turin, the good Archbishop Usher, then very near his end, sent for him to his chamber, and recommended him to use his utmost diligence to procure all documents that could throw light upon the ancient doctrine and discipline of the Waldensian Churches, 'as being a point of exceeding weight and moment for stopping the mouths of our Popish adversaries, and discovering the footsteps of our religion in those dark intervals of the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries.' Every zealous Protestant probably shares this feeling more or less. One clings instinctively to the idea that the Lord did not leave Himself without collective witness in the darkest era of Christian history; and the evidence of facts alone has forced us to relinquish it. It is a case in which, to quote with Herzog the apostolic saying, *We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.* (2 Cor. xiii. 8.) It would be very convenient, in reviewing ecclesiastical history, to have all the evil on one side, and the good on another, as in the days of Moses and Pharaoh; to be able to look upon Rome as exclusively the devil's counterfeit of the true Church, and upon the latter as hid in the wilderness.

However, the reality is more complicated than suits our indolence or our love of system. There were good men in the Church of Rome in all periods, sharing in a measure its false doctrines and false spirituality; the tares and the good seed grew together; and the holy men out of that Church had attained to but a partial Reformation. Just as, in the days of Israel, there were times of national declension and recovery; so, in the development of the Christian Church there was a long period of universal corruption, in which even those that protested and suffered for their faithfulness were but partially aware of the intensity of the errors that prevailed. No individual, no party, can ultimately lose by impartial recognition of the truth; least of all the company of Christ's believers, who know both the certainty of His word and the mystery of His providence, and who dare no more reject the facts of the one than doubt the entire fulfilment of the other. It is never too soon and never too late to recognise the truth. Nor is any other temper so likely to reward the patient and devout student. If he is called upon to resign a favourite theory of his own, he soon learns that it was too definite and arbitrary, and has glimpses at least of one far more complicated, but also more spiritual and Divine. In this case the real facts give a far deeper impression of man's alienation from the mind of God than did our imaginary mechanical separation of the true and false Churches. The whole professing Church of Christ together adopted a low and degraded Christianity, out of which it is unwillingly emerging. Is there not, moreover, a leaven of Romish materialism, however little we may be conscious of it, in this wish to establish an unbroken succession of witnesses for the entire sum of Protestant doctrine? Is there any prescription against truth? Let us say rather with one of the Reformers, 'To have been wrong for a thousand years is not to have been right for a single day!' We need not be ashamed of recovering from the word of God, through the wants of awakened consciences, truths that have been under an eclipse, as it were, for a period that seems long to us, but may prove short compared with the time during which the Church of God shall profit by its experiences. That solemn promise made in the solitudes of Caesarea Philippi, *The gates of hell shall not prevail against it*, does not involve protection against all error whatever, but only against final irrecoverable error. Indeed, the dealings of Divine Providence authorize us to assume that when men are allowed to follow their own way and make trial of a lie, it is in order to save all future ages from that lie. With this principle we may look history in the face without any temptation to evade its teachings; and we may be just to whatever is good in the past, without being afraid of the consequences, and without sympathy for what is wrong.

- ART. II.—1. *The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets, never before in any Language truly translated, with a Comment on some of his chief Places. Done according to the Greek.* By GEORGE CHAPMAN. With Introduction and Notes by RICHARD HOOPER, M.A. Two Vols. J. Russell Smith. 1857.
2. *The Odysseys of Homer, translated according to the Greek.* By GEORGE CHAPMAN. With Introduction and Notes by RICHARD HOOPER, M.A., F.S.A. Two Vols. J. Russell Smith. 1857.
3. *The Iliads of Homer.* Faithfully rendered from the original Greek, by F. W. NEWMAN. London. 1856.
4. *Homer and his Translators.—Essays, Critical and Imaginative,* of PROFESSOR WILSON. Vol. IV. Blackwood. 1857.

If any man would fully estimate the triumph of art over science and philosophy,—its ultimate, perpetual, and perfect triumph,—it will behave him to study the works and ponder the renown of Homer. The names of Plato and Aristotle, it is granted, may challenge no unworthy rivalry with his; for each is the symbol of a mighty intellect, and awakens the memory of an influence and a sway beyond all calculation. But they are names—echoes. They belong only to the past. Like the image of Sesostris in the chamber of Thebes, they inspire a barren sense of awe and wonder; or if their empire be not wholly passed away, if, by their majestic thoughts, they in some degree still ‘rule us from their urns,’ it is a partial and disputed sovereignty which they enjoy, and a faint and dubious homage which the modern world can render. But Homer is still a King. He is not only a name, but a power. His statutes are all unrepealed. Time, that has brought him a vast accumulation of renown, has abated none of his authoritative claims. He has many critics; but they find no fault in him, and can do no more than reverently confirm his laws. His very existence has been stoutly denied; but none has been able to dissolve the integrity or challenge the perfection of his works. And is any greater honour possible to the poet than this, that his enemies should rush forward in the spirit of atheism, and fall back under its silent but perpetual rebuke?—that the author of the Tale of Troy divine should lie under the same imputation as the Maker of this goodly frame, the earth, and ‘this brave overhanging firmament,’ and be permitted to leave in his defence a humble counterpart and copy of the same, testifying at once to its divine original, and its human author and artificer?

This is high ground to assume from the beginning; but we shall hardly need to lower the pretensions of Homer if we come to examine separately the features of his poetic character. It will then be found that in a sense peculiar to the order to which

he belongs, and in a degree peculiar to himself, his faculties have implicitly worked after a divine manner as well as in open emulation of a divine model. With him the secondary inspiration of the poet, acting in its unimpeded simplicity and force, and subject to none but the most favourable conditions, has issued in something like infallible presentiments of human character and life,—in pictures distinguished by beauty of expression, by variety of incident, by unity of tone; and in which, above the coil of fierce and brutal passions, may yet be gained some intimation of that serene and constant triumph of the moral over the material, which is perhaps the most general lesson breathed by poetic art. Nor are the circumstances of this ancient poet found to militate against the operation of his genius, or to detract from the order of his merit. It is true that his position cut him off from the profoundest sources of emotion and experience now opened in the hearts of Christian men. Born in a pagan country, and familiar only with the world before the Cross, he could have no adequate idea of the dignity or destiny of the human race,—no conception of the sublime morality of temperance, meekness, and charity,—no anticipation of a more than golden age of righteousness and peace, in which the wrongs and conflicts of mankind are all eventually to merge. But this great personal deprivation brought some compensating advantages to the minstrel of the olden world. Considering the just limitation of the sphere of art,—which is conversant only with the moral significance of nature and society,—it is quite possible that even a heathen poet should attain the truest if not the highest kind of excellence. In point of clearness and precision, of unity of feeling and distinct moral tone, he may well be superior to the poet of our own more favoured era, whom the many cross-lights of civilization and religion tend often to bewilder or distract. It was eminently so with Homer. Dwelling in a land of shadows, it was to him also a land of vision; what his eye could compass his mind could distinctly comprehend; and thus, in his poetic character, he had an absolute advantage over the prophet flung into the midst of this seething and tumultuous generation,—just as men see farther in a clear night than in a foggy day, and not farther only, but better.

But we have intimated that the *Iliad* may be regarded as a poetic microcosm, and that some analogy may be traced betwixt its general conduct and prevailing features, and those which obtain in the order of the natural world. It may not be without advantage to pursue this thought a little farther.

The highest qualities of Homer pertain to him in his character of poet or creator. And the first of these is *affluence*. The poet is privileged to imitate in some sort the abundance manifested in the realm of nature. What this abundance is we may every moment learn on every hand; yet how little do we appreciate

either its extent or its significance! Occupied with the trivial concerns of our personal existence, we lose sight of the divine economy of things in which it is imbedded. Yet our surroundings are in harmony with the character of a good and infinite Creator. Such is the brevity of human life, that if our blessings came either singly or slowly from the hands of God, they would barely indicate the fact of His power and goodness; they could not suggest the striking truth that both are inversely proportioned to our deserts, and 'neither know measure nor end.' We live therefore in a world that is literally built of blessings, that is suspended on them from day to day, that is covered with them from the equator to the poles. They form the basis as well as the ornament of life. They lurk in a thousand disguises, but all have a friendly mission. They are so wondrously ordered and disposed, that we do not suspect how thickly they crowd every corner of existence. They are continuous, like the atmosphere which is our instant life; they are successive, like the waters of the sparkling and unfailing spring; they are simultaneous, like the stars which break together from the vault of heaven; they are crowded and inlaid, like the golden daisies on the velvet turf. The naturalist traces them as so many features of Infinite intelligence; but they are this and something more; they are faithful imprints of the creative mind in yet another sense, and the final cause of their very beauty and utility is faintly shadowed forth in their aspect of divine goodness.

But how, it may be asked, is this beneficent profusion any way imitable by the stunted resources and enfeebled faculties of man? and how, above all, by the luxurious exercise of his poetic fancy? We answer, that this imitation is accomplished by a process of inversion.

'Nature with man is Art with God;
And Art among the sons of men
Nature translated to His thoughts again.'

All the thoughts of the great Author have their instant realization in His threefold kingdom of nature, providence, and grace. We cannot conceive of the mind of God as inert or inoperative, but only as the source of perpetual and infinite manifestations. His complacency and displeasure, His smile and frown, are the immediate light and shade of His creation. He prints His glory on the enamelled field and in the starry heavens; every gift of His providence is the spontaneous expression of His fatherly care. And the *ideas* of the poetic artist are in some sort representative of these the *embodied thoughts* of God. The Christian may aspire to imitate their quality of goodness more directly; but even the poet is privileged to entertain them in the sphere of mind, and it is by a faithful presentment of their relations and proportions that he preserves not small degree of

their moral virtue and significance. Hence the poet is allowably styled the priest or interpreter of nature. It is he who vivifies it by the power of his own imagination, and passes all its wonderful phenomena through that refining and exalting medium, so that they fall upon the receiving mind with heightened meaning and with increased effect. The fidelity insured by such a process may inspire, we say, a just confidence in the *moral significance* of all true works of art, even when we have most reason to dispute their moral *power*. But it is more to our present purpose to remark the fulness and opulence of thought which is so prominent a feature in the general result. It will always be found that the poet's picture notably reflects the amplitude and profusion of material nature, and all the copious variety of human life; that poverty of thought and dearth of interest have no place in his vivid, teeming, and abounding world; and that even its minutest corner and its meanest product will more than reward the most intimate research. This will appear by a simple reference to the process just considered. The poet's work, like the poet's mind, becomes a centre for the convergence of a world of rays, reflected from every object on every side, all differing in character, in power, in direction, in effect, each printing itself in some peculiarity of line or curve, and every variation fulfilling, heightening, or balancing some part more evidently associated with the whole. There is nothing lost, and nothing redundant, and even nothing to spare; but you can no more exhaust all the ideas than you can crop and send away the last bushel of earth's flowers to market,—than you can dot the last star upon your celestial map, and say it is complete. No: the garden of the world is still teeming, whether we repair to it or not; the observatory will be the proud seat of some advanced and happier student, when we no longer live to explore and sweep the heavens: and so, far away in time, is the last scholiast who shall give yet new degrees of meaning and of beauty, and find yet more profound relations and congruities, in the world of Homer, of Dante, and of Shakespeare. For God has been pleased to put this honour on His poets, few but chosen, that being pure in life, simple in aim, and diligent in function, their works shall bear no faint resemblance to His own, but yield a related and subordinate pleasure to mankind, without stint and without end.

Of course, the terms of this description rarely apply; and if they were not exclusive, they might be deemed extreme. We speak only of a privileged order; it is the brightest in the natural family of man, and its members are proportionably few. Many born to its honours and immunities are never solemnly installed into the one because they shamefully abuse the other. Of those in whom all the conditions—intellectual and moral, active and passive—meet and co-operate, how small the number,

and how great the distinction ! But if we look for the greatest of these, we must cast our eyes upon the first ; if he be equal in genius, he will be highest in authority and power ; for although the archetype which lies before him is without limit of any kind, the human artist is restricted to certain rules of operation. The first great poet, therefore, will be found in a certain important sense to have 'exhausted worlds ;' and those who come after him, pondering the old materials and combining them in newer forms, will never quite depart from his example even when they have learned to 'imagine new.'

It was the fortune of Homer to have this rare advantage of priority, and thus to 'get the start of the majestic world.' If Chaucer and Shakspeare are the fountains of Gothic art, so far as it obtains in modern poetry, Homer is the first grand master of poetic art in general ; he deals in larger and sublimer types of men, and prescribes to every one of his successors no small number of constructive laws. To ancient literature he stands in a position paramount. His genius literally ruled by anticipation all the future of Hellenic song, as his mighty invention embraced and magnified every legend of the past. In Homer is the germ of all the heroic fables of Greece. From his pages alone may be gathered the entire mythology of classical antiquity. We know not to whom *he* was indebted ; but the tragedians and poets plainly derived their august and thrilling stories from his works ; and often, at the best, they do but amplify his beautiful and pregnant hints. From Æschylus to Apollonius, from Aristophanes to Lucian, we may trace under different states of growth the seeds which his affluent invention scattered. Nor was his influence confined within the limits of his race and country. When Greece, conquered by the arms of Rome, shone forth to her subduer like Pallas Athene, and took captive his imagination and his heart for ever, Homer had no small share in this glorious retaliation. To the poets of Italy he became a revelation and an oracle ; their colder natures warmed, and their less fertile minds grew fruitful, under the welcome stimulus ; but still the product testified to his prevailing genius, and an episode of Homer became the national epic of Virgil.

But it is not in the larger matters of invention only that the fertility of the poet's mind appears. His resources are equally displayed in a marvellous variety of character, incident, and descriptive detail. If we duly consider the comparative simplicity of social life in the rude and early ages, we shall be astonished at the number of well-marked characters which animate the Homeric poems. Some of them have become typical of large and general classes, but none of them is without an individuality more or less expressed ; and those most likely to be confounded by the vulgar are really discriminated by the nicest touches. In the same manner are the minor incidents—whether

of counsel or of war—abundantly diversified. No two wounds received in conflict are quite identical; no two warriors fight under the same circumstances, or fall regretted in the same terms. The author's command of proper names, of descriptive terms, and indeed of appropriate language in general, springs from the same great qualities of invention; it testifies in every place to an active and observant mind, to a judgment which discriminates the characteristic and the true, to a taste which eliminates the feeble and the false, and to a genius which orders and subdues all knowledge to its own purpose.

Another feature of cosmical excellence, distinct but not remote from this of opulent variety, has been already glanced at by the way. It is that of extreme significance, reaching even to minutiae. Not often are the works of man allowed to emulate this perfection of nature. When the naturalist wishes to distinguish a textile fabric from an organic product, the means which he adopts are simple and decisive. He steps at once within the point of view for which such fabrics are contrived; he brings the power of optics to his aid; and when he has magnified its proportions, he detects with ease the coarse and clumsy workmanship of his fellow-man. How far otherwise is it with the wonderful tissues thrown from the loom of nature! Their beauty challenges the broadest daylight; their texture invites and bears the severest scrutiny. You cannot approach them on the wrong side, or examine them too closely or too well. What splendour in the wing of a bee! what cunning in the structure of a leaf! Nay, even a drop of pellucid water is found to be a little world, *imperium in imperio*; we may abstract ourselves from everything besides, and not live to exhaust its wonders or its lessons; if our faculties permitted, our brief time forbids; but, with grander powers and an indefinite term of life, we might possibly detect within this little round the rudiments of all things, animate or inanimate, that exist or flourish at large in God's creation.

We claim something of this microscopic beauty for the poet's web of verse. Nothing of human origin will bear so prolonged a study, or gain so largely by intimate acquaintance, as the genuine product of imagination, working in secret, and guided by reason in her highest mood. Every note consents to the whole harmony; every touch contributes to the finished picture; every word confers perfection on the poem. If this be so, we may cease to wonder at the attentions lavished by commentator and critic on a simple phrase or particle. That which is so important in its place cannot be insignificant in itself. It is just, it is wise, it is time well spent, to secure by every means the right word in its place as it issued from the poet's mind and pen. We may blame the critic's method, and dissent from his conclusions, but his object merits only praise. If he can furnish

a genuine text, he does the best thing in his power, and the only thing worth doing. All beside springs from the mere superfluity of zeal. All explanations are a dull impertinence,—for a true reading will authenticate itself; and a great poet whose language is obscure, is merely an author whose text is corrupt. No substitution can repair the loss of the right word; every other is foreign to the purpose, and infinitely inferior. Nothing else will serve us but the *ipsissima verba* of the poet.

The number of Homer's commentators is exceeded only by that of his readers and encomiasts; and they all agree in ascribing to him unrivalled powers of expression. His language is nervous as well as delicate, and copious as well as choice. He seems to have invented language as well as circumstance, and made the one commensurate with the utmost requirements of the other. In both we find the stamp of individual genius. So marked are the characters of the Homeric language, that no author affords so legitimate a scope for constructive criticism. Between two readings of equal authority, the right one vindicates itself,—the genuine word fits into its place like a portion of tessellated pavement, not merely leaving no gap, but duly aiding the principal design or pattern. Our limits forbid us entering upon an illustration of this remark, but the memory of every scholar will confirm its truth.

But the highest merit of these ancient poems—and one quite as remarkable in the conduct of the *Odyssey* as in that of the *Iliad*—must be referred to the unity, consistency, and moral purpose with which the fable is in each case ordered and evolved. To take only the last-named and most comprehensive of these features: the Homeric poems afford eminent examples of the value of poetic justice as a ruling moral. This old-fashioned virtue—once thought indispensable to a great work of art—is practically slighted in much of the influential literature of the present day. Novelists, at the best, are unequal substitutes for true poets; but in this regard the humorist stands lowest in the rank of novelists. Both in an ethical and an artistic point of view there is a great descent from Walter Scott to Mr. Thackeray. Our humorists seem to have no moral principles as the basis of their ideal; instead of the moral they aim only at the picturesque. If we name Mr. Thackeray, it is because he is the most distinguished member of this class, and only too likely by his influence and example to cause the literature of fiction to degenerate more and more from the elevated ground it has been wont to occupy. With great natural powers he is content to be a mere humorist and sketcher; he holds not the mirror up to nature, but a hand-glass to society, and turns it mocking in this direction and in that. The consequence is that no comprehensive truth, and no great moral power, lifts any of his compositions into the epic region. His good feeling insures a

certain amount of truth in separate parts; but who could ever judge from any of his writings, as a whole, that the moral government of God is co-extensive with the life and history of man? To him a poor drunkard or a battered worldling is an object of artistic curiosity, and sometimes of keen satire, but never of deliberate disapproval. In his most severe moments he is ready to defend such a character, as holding his proper place in this interesting world of light and shade, and will turn upon his reader with a *tu quoque*, by way of stopping every thought of condemnation. With him, too, every character is left to follow out the bent of his own disposition, and virtue and religion make no stand in his behalf. We will not pause to inquire if this be in accordance with true principles of art; we would only ask, Is it in keeping with the fact, as open to daily observation and experience? So also with the awards of Providence. It may be said that temporal and material success do not uniformly wait on virtue in this life. We answer, that as a rule they do so; that the constitution of things sufficiently approves the dignity and wisdom of a righteous course; and that the work in which the same great moral teaching does not equally appear is false throughout, and no genuine reflection of the world in which we live.

A heathen author shall teach us purer ethics than writers of this stamp. Considering the disadvantages of his position, the moral sense of Homer was eminently sound. His works, no doubt, reflect the morality and the creed of his country at their best; for such a nature would be likely, by virtue of its aspiration, to refine upon the coarser elements of a religion so crude and so corrupt. Accordingly, we find that the public virtues and domestic charities are both asserted in his page; that the rule of Providence is recognised, and the long-reaching arm of Justice makes an ultimate and equal distribution of awards to men and nations. It is not true, as some critics seem to think, that the *Iliad* glorifies brute strength and passion in the person of Achilles. Even the triumphant wrath of that hero is inspired by a singular depth of friendship. But he is only a means to work out the retributive anger of the gods. It is the guilt of Paris which brings doom on Troy,—a doom which neither the virtues nor the valour of Hector can avert. More than once do we meet with the sentiment that the battle is not decided by strength of arms, but according to the will of the gods. The spirit of justice prevails throughout the poem. It would be unfair to estimate the poet's faith by the personal character of his deities. Justice rules Jove himself. Higher than Olympus, and stronger than the gods, is enthroned an inflexible and righteous power; and if it bears the awful name of Fate, it still assumes the intelligible form of Justice.

We feel that these imperfect hints—mere outlines of the truth

respecting Homer and his works—require a volume of illustration and detail to answer their design; and in the absence of such desirable particulars, our general estimate may seem to err on the side of exaggeration. Yet it is certain that we have stopped far short of the whole truth. We have treated the Homeric poems as master-pieces of art, but we have scarcely hinted at the fact that they are besides the chief fountains of general literature; giving origin and laws, not only to lyric, elegiac, and dramatic poetry, but to fiction in all its branches, to history in all its moods, nay, even to language itself. From the sublime and rigorous order of the poetic unities, to the simplest rules of syntax and prosody, Homer is our first and best authority. The antiquary, the philologist, the geographer, the historian, the humorist, and the moralist, have each repaired to him in turn, and found something pertinent to his familiar study. It was in admiration of his wonderful completeness that Lord Roscommon, using a pardonable hyperbole of speech, indited the well-known epigram:

‘Read Homer once, and you will read no more,
All other books will seem so mean, so poor;
Read him again, and you may cease to read,
For Homer will be all the books you need.’

What the noble author thus coined into verse (of no great merit) had frequently been affirmed in downright prose.

Some reader may object that we have assumed the personality of Homer; but may it not be quite as reasonably said that we have proved it? If these ancient poems are really distinguished by beauties and perfections such as we have ascribed to them, it will not be easy to resist the inference of their individual authorship. This would have yet more strikingly appeared, if we had found ourselves at liberty to enlarge upon the admirable conduct of the fable, the consistency of character, and harmony of facts, always in strict subservience to a final purpose, which confer alike upon the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* the deepest and most lasting charm of which human writings are susceptible. No patchwork ever exhibited such comprehensiveness of plan, especially in connexion with such truth of detail: these are signs, not only of the highest intelligence, but of the strictest individuality; they could only have resulted from the operation of one marvellous organ, drawing from every influence of nature the selectest elements of truth. Let who will refer to the legends of King Arthur, and the ballads of Robin Hood, as analogues of these noble compositions; with us the bare allusion is sufficient to confirm our faith in Homer. It will be time enough to reconsider the grounds of this belief, when some literary antiquary shall produce an ancient poem on the subject of King Arthur and his Knights, equal both in volume and in unity to the story of Ulysses’ wanderings; or a work in celebration of

the exploits of Robin Hood that shall rival in variety, consistency, and grandeur, the miraculous Tale of Troy. Even such a discovery could not have the effect supposed. We should not be called upon to resign one Homer, but to divide our allegiance and our wonder betwixt two.

Homer has long been accessible to English readers. In this, however, his fortune—or rather theirs—is by no means singular. Nothing more strikingly displays the energy of English literature in the reign of Elizabeth and her successor, than the number of copious and vigorous translations which then appeared,—not to the omission or discouragement of original works, but in generous rivalry of these, and even with the effect of stimulating and inspiring them. The *Virgil* of Thomas Phayer, the *Ovid* of Arthur Golding, and the *Plutarch* of Sir Thomas North, are noble specimens of this class. They give evidence of the greatest industry and the most various learning. But the labour bestowed is not more remarkable than the genius lavished on these works. In many cases the ancient or foreign author appeared to new advantage in his English dress. Something, indeed, was necessarily lost in the process of translation; but something more than equivalent was gained. This praise at least is due to the English version of *Tasso* by Edward Fairfax. If Spenser was so far indebted to the Italian muse as to forfeit somewhat of the poet's claim, Fairfax imparted so largely of his own as to earn more than a translator's meed. But the bulk of these early versions are of rude and unequal merit. When men like Philemon Holland—whom Fuller styles 'translator general of the age'—turned folio after folio from the groaning press, it was not to be expected that the nicest criticism and the purest taste could find no blemish on their pages. They did more, however, than a mere fastidious imitation of the ancients could effect. They set up, for the admiration and delight of our ancestors, huge plaster copies of noble works; and when the character of this nation was forming, and the genius of her language and literature receiving its great and permanent direction, it was no light advantage that such studies occupied and enriched the minds of her first authors, and that such models were reared in the path of eager youth and busy manhood.

To this noble band of labourers belonged George Chapman, the first translator of the works of Homer into English. Through a long life of seven-and-seventy years, this author was diligently devoted to the Muse; and although many of the productions of his pen are such as we may fairly deem unworthy of his acknowledged gravity,—for Antony Wood describes him as 'a person of most reverend aspect, religious, and temperate,'—yet we cheerfully take into our estimate the character and demands

of the age in which he lived, and believe that in the main he served his generation faithfully and well. The era of Elizabeth was that of the ascendancy of dramatic literature; and no servant of the Muse declined his contribution to the scenic triumph. Chapman wrote many plays, and parts of many others; but we need not regret the oblivion which has settled down upon them, nor stir its sullen waters by plunging for the recovery of some superior fragment. For the rest, his original productions consist of sonnets, elegies, and panegyrical verses; and these have no distinguished or characteristic merit; their name is legion, and their memory merely tedious. In the year 1616 he published a translation of *Museus*, and after Marlow's death he wrote under the same name a continuation of that author's original and unfinished poem. Other translations followed,—the *Georgics of Hesiod* in 1618, and the *Fifth Satyre of Juvenale* in 1629. But long before the earlier of these dates, he was famous as the translator of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The first instalment of this great work consisted of the *Shield of Achilles*, and *Seven Bookes of the Iliad of Homer, the Prince of Poets*, these last being not consecutive, but the first and second, with the seventh to the eleventh inclusive. The remainder followed at short intervals; and the last part of this undertaking, consisting of the Hymns of Homer, appeared without date, in a thin folio, that is now extremely rare.

Chapman's Homer was not reprinted for a period of two hundred years; but many tributes to its merit relieved the obscurity of that long interval. Waller assured Dryden that he never read it without 'incredible transport.' Dryden himself both praised and copied it: for that great writer commenced a translation of the *Iliad*; and perhaps, if Chapman had met with less success, Dryden would have found more encouragement. Pope, too, speaks of 'the daring, fiery spirit' that animates this translation, and rather happily describes it as 'something like what we might imagine Homer himself to have wrote before he arrived to years of discretion.' In days more recent it has found admirers still more ardent, and praises more unqualified. William Godwin pronounced it 'one of the greatest treasures the English language has to boast.' When Keats first read it in the company of his friend Mr. Cowden Clarke, 'his delight was intense, even to shouting aloud,' and on the following morning a noble sonnet with which it had inspired him was left on his friend's table. This is testimony of a very genuine sort; but still higher measures of applause were meted to it. Coleridge the most subtle, and Lamb the most exquisite of modern critics, united in its favour; their praise is more valuable, as it is evidently more discreet; and it is not a little curious, that the same striking observation upon the subject should be made by both. 'What is stupidly said of Shakspeare,' remarks

Coleridge, 'is really true and appropriate of Chapman,—*mighty faults counterpoised by mighty beauties.*' Lamb makes the same remark in very similar language.

We believe the opinion last adduced contains the sum of all that may be justly said of the genius of George Chapman. His translation of Homer is a great but most unequal work, marked by a rugged and commanding strength, rather than by accuracy, grace, or finish; and in a retrospect of that imposing literature which soars on the horizon of our history and intellectual heritage, it forms no mean part of the vast mountain range,—the whole being an abundant quarry in that goodly land which Englishmen possess, 'a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.' Like other great works of that age, we say, it is rather a quarry to which modern writers, and indeed all students of our language, may profitably repair, than a model of correct and elegant translation. It contains ore of true value, but little metal of the rare or brilliant sorts. It is a great, but rugged and unequal monument of genius. To be induced to explore it throughout, the reader must not merely have an enthusiastic love of Homer, a passion to catch some fresh glimpses of him under any and every form; but he must be one who has turned with distaste from the feeble, trite, and colourless language of the present time,—from language so long traduced by mediocrity and convention, that our sentences are only a patchwork of approved phrases, which fail even to arrest the mind, much more to arouse the imagination and penetrate the heart. To one whose ear is thus wearied, and whose taste thus thwarted, the obscure and uncouth verses of Chapman will be very welcome. But even his interest will be apt to flag; he will often be disposed to return to the civilized world of letters, after he has toiled some miles through brambles and holly, and fed for some days upon wild honey from the rock. Few but Charles Lamb could say, 'I have just finished Chapman's Homer,' or add, with anything like simplicity or truth, 'It has the most continuous power of interesting you all along.' For that is what it eminently lacks; it has almost every kind of power but that. We beg the reader not to be deceived by such authority. If you will study it, well; but it will never draw you on like that; it is ten to one that it beats you off ten times in the day; whether Iliad or Odyssey, it will task your patience to the utmost,—and, all things considered, it is not likely to reward it. This general advice admits, indeed, of special exceptions; but it is only right to qualify the expectations which ordinary readers may be apt to form. The true lover of poetry will find in Chapman a delightful study.

Familiar as the opening of the Iliad is to all our readers, they will still be gratified to learn how Chapman pitches the first note of his performance.

'Achilles' baneful wrath resound, O goddess, that impos'd
 Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many brave souls los'd
 From beasts heroic ; sent them far to that invisible cave
 That no light comforts ; and their limbs to dogs and vultures gave :
 To all which Jove's will gave effect ; from whom first strife begun
 Betwixt Atrides, King of men, and Thetis' godlike son.'

These lines have evidently been sounding in the ears of subsequent translators. They are distinguished by directness and fidelity, which was not usual with Chapman. But let us read a little further on. The fierce quarrel of Achilles and Agamemnon is rendered by our author with much spirit ; but the reader may judge of the translator's style by a shorter passage, which relates the return of Chryseis to her father by the hands of Ulysses. It is on the whole a favourable specimen.

'Ulysses, with the hecatomb, arriv'd at Chrysa's shore ;
 And when amid the haven's deep mouth they came to use the oar,
 They straight struck sail, then roll'd them up, and on the hatches
 threw ;

The topmast to the kelsine then with halyards down they drew ;
 Then brought the ship to port with oars ; then forked anchor cast ;
 And 'gainst the violence of storm for drifting made her fast.

All come ashore, they all exposed the holy hecatomb
 To angry Phœbus, and with it Chryseis welcomed home ;
 Whom to her sire, wise Ithacus, that did at the altar stand,
 For honour, led, and, speaking thus, resign'd her to his hand :
 Chryses, the mighty King of men, great Agamemnon, sends
 Thy loved seed by my hands to thine ; and to thy god commends
 A hecatomb, which my charge is to sacrifice, and seek
 Our much-sigh-mix'd woe his recure, invok'd by every Greek.

Thus he resign'd her, and her sire received her highly joy'd ;
 About the well-built altar then they orderly employ'd
 The sacred offering, wash'd their hands, took salt cakes ; and the
 priest,

With hands held up to heaven, thus pray'd : O thou that all things
 seest,

Fautour of Chrysa, whose fair hand doth guardfully dispose
 Celestial Cilla, governing in all power Tenedos,
 O hear thy priest, as thy hand in free grace to my prayers
 Shot fervent plague-shafts thro' the Greeks, now hearten their
 affairs

With health renew'd, and quite remove th' infection from their
 blood.

He pray'd, and to his prayers again the god propitious stood.
 All, after prayer, cast on salt cakes, drew back, kill'd, flay'd the
 beeves,

Cut out and dubb'd with fat their thighs, fair dress'd with double
 leaves,

And on them all the sweet-breads prick'd. The priest with small
 sere wood

Did sacrifice, pour'd on red wine ; by whom the young men stood,

And turn'd, in five ranks, spits. On which (the legs enough)
they eat

The inwards; then in jiggots cut the other fit for meat,
And put to fire; which roasted well they drew. The labour done,
They serv'd the feast in that fed all to satisfaction.

Desire of meat and wine thus quench'd, the youths crown'd cups
of wine

Drunk off, and fill'd again to all. That day was held divine,
And spent in peans to the Sun, who heard with pleased ear;
When whose bright chariot stoop'd to sea, and twilight hid the
clear,

All soundly on their cables slept, even till the night was worn.
And when the lady of the light, the rosy-fingered Morn,
Rose from the hills, all fresh arose, and to the camp retir'd.
Apollo with a fore-right wind their swelling bark inspir'd,
The top-mast hoisted, milk-white sails on his round breast they put,
The mizens strooted with the gale, the ship her course did cut
So swiftly, that the parted waves against her ribs did roar;
Which, coming to the camp, they drew aloft the sandy shore,
Where, laid on stocks, each soldier kept his quarter as before.'

There is something eminently picturesque in this description, and the quaintness of the language rather aids in that effect. Only two words occur that are either difficult or obsolete; namely *faulour*, in the sense of 'aider' or 'protector;' and *strooted*, in the sense of 'swelled.' In Baillie's Dictionary we have '*To strout*, to swell out, to puff;' and this probably affords the more correct orthography of the word. With these slight exceptions the passage may be read as modern English.

Chapman's version is said to be eminently Homeric. If all that this epithet implies were intended by its use, it is certain that no more could be desired; and even in the most restricted sense it carries no small compliment along with it. What the praise in this really amounts to we may readily discover. The language of this version has much of that originality and graphic force which marks the original as a poem of the heroic age. Chapman had this advantage over succeeding translators, not merely that he came before them in respect of order, and so had no temptation to write at second-hand, but that the times in which he lived more nearly resembled the Homeric era: society was yet unwasted by luxury, and the language yet unweakened by iteration and convention. The use of artifice and false ornament in literary composition was unknown, because mediocrity and dulness did not intercept the patronage of simplicity and sense. There was no Pope because there had been no Ogilby. But a kindred advantage arose out of old Chapman's theory of translation. His version was spirited because his genius was untrammelled; for he refused the bond of a faithful sworn translator. He speaks with scorn of 'word-for-word traductions;' but also, it must be added, he expresses abhorrence at 'more

license from the words than may express their full compression.'

But although Chapman's version is unusually free, it is not as a whole either weak or diffuse. His chief defects are harshness and obscurity. His sentences are awkwardly involved, and his language either obsolete or strained to a foreign sense. His epithets are for the most part full of spirit; but often they are grotesque, and sometimes absurdly tame. Thus 'bright-light'ning Jove' is finely treated; but who is not disappointed in seeing him pair off with 'respected Juno?' Yet the readers of Homer have no reason to complain of such disparity. The King of gods himself is not more royal than Saturnia, the beautiful and majestic partner of his throne.

The preface and notes which Chapman published with his translation of the *Iliad* are characteristic, and not unworthy of a cursory remark. Though our author's prose is even more crabbed and involved than his verse, it is otherwise distinguished by the same great qualities. We notice especially how his study of Homer induces the habit of making compound epithets. Thus he speaks of 'the never-enough-glorified poet,' and again of 'our with-all-skill-enriched poet,'—of course, in both cases referring to his author. His commentary appears to have been written with the design of vindicating his knowledge of Greek, impudently questioned by his enemies; it gives proof of average scholarship and various learning, but is more remarkable for original criticism of a higher sort. A specimen of these notes will afford the reader some notion of their general merit. On the passionate grief of Achilles, in appealing to his divine mother against the injurious treatment of Agamemnon, we have the following comment:—

“Ὅτι φέρο δακρυχέων, κ.τ.λ. *Sic dixit lachrymans, &c.* These tears are called by our commentators unworthy, and fitter for children or women than such a hero as Achilles; and therefore Plato is cited in *iii. de Repub.*, where he saith, *Ὁρθὼς ἀγα, κ.τ.λ. Merito igitur clarorum virorum ploratus à medio tolleremus, &c.* To answer which, and justify the fitness of tears generally (as they may be occasioned) in the greatest and most renowned men, (omitting examples of Virgil's Æneas, Alexander the Great, &c.,) I oppose against Plato only one precedent of great and most perfect humanity (to whom infinitely above all other we must prostrate our imitations) that shed tears, *viz.*, our All-perfect and Almighty Saviour, who wept for Lazarus. This, then, leaving the fitness of great men's tears generally, utterly unanswerable, [*i.e.*, unquestionable,] these particular tears of unvented anger in Achilles are in him most natural; tears being the highest effects of greatest and most fiery spirits, either when their abilities cannot perform to their will, or that they are restrained of revenge, being injured; out of other considerations, as now the consideration of the state and purity of the counsel and public good of the army-curbed Achilles. Who can deny that there are tears of manliness and mag-

namity as well as womanish and pusillanimous? So Diomed wept for curst heart when Apollo struck his scourge from him, and hindered his horse-race, having been warned by Pallas before not to resist the deities; and so his great spirits being curbed of revenge for the wrong he received then.....Nor must we be so gross to imagine that Homer made Achilles or Diomed blubber, or sob, &c., but in the very point and sting of their unvented anger shed a few violent and seething-over tears. What ass-like imprudence is it then for any merely vain-glorious and self-loving puff, that everywhere may read these inimitable touches of our Homer's mastery, anywhere to oppose his arrogant and ignorant castigations, when he should rather (with his much better understander, Spondanus) submit where he oversees him faulty, and say thus: *Quia tu tamen hoc voluisti, sacrosanctæ tuæ auctoritati per me nihil detrahatur!*

In this thorough and somewhat belligerent spirit does old Chapman magnify his author. We may add, that the commentator whom he cites is very frequently referred to throughout the work, and seems to have been almost the only authority to whom Chapman had recourse. They served his purpose indifferently well; but the commentaries of Spondanus are held in no esteem, being chiefly remarkable for the early age at which they were composed. It is to the praise of the Latin scholiast that he constantly evinces a religious spirit, and in this also his English follower fully sympathizes.

The popularity of Chapman's 'Iliads' appears to have been considerable; yet it was not altogether of the smoothest kind. We learn from the Preface to the Reader, issued with the collective volume, that the author's labours had met with unfriendly criticism, and even coarse disparagement. Chapman was far from feeling indifference to these attacks; but they could not daunt his courage or interrupt his purpose. He answered scorn for scorn, and went on his way. 'Homer himself,' quoth he, 'hath met with my fortune, in many maligners; and therefore may my poor self put up with motion. And so little I will respect malignity, and so much encourage myself with my own strength, and what I find within me of comfort and confirmance, (examining myself throughout with a far more jealous eye than my greatest enemy, imitating this:—

'Judex ipse sui totum se explorat ad unguem,' &c.)

that after these Iliads I will (God lending me life and any meanest means) with more labour than I have lost here, and all unchecked alacrity, *dive through his Odysseys.*' These brave words smack of Milton's undaunted spirit, and even of his language, breathing only strength and dignity; and the pledge which these conveyed was presently redeemed. The first twelve of the 'Odysseys' appeared in the spring of 1614; and in

November of the same year the whole twenty-four books were registered at Stationers' Hall; the latter moiety seems then to have been issued in conjunction with the remaining copies of the former. There is every reason to believe that the undertaking was compassed in a very brief space of time—probably in one long heat of study.

In his version of the *Odyssey* our author adopted a different measure, and Pegasus subsides from a rough canter into an awkward march. The fourteen-syllable line of the *Iliad* is changed for the heroic couplet, afterwards brought to such perfection by Dryden and Pope. Perhaps this was a concession to his enemies, the critics; perhaps also it is due in part to a misgiving of his own respecting his former choice. Opinion is divided in our day on the advantage of this change. Coleridge preferred the *Odyssey* of Chapman to his *Iliad*; but then (as the modern editor remarks) Coleridge had always a preference for that work in the original, and his partiality would naturally extend to the translation. We agree more nearly with the late Dr. Maginn in the judgment which he thus expresses: 'I am sorry that Chapman, whose version must be considered the most Homeric ever attempted in our language, did not apply to the *Odyssey* the fourteen-syllable verse which had succeeded so well in the *Iliad*. There appears to me greater opportunity for its flowing use in the more discursive poem; and Chapman had by no means the same command of the ten-syllable distich.' It is obvious, indeed, that our author resigned a great advantage in changing the verse over which he had obtained a certain mastery, for one in which he was quite unpractised; and, therefore, we should remember to carry to the credit of his industry and courage what we must reluctantly deduct from his discretion. It was the fault of a great soul. The more the history of this man is studied, the more he rises in the student's estimation. We may be sure that such moral energy could not go wholly unrewarded. Accordingly, we find in this version of the *Odyssey* some of the most terse and graphic passages to be found in the whole range of translated poetry. The following beautiful lines occur in the fifth book, where Mercury is sent by Jupiter to the cave of Calypso:—

'Thus charged he; nor Argicides denied,
But to his feet his fair-winged shoes he tied,
Ambrosian, golden, that in his command
Put either sea, or the unmeasured land,
With force as speedy as a puff of wind.
Then up his rod went, with which he declined
The eyes of any waker, when he pleased,
And any sleeper, when he wished, diseased.

This took; he stoop'd Pieria, and thence
Glid through the air, and Neptune's confluence

Kiss'd as he flew, and checked the waves as light
As any sea-mew in her fishing flight,
Her thick wings sounding in the savoury seas.
Like her he pass'd a world of wilderness;
But when the far-off isle he touch'd, he went
Up from the blue sea to the continent,
And reach'd the ample cavern of the Queen,
Whom he within found, without seldom seen.
A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame,
The matter precious, and divine the frame;
Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,
That breathed an odour round about the isle.
Herself was seated in an inner room,
Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom
About a curious web, whose yarn she threw
In with a golden shuttle. A grove grew
In endless spring about her cavern round,
With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars crown'd,
Where hawks, sea-fowls, and long-tongued bittours bred,
And other birds their shady pinions spread;
All fowls maritimal; none roosted there
But those whose labours in the waters were.
A vine did all the hollow cave embrace,
Still green, yet still ripe bunches gave it grace.
Four fountains, one against another, pour'd
Their silver streams; and meadows all enflower'd
With sweet balm-gentle, and blue violets hid
That decked the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.
Should any one, though he immortal were,
Arrive and see the sacred objects there,
He would admire them, and be over-joy'd;
And so stood Hermes ravished powers employ'd.'

There is no subsequent translation of the *Odyssey* in which this passage appears to more advantage; but it has been rendered with eminent success by Mr. Leigh Hunt, in an isolated specimen of that poem. This favourite author has not attempted an undertaking which, perhaps, threatened to fatigue his gentle and fastidious muse; but his peculiar taste and talents would have led us to expect a very admirable translation of the *Odyssey* from his hands. His genius is far better fitted to succeed in such a labour, than in the more onerous task of original composition: for the latter he has not sufficient strength or largeness of invention; but his picturesque, and delicate, and meandering style of verse would enable him to follow in the wake of some great author with peculiar advantage, and never more so than when called to trace the footsteps and fortunes of Ulysses. Of this our readers may convince themselves by a perusal of the specimen referred to; and as the volume of poems in which it occurs (entitled '*Foliage*') is

seldom met with, we print it for that purpose at the foot of the page.*

The occasion of this brief paper, no less than its allotted space, would limit our remarks to the first and last translations of Homer into the English tongue,—to that of old George Chapman just reprinted, and that of Mr. Newman now first published. But we are tempted to say a few words upon the intermediate versions. Some of these are well known, and need not detain us; others are deservedly obscure, and of them the briefest mention is the best.

To the latter class belong the Homeric labours of Hobbes and Ogilby, who appeared about the same time, as Chapman's rivals and successors. The dumpy duodecimo of Hobbes, bearing the date of 1675, forms a contrast to the ponderous pair of folios which Ogilby sent forth in 1669; but in the empire of Dulness they would doubtless fall together to the ground. The specific gravity of the philosopher's production has, indeed, been questioned, but not, as it seems to us, with sufficient reason. His work has been styled 'a burlesque of the sublime and beautiful;' but it is far too dull and level for burlesque, and will not remind one of the sublime even by contrast. It is written in the Eng-

* 'He said; and straight the herald Argicide
Beneath his feet the feathery sandals tied,
Immortal, golden, that his flight could bear
O'er seas and lands like waftage of the air;
His rod, too, that can close the eyes of men
In balmy sleep, and open them again,
He took, and holding it in hand went flying;
Till from Pieria's top the sea descrying
Down to it sheer he dropp'd, and scour'd away
Like the wild gull, that fishing o'er the bay
Flaps on with pinions dripping in the brine:
So went on the far sea the shape divine.
And now, arriving at the isle, he springs
Oblique, and landing with subsided wings,
Walks to the cavern 'twixt the tall green rocks,
Where dwelt the goddess with the lovely locks.
He paused; and there came on him, as he stood,
A smell of citron and of cedar wood,
That threw a perfume all about the isle;
And she within sat spinning all the while,
And sang a lovely song that made him hark and smile.
A sylvan nook it was, grown round with trees,
Poplars, and elms, and odorous cypresses,
In which all birds of ample wing, the owl
And hawk, had nests, and broad-tongued water-fowl.
The cave in front was spread with a green vine,
Whose dark round bunches almost burst with wine;
And from four springs, running a sprightly race,
Four fountains, clear and crisp, refresh'd the place;
While all about a meadowy ground was seen
Of violets mingling with the parsley green:
So that a stranger, though a god were he,
Might well admire it, and stand there to see:
And so admiring, there stood Mercury.'

lish quartrain of the *Annus Mirabilis*—a style of verse so dead, that the genius of Dryden could not animate it, nor the muse of Gray do more than set it to funeral marches. No wonder if the verses of old Hobbes of Malmesbury have no more life in them than so many blocks of the new wooden pavement of another genius. Besides being remote from all his former studies, it was written in the author's eightieth year, and without the slightest motive either of necessity or reason. It was only a pretty piece of pastime for this vigorous old man, who had fought dragons in his younger days. He tells us candidly, that he wrote it 'because he had nothing else to do.' We commend it to the reader's attention under similar circumstances.

The translation of Ogilby is without even the recommendation of a famous name; and therefore even curiosity is at fault,—that pardonable weakness which has prompted many to inquire after the aforesaid duodecimo of Hobbes. Alas for Ogilby! His bulk and prosiness—his outward and his inner man—are both against him. If anything be said in his favour, it must be of a negative kind: as he raises no expectations, so he causes no disappointment; he excited no cloud of dust in his day;—and why should we in ours disturb that which covers him and his? Yet we are very far from saying that Ogilby's translation is without merit; and that the reader may form his own opinion, we give a few lines from the opening of the second book of the *Iliad*.

'Whilst gods and crested heroes soundly slept,
Distracting cares great Jove from slumber kept;
How he upon the slaughtered Greeks might raise
To stern Achilles everlasting praise.
On this, at last, as best he did conclude:
A fatal dream Atrides should delude:
Whom thus he charged: Deceitful vision, fly
Where now the Grecian fleet in safety lie;
There enter Agamemnon's royal tent,
And what I order punctually present.
Straight bid him all his long-haired Grecians arm,
Now he shall take broad-streeted Troy by storm;
No more in parties factions gods divide,
Nor in close junctoes counter-plotting side;
Solicited by Juno all appear
Now for the Greeks, and Troy's destruction's near.'

It may be worth mentioning, that Ogilby's volumes formed one of the most handsome publications of their day. They are adorned with many sculptures; the type is large and clear; the margin is especially wide; and down its ample field wanders a rivulet of notes, which alternately swells and dwindles, sometimes wholly disappearing, but ever and anon revisiting the light, like the classic stream of Arethusa.

Then followed the most popular translation of Homer which has appeared in any language—namely, that of Alexander Pope. The first volume of this brilliant performance appeared in the year 1715, and the sixth and last in 1720. A notable circumstance attending its publication, was its great pecuniary success. That old Bernard Lintot found his account in it no one will doubt, who remembers that *his author* reaped a harvest of four thousand pounds. The work was published by subscription, in handsome quarto volumes, at one guinea each; and Pope probably derived the bulk of his profits from subscribers who were friendly to himself, and personally interested in his fortunes. On the literary character of this production it is not necessary to enter, since its peculiar merits and defects are very generally known; the former as consisting in the ringing verse of Pope, and the latter in the absent simplicity and truth of Homer. For ourselves, we have not much pleasure in its perusal. If we want Pope, we repair to Windsor Forest, to the Essay on Criticism, to the Elegy on an unfortunate Lady, and especially to the Rape of the Lock. If we want Dan Homer, we go elsewhere.

After this master, came another original genius to devote himself to the honourable service of our poet. Cowper's Homer was published in the year 1791. It had been the favourite occupation and diversion of the six preceding years, and was dismissed out of hand with some apprehension and regret by the frail genius to whom it had brought a cheerful health of mind. Of this work, too, the prevailing estimate is something like the proper one. We suspect, however, that it is more often praised than read, and rather esteemed than admired. Yet it is, in all essentials, the most Homeric version which we have of the Homeric poems. It is characterized by the strictest fidelity of tone and language. It must be owned, however, that it is wanting in Homeric fire. This defect, we think, may be distinctly traced to the bonds which the author's particular choice of metre imposed. All that the stately blank verse measure would allow, has been effected in this beautiful and classic version. It is Homer in still life; we see the coil of battle or the stir of festive courts, but only through a glass, distantly, silently. The whole composition is pure and good, and worthy of being matched and illustrated by the beautiful outlines which have proceeded from the pencil of Flaxman.

In the year 1830 were published some specimens of a translation of Homer by William Sotheby; in the year following appeared the Iliad in two volumes octavo by the same, and in 1834 the Odyssey. This version is written in heroic couplets, and is doubtless the finest which we possess in that measure. It bears the same relation to the work of Pope, which Symonds's translation of the *Æneid* bears to that of Dryden. Both the modern writers have had the example of their great pre-

decessor's labours, and to these they bring the additional advantages of superior scholarship and taste. The work of Symmons is not widely known, but it is by far the noblest rendering of Virgil which has yet appeared; and the preface and notes, we may add, form a very elegant body of classical poetic criticism. Mr. Sotheby was very similarly qualified for his important undertaking, and met with corresponding success. Deficient in originality and power, he was endowed with no small measure of poetic sensibility; he had besides considerable learning, and had attained some skill in the practice of verse. These are just the requisites of a good translator. Sotheby had made his first essay in that character by a version of the *Georgics* of Virgil, published in the year 1800, and universally admired. In his more elaborate undertaking, of course, a greater variety of gifts would be required, and a sustained effort of strength; but he proved himself equal to the occasion. Under the inspiration of Homer, he rose at once from the tamest of poetasters to the most vigorous of the sons of song. The following lines will bear comparison with the best of Pope:—

'Then, as she waved her wing, and pass'd above,
Up rose Pelides, the beloved of Jove,
Swift on his breadth of shoulders Pallas spread
The ægis fringed with death's o'ershadowing dread,
Enwreath'd a cloud of gold his brow around,
And with wide dazzling flames its circle bound;
As when the smoke's dark columns heaven ascend
From some far isle where hosts with hosts contend,
And through the city gates, in mail'd array,
The natives pour, and war the livelong day;
But where, at sunset, through each nightly hour,
The watch-fires blaze, and crest with flame the tower,
And to the neighbour isles the sign repeat,
The beacon beckoning to some friendly fleet:
Thus from Pelides' brow a stream of light
Flow'd forth, and far illumed th' ethereal height.
The hero pass'd the wall, and, seen from far,
Tower'd o'er the fosse, but mix'd not with the war.
Forewarn'd of Thetis, there Achilles staid—
There shouted—and a sound that Troy dismay'd
Burst as Minerva's shout his outcry swell'd,
And with unearthly fear the host repell'd;
Clear as the trumpet's voice, whose signal sound
Forewarns, ere gathering hosts the town surround,
Thus clear Pelides' voice; from man to man,
Swift through the ranks appalling horror ran,
Started each war-steed, and with wild affright,
Foreboding slaughter, wheel'd the car for flight,
Cower'd every guide, who o'er that crest illumed
Saw blazing forth, in brightness unconsumed,

The flames by Pallas fed. As thus his brow
Flash'd o'er the tumult in the fosse below,
Thrice burst his shout, and thrice, as doom'd to fall
On Troy, and Troy's allies, fear fell on all.
Then twelve, the noblest Trojans, bit the plain,
By their own darts and cars confusedly slain ;
And joyfully the Greeks withdrew the dead,
And laid Patroclus on a peaceful bed.
His warriors round him pour'd their loud lament,
But mute with woe behind Achilles went,
While o'er his ghastly death-wounds gush'd his tear,
Gush'd o'er his brother, bleeding on the bier,
Whom, sent by him, his car, his coursers bore,
Beaming with valour, but brought back no more.'

But we are tempted to afford a longer illustration of Sotheby's merits, especially as the work itself is not very accessible at the present time. We quote now one of the most elaborate passages from the *Odyssey* :—

'On stepp'd the chief, but with deep thought o'ercast,
Paused, ere his foot the brazen threshold pass'd.
Resplendent as the moon, or solar light,
Alcinous' palace awed the o'er dazzled sight.
On to its last recess, a brazen wall
That from the threshold stretch'd, illumed all,
Round it of azure steel a cornice roll'd,
And every gate, that closed the palace, gold.
The brazen threshold golden pillars bore,
A golden ringlet glitter'd on the door,
The lintel silver, and, to guard his gate,
Dogs in a row, each side, were seen to wait,
In gold and silver wrought, by Vulcan made,
Immortal as the god, and undecay'd.
From the far threshold, to its last retreat,
Ranged round the wall, rose many a lofty seat,
With fine-spun carpets strew'd, by virgins wrought,
Where, as each newborn day new pleasures brought,
Phæacia's chiefs from thought and care released,
Sat throned, and lengthen'd the perpetual feast.
Stood on bright altars golden youths, whose hands
Lit through the night the guests, with flaming brands :
And fifty maids administering around,
Some the ripe grain beneath the millstone ground,
Some whirl'd the distaff, and the fleeces wove
Swift as the leaves, that shake the poplar grove :
And ever as they plied their radiant toil,
The glossy web shone like transparent oil.
Nor less expert their course the seamen kept,
Than through the loom the female shuttle swept,
The gift of Pallas, who had there combined
The skilful hand with the inventive mind—

Without the court, yet nigh the city's bound,
A garden bloom'd, four-acred, wall'd around ;
Tall trees there grew, the red pomegranate there,
Each glossy apple, and each juicy pear,
Sweet figs, and living olives : none decay'd
Or in the summer blaze, or winter shade ;
While western winds unfolding every flower,
Here gemm'd with buds the branch, there fill'd with fruits the bower,
Pears ripen pears, the apples apples breed,
Figs follow figs, to grapes the grapes succeed :
The fruitful vineyard there, where, spread to-day,
The raisin dries beneath the solar ray :
Here jocund labour gathers in the fruit,
There the stamp'd clusters gush beneath the foot,
And while the grape here blossoms on the spray,
The swelling orbs there blacken day by day.
There at its confine many a cultured bed
And flowers, all kind, undying fragrance shed.
Two fountains there : this in perpetual play
Through all the garden winds its order'd way ;
That glides beneath the threshold of the King,
And fills each urn from its o'erflowing spring.
Such were the gifts that they whose realm is heaven
Had to that favour'd man profusely given.

Long stood the chief, with awe each wonder view'd,
Then to the palace swift his way pursued,
And found the chiefs, who, mindful of their bed,
To Hermes now their last libation shed.
Onward he pass'd unseen, in mists obscured
That still around his path Minerva pour'd,
Till reach'd the royal thrones, where bending low
He clasp'd Arete's knees, and breathed his woe :
The goddess then at once the night dispell'd,
And all in silent awe the chief beheld.

"O deign," the suppliant said, "Arete, hear,
Born of divine Rhexenor, bow thine ear!
Queen! at thy knees I bend, with woe oppress'd,
And sue thy lord, and each high-honour'd guest :
So may the gods in bliss their lives extend,
And all their honours to their heirs descend :
But deign convey to his paternal soil
A wanderer worn with unrelaxing toil."

Then, in the ashes, on the hearth reclined,
While the chiefs gazed, to silent awe resign'd—
At last Echeneus, on whose reverend head
Time had the snow of many a winter shed,
A man for eloquence and wisdom famed,
Thus, kindly counselling the King, exclaimed :

"Ill suits, Alcinous, that a stranger guest
Should, seated at thy hearth, in ashes rest—
We wait thy word—King! raise him, though unknown,
And seat him on the silver-studded throne :

Bid crown the goblet, and 'mid rites divine
 Pour to the thundering God the votive wine:
 Be Jove, who hears the suppliant's prayer, adored,
 And feed the stranger from thy present board."

The Monarch clasp'd Ulysses' hand, and raised
 The suppliant from the hearth that brightly blazed,
 Displacing for the stranger from his throne
 The young Laodamas his favourite son.

From a gold chalice on a silver stand
 A maid shower'd water on Ulysses' hand,
 And a smooth table fix'd the guest before,
 Where the house-guardian heap'd his ready store;
 And when the Chief sat satiate at the board,
 Thus to the herald spake Phæacia's lord:

"Pontonous! mix the wine, and pass around
 From guest to guest the cup with nectar crown'd,
 Then pour it forth, and to the Thunderer pray,
 The god who guards the wanderer on his way."

Since the date of Sotheby's translation certain portions of Homer have been selected, both in this country and America, with a view to metrical experiment. The first book of the *Iliad* has been most frequently essayed with this object; but perhaps the most successful effort of the kind was made by the late Dr. Maginn in his *Homeric Ballads*, drawn exclusively from the *Odyssey*. These fine pieces were originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, but appeared in a collected form in the year 1850. It was the opinion of this variously-gifted writer that either the old ballad measure or the Spenserian stanza should be employed in the translation of the ancient poet. Many readers, however, will judge that where so wide a difference is allowed, no intermediate style at least is reasonably excluded. In his own practice Dr. Maginn justified the choice he made betwixt the alternatives proposed. But now that we come in due course to Mr. Newman's volume, which presents us with the largest experiment in this direction, our remarks on the theory of translation will be more in place.

We have nowhere seen the principles upon which the complicated business of a translator ought to be conducted, so simply and satisfactorily stated as by Mr. Newman, our latest translator of Homer, in the preface to his remarkable work. After all, it seems that they may be summed up in one word, expressing the one requisite—*honesty*. A translator undertakes work of a different kind from original composition, and by acknowledging requiring different powers. He is not, as a part of his duty, to study to produce in his reader the illusion that he is reading an original work. This is to thrust himself before his author; to obtrude a new mind and new habits of thought, when we want, as nearly as may be, to be reminded of the old.

On the contrary, the translator, having undertaken peculiar, though most valuable and necessary, work, must look for success in the exhibition of a no less peculiar method. He must study to be faithful, irrespective of other consideration. He must not study to be popular; he must not study to be elegant; nor even to be idomatic, except so far forth as the peculiarities of his original may happen to be identical, in spirit or expression, with something already familiar to his own language. The value at which he is to aim is twofold,—first, the literal rendering of the thought, style, and tongue of his original; second, the enriching his own language by the naturalization of foreign idioms. This can only be accomplished by conscientious exactitude. Sometimes it has been found expedient, even by men of great original power, to strengthen themselves by infusing into their style a copious element of foreign idioms. We all know how much the English language is indebted to the Latinism and Hellenism of Milton. The mixture of tongues, like that of races, is the source of incalculable strength and beauty.

We bid a warm welcome to Mr. Newman's *Iliad* on this account, independently of its merits as a translation. Nothing can be better timed and more needed than a bold attempt to invigorate the English language by some foreign elements. Have our readers ever observed the remarkable contrast between the mass of the prose and of the poetry of the present day? The one is mechanical to an intense degree; as antithetic as a pendulum; clipped short from the expansiveness and endless variety which mark the structure of the sentences of our earlier authors: while the other is equally intense in its refusal of mechanism, and therefore, being still unable to escape the *concision* which must befall every advanced language, results only too often in losing the one grace of perspicuity, of which, at any rate, we may boast. The discrepancy, the inequality between the two species of composition, as now practised, is, at least, singular; and is proof that the shades and degrees of meaning which association and long usage have painted upon words, are no compensation for the ample structural capacity which belonged to an earlier stage of our language. The English of the present century is confessedly unequal to many of the highest forms of composition. Mr. Newman, then, whether he has translated Homer in a readable and popular manner or not, has at least rendered service in attempting to restore the quaintness and indefinable freshness which, with a sense of strange delight, we find in the earlier writers of our own and other countries. We discover, however, that the two ends or services of faithful translation are unfortunately sometimes at variance one with another. For example, in the work before us, as a translator of Homer, Mr. Newman, of course, aims at rendering his work as acceptable and readable to the

present generation as he can do consistently with fidelity to his original; in fact, to render it as far as possible a finished work of art: but this laudable desire at times manifestly impairs his usefulness as an enricher of the English language. For instance, nothing is more inconvenient or debasing in our language than its miserable poverty in personal and possessive pronouns. This is the torment of newspaper reporters, amongst others, who are constantly compelled to supply it by the clumsy expedient of parentheses enclosing a proper name. Mr. Newman would have been a real benefactor to the language, had he supplied it by any really effective means, however outrageous they might have appeared at first, rather than by resorting to *italics*. As a translator of the copious funds of the Greek, he had a right to do it, if possible. One passage will illustrate:—

‘When here arrived they were, inside the copious depth of harbour,
Furling the sails, they stowed them close within the dusky galley;
Then in its case the mast they lodged, by shroudings gently lower’d,
Right handily; and *her* with oars push’d forward into moorings.’

—*Iliad*, i., 432,

Mr. Newman’s work, we venture to pronounce, is unfitted for popularity. Its chief pleasure will be afforded to those who can trace the accuracy with which the spirit of Homer, in poetry, in morality, and in the exhibition of the social condition of ancient Greece, has been rendered into modern English; the delicacy with which the flowing line of the Homeric sentence has been preserved, and apt equivalents found for the debated Homeric expressions. To scholars this work will give high delight, as presenting in great richness the foreign colour inseparable from the earliest of the great poets of Greece, while removing the painful difficulty of reading the original,—a difficulty which no amount of practice can altogether overcome in a language so essentially strange to English eyes. Other readers will be those to whom the spirit of ancient Hellas is something both unknown and incomprehensible: they will not have grown up into familiarity and fondness in watching its various developments; and will be better pleased with the varnish of Pope, or the originality of Chapman, than with the fidelity of Mr. Newman.

We are inclined to think that Mr. Newman, on the whole, has been happy in his choice of metre. He has given in his preface an interesting account of the exhaustive process by which he arrived at it. His remarks are so ingenious that we extract them entire.

‘The moral qualities of Homer’s style being like to those of the English ballad, we need a metre of the same genius. It must be fundamentally musical and popular. Only those metres which, by the

very possession of these qualities, are apt to degenerate into doggrel, are suitable to reproduce the ancient epic. To say this, is to say that our metre must be composed of systems of either *three* or *four* beats; for it is of such lines that English ballads or *ditties* are composed. Indeed, musicians tell us that all simple melodies are found in eight bars,—even what is called the *subject* in the most complicated pieces of Mozart or Beethoven. I imagine that the “long metre” of our Hymn Books—(the metre of Walter Scott, by far the most Homeric of our poets)—is in fact founded on this musical principle; while our “common metre” is the same, with merely a rest at the end. How naturally one generates the other, is seen in Scott’s own practice, who intermingles lines of three beats, as a sort of *close* to those of four. The same thing appears in Greek anapaests, which close with a “parœmiac” verse. Indeed, the Homeric line itself is composed of two shorter lines, with three beats in each, and is undoubtedly founded on “ditty,” or sing-song, like our own ballads. On the contrary, the verse with five accents, which Pope, Cowper, and Sotheby use, is adapted to the terse, polished, oratorical, or philosophical poetry of a cultivated age. To such a metre (and peculiarly without rhyme) a high subject is necessary, and an artificial, if not an ornamental, style; even with tender sentiments simplicity is not easily borne, unless there is something elevated or rare in the thought; while the homely and prosaic, even for a few lines, is offensive. Shakspeare knew this so well, that he chooses rather to break into plain prose, than put common thought into five-foot metre. Indeed, with this metre, the instinct of every translator at once sacrifices as inadmissible all the repetitions of epithets, half-lines and whole lines, which so characterize the Greek epic. So glaring a proof of the incongruity of their form might have suggested that the mischief must go far deeper, and that they sacrifice inner qualities of the original life, as well as the external badges. The affinity of the five-foot metre for Latinized words, which the ballad rejects, is another criterion which of the two is suitable to the epic: for the entire dialect of Homer being essentially archaic, that of a translation ought to be as much Saxo-Norman as possible, and owe as little as possible to the elements thrown into our language by classical learning.

‘These considerations convinced me *à priori* that the English metre fitted to translate Homer’s hexameter, must be a long line, composed of two short ones, having each *three* beats, or *four* beats. The nature of our syntax, which habitually begins sentences with unaccented words (such as And, Or, It, But, For, When, &c.) further proved to me that the line must not be constrained to begin with an accent, as in the metres which we call Trochaic. It remained to inquire what should be its *compass*; and a series of trials showed that it was best to compose the line of *four* beats added to *three*. Many passages of Homer can be got into an Alexandrine, that is, into three and three; but I found, first, this could not be kept up systematically, without becoming too terse, whereas the genius of Homer is to be loose and expansive; secondly, my metre could not be right, unless it would render also the polished hexameter of epigrams and epitaphs; but while “four and three” had compass enough for this, the “three and three” often failed entirely; next, I fancied that many even of the

Homeric lines by no compression could be brought into the Alexandrine, and that beauty and effect were sometimes largely lost, if it was impossible to render line by line; lastly, no long trial made it certain to me that the monotony of the Alexandrine is unendurable in a long poem, where the first part of the line has no facility of various subdivisions. Such were the general arguments which forced me to believe *four beats and three beats* to give the elementary solutions of my problem.—Page vi.

The abandonment of rhyme, because its exigencies are incompatible with fidelity, was the next step; together with the adoption of a double ending to the verse, as giving a close with strong effect. So that the metre is common metre, with one additional unaccented syllable, and without rhyme. Mr. Newman had the pleasure of discovering afterwards, that he had elaborated the very metre which the modern Greeks adopt for the Homeric hexameter, every time they have abandoned quantity for accent. Thus, to take his own instances, while our common metre has,—

‘The Queen sits lone on Lithgow hill,
And weeps the weary day;’

Mr. Newman’s metre, as the modern Greek epic, has,—

‘They hied to go, as lions twain,
Amid the mighty darkness,
O’er carcases and dusky gore,
Through weapons and through carnage.’

This peculiar metre being thus happily struck out, many things follow, inseparable from it; of which, however, Mr. Newman finds it necessary to offer defence. Such are inverted forms of speech, archaisms, quaintness, and rigorous simplicity. The metre, of course, determines the style. The inversions, however, are not violent, nor mere metrical expedients; nor are the words archaic, or compounded, in a manner too forced to mar the pleasure of reading. Indeed, we regret that the caution which is, in one point of view, an excellence, is, in another, subversive of what might have been of great benefit to the English language.

It remains to inquire how the metre and style adopted have been successful in the actual work of translation. The passages in Homer which most try the strength and flexibility of a metre are the formularies and rituals. We think that Mr. Newman has succeeded admirably in combining truth and spirit; but let our readers judge for themselves from one or two examples. Here is the formulary of feasting:—

‘Then after prayer was made, and they the barley cakes threw
forward,
The victims’ necks they backward drew, and slaughter’d them and
skinn’d them,

And parted out the thighs ; but these in double fold they cover'd
 With fragrant fat, and over them arranged the choicer pieces.
 And these they roasted with the flame from hapless faggots
 kindled,
 But pierced the vitals, and above the might of Vulcan held them.
 Now, when the joints were roasted well, and they the vitals tasted,
 The rest they slash'd in smaller bits, and spitted every morsel,
 And broiled them all right cleverly, and threw them off perfected.
 After the toil had found its end, and all the feast was ready,
 They banqueted, nor did their soul lack well proportion'd banquet.*

A comparison with the original will show that this difficult passage is rendered verse for verse, almost word for word, losing in the process nothing of the spirit of the original ; our monosyllabic Saxon running side by side with the long bound of the 'vowelled Greek.' As an example of the spirit of Mr. Newman's version, take the following :—

' And as around the shining moon the little stars of heaven
 Glisten with radiance distinct, when all the sky is breathless,
 And every lofty peak is shown, and headland edge and forest,
 And from behind the cloven blue uncounted heaven bursteth,
 And all above thee seemeth stars, and joyful is the shepherd ;
 So many fires between the streams of Xanthus and the galleys
 Shone then in front of Ilium, by hands of Trojans kindled.
 A thousand fires along the plain, I say, that night were burning,
 And close to every glaring blaze sat fifty foes of Argos.
 And by their chariots the steeds, rye and white barley munching,
 Stood, waiting patiently the rise of gorgeous-throned Morning.'

viii., 555.

Observe, in this magnificent passage, how well imitated is the flexible current sentence of the Greek, less elaborately balanced than it became in the Attic time, but full of life and freedom, and, in reality, best suited to the genius of the English language. How Greek, and equally how English, is the long and winding structure, struck into vigour by the redoubled use of the simple connecting particles, without any of the participial involution which came to belong to the more modern stages of both languages !

* Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ β' εἴξαντο, καὶ οὐλοχίτας προβάλοντο,
 Αἷ' ἔρυσαν μὲν πρῶτα, καὶ ἔσφαξαν καὶ ἰδεῖραν,
 Μηρούς τ' ἐξέταμον, κατὰ τε κνίσσῃ ἐκάλυψαν,
 Δίπτυχα ποιήσαντες· ἐπ' αὐτῶν δ' ὠμοθέτησαν·
 Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἄρ' σχίσουσιν ἀφύλλοισιν κατέκαιον·
 Σπλάγχνα δ' ἄρ' ἐμπεύραντες, ὑπεύρεχον ἠφαιστοῖο.
 Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ κατὰ μῆρ' ἑκάη, καὶ σπλάγχνα πάσαντο,
 Μίστυλλον τ' ἄρα τ' ἄλλα, καὶ ἀμφ' ὀφελούσιν ἔπειραν,
 ὀπιπτόν τε περιφραδέως, ἐρύσαντό τε πάντα.
 Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ παύσαντο πόνου, τετύκοντό τε πάντα,
 Δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὶς ἔσσης.—*Iliad.* ii., 421.

A reader conversant with Homer in the original will observe continually the prominent sense of the doubtful words seized and rendered with force and perspicuity by the happy tact of Mr. Newman, who, in the general style of the translation, as well as in the few notes appearing at the foot of his pages, evinces profound erudition. He understands the real peculiarities of either language, and accepts their destiny in the boldest manner, uniting or separating the modern and the archaic, as suits his purpose. He has produced a work which will, we hope, exercise no small influence upon the present generation of writers, both of poetry and prose. The structure of our sentences is what does undoubtedly call for reform. Homer is the easiest of the Greek poets; and he was so to his countrymen, as he is so to us, simply by virtue of the unlaboured, yet close and sufficient, structure of his sentences. Thucydides, amongst all the prose writers of antiquity, is the one whose meaning is always clearest and most unmistakeable: his style is of gigantic compass, and capable of saying anything. Yet his sentences are so carelessly composed, that to reduce them to the rules of grammar has been the labour in vain of all critics. We may rest assured, that the present mechanical style of prose writing is wrong: it is chilling and cramping to great excellence in composition, inasmuch as it is inimical to freedom of thought.

Mr. Newman is already known in this walk by a successful translation of Horace's Odes. His faith in the English language is justifiably very great. He states, at the end of the preface to his present great work, 'I now more distinctly feel, that the English language may cope with even the choral songs of Æschylus, and perhaps with every serious Greek poet except Pindar.' We trust the satisfactory completion of the present important undertaking is the augury of future success.

If our readers should desire to pursue this subject any further, they cannot do better than accept the guidance of Christopher North, in the volume whose title we have given at the head of this paper. His masterly and eloquent critiques afford the English reader the best possible idea of Homer's genius; and while this is done with characteristic gusto, the merits of the several translators are most happily distinguished. Chapman, Cowper, and Sotheby are those whom he delights to honour.

ART. III.—*Memorials, Scientific and Literary, of Andrew Crosse, the Electrician.* 8vc. 1857.

AT the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Bristol in 1836, a stranger arrives from a wild and little frequented district in Somersetshire, viz., the Quantock Hills, a picturesque locality, where red deer and black game find a safe retreat, where purple heath and golden furze make the autumnal scenery to glow with the richest colouring. There you may walk for miles without even passing a cottage, and there the whortleberry is the chief crop. Not that these hills are altogether barren; for in some parts the luxuriance of the vegetation, and the gigantic growth of the timber, are not excelled in any portion of our island; and these wild hills separate the two most fertile vales in England.

Situated on the eastern side of the Quantocks, and in a very retired part of this range of hills, is Broomfield, and Fyne Court—the family mansion of the Crosses of Broomfield. From this place comes the stranger, Mr. Crosse, who has been persuaded with some difficulty to attend the Bristol meeting, and to see the philosophers gathered there. Why this reluctance on Mr. Crosse's part? Surely, if any man should meet philosophers, this man should; for he was born a *savant*; and about the year 1816, when he was but a young man, in the midst of a party of country gentlemen who were dining at Alfoxton Park, in the west of Somersetshire, he broke in, timidly indeed, but with a certain self-importance, upon the customary discussions about game and guns, horses, dogs, poachers, and petty sessions, by uttering these remarkable words: 'I pronounce that by means of the electric agency, we shall be enabled to communicate our thoughts *instantaneously* with the uttermost ends of the earth.' This announcement was received as a wild chimera, and the young prophet would have been scouted, had he not been one of the squirearchy. Yet, absurd as the idea was then considered, most of the party then assembled have lived to see the actual fulfilment of the prophecy uttered now forty years ago.

Again, why this reluctance to go to the Bristol meeting? No man fitter to meet philosophers than this very man, who had a doubtful reputation amongst the farmers and peasantry of the hills, for his dealings with all kinds of spirits, black, white, and grey, and who, according to popular belief, had spread out long wires over his grounds, on which devils blue and black might be seen at midnight to dance with flaming accompaniments; who, according to a Yankee's estimate, was 'a clever kind of man, that has spent twelve thousand dollars on electrical machines;' and who, in reality, has been devoting the wealth usually hoarded or spent in profligacy, and the time usually given to dogs and

guns and gaming, to private researches into some of the most interesting phenomena in electricity; a man who says he has 'furnished his house,' when he has built in it his sixth or seventh laboratory furnace,* and melted down much of the old family plate, and put to scientific uses pieces of old family crockery,—and all that he might further his philosophical experiments! The truth is, that this same gentleman is a humble and lonely experimenter, not fond of disputes, not craving for company, not covetous of fame, and not needing pecuniary advantages. Hence he is never more at home than when at home in that half-melancholy mansion, discharging accumulated electricity, or groping his way in dark under-ground cellars, or pantries, or out-houses; and peering into flannelled basins, screened from light, filled with foul-looking waters, and dripping slowly and mysteriously amongst dusky wires, and damp cloths, and endless jars, and boxes, and tubs, and minerals.

Well then, to Bristol he betakes himself, yet only to hear, and not to speak. Still, a man so full of electricity is sure to discharge it through some conductor or other, go where he will. Accordingly, dropping some hints of his dark achievements at Broomfield, one day after dinner, in the presence of Dr. Dalton, the chemist, and some eminent *savants*, they are struck with their importance, and request him to prepare a paper for the proper section of the Association. This he hastily does; and then, with no *prestige* in his favour, with no illustrations and no oratorical powers, he rises in the section, and simply states that he has actually formed such and such minerals by long-continued voltaic action of slow intensity. There are men present who know the value of these results. Robert Were Fox, from Cornwall, is there, who had himself been for years labouring in a similar department of electrical inquiry, having experimented largely and patiently with a view to discover the mode of deposition of metallic contents in mineral veins. Dr. Dalton is there, and declares he has never listened to anything more interesting. Dr. Buckland and Professor Sedgwick, the geologists, are there, and perceive the important bearing of Mr. Crosse's experiments on their favourite science. Sedgwick, indeed, becomes as excited as a gold-leaf electrometer in communication with a battery, and describes Mr. Crosse in somewhat too romantic terms, as 'a skilful charioteer guiding large streams of lightning into and out of his house.' His knowing auditors become excited; for they receive their share of the electric excitation, and begin to see visions and dream dreams of the formation by art of all sorts of minerals and precious

* When Mr. Crosse had finished building the sixth or seventh furnace in his laboratory, he said, 'I consider now that my house is *thoroughly furnished*.'—*Memorials*, p. 285.

stones. Mr. Crosse himself is excited, and finds it needful, after listening to the loud cheers that greet the delivery of his unpretending lecture, to 'slip away from it all;' and speedily does he again behold the range of the Quantocks, Broomfield, Fyne Court, and his old friends the electrical familiars, their conductors and discharging rods.

Here we find once more his wonderful electric battery, consisting of fifty jars, containing seventy-three square feet of coated surface. To charge this, it requires 230 vigorous turns of the wheel of a twenty-inch-cylinder electrical machine. Nevertheless, with about one third of a mile of wire, Mr. Crosse has frequently collected sufficient electricity to charge and discharge this battery twenty times in a minute, accompanied by reports almost as loud as those of a cannon. The battery is charged through the medium of a large brass ball, suspended immediately over it from the ceiling, and communicating by means of a long wire with the conductor in the gallery. The ball is raised from, and let down to, the battery by means of a long silk cord, passing over a pulley in the ceiling. Thus the philosopher, while sitting calmly at his study-table, views with satisfaction the marvellous powers of this fearful agent, over which he possesses entire control, directing it at his will, and with a single motion of his hand, as it were, banishing it instantaneously from his presence. It was a saying of this retired student, 'If I could construct a battery at once cheap, powerful, and durable, I might say, with Archimedes, that I could move the world.'

Surely this must be a solitary residence for a man of high parts, refined tastes, and deep sympathies. It may be such; but yet how can that man be melancholy who finds a pleasurable excitement in wandering over the Quantocks, breaking the stones, searching for minerals, noting the habits of birds and insects, and versifying his thoughts? How can that man be melancholy when he can sit within his own study and hold communion with far-sailing clouds, and compel them to flash forth their fiery secrets before his eyes in his own cabinet? No, he can never be what the vulgar world calls 'dull.' He has, too, wife and family, and near him a clerical brother, who is as madly devoted to mathematics and metaphysics as Andrew is to electrics. A singular character is this brother, who simply announces his matrimonial and mathematical doings in the following note to Andrew:—

'Park Cottage, April 10th, 1813.

'MY DEAR BROTHER,—On the 6th of April I was married to a young woman that I have the highest opinion of: as to learning mathematics, she will learn anything to please me. I assure you I feel happier than ever I did in my life..... When I am settled, I mean to attack mathematics with all possible vigour, and also to pay a little

attention to music. I have got the woman who keeps the Globe Inn, in Stowey, to sell by the new measures, &c.

‘Ever your affectionate brother,

‘RICHARD CROSSE.’

The old woman who kept the Globe had been tortured into a conversion to the *decimal system* by the Rev. Richard Crosse, who was an ardent supporter of the decimal system of weights and measures, and who carried out the principle in all things. His clocks were divided into ten hours, his weights and measures were by decimals; and so strictly mathematical was he, that when he built a house, it was in the form of a double cube, each room being mathematically proportioned.

For the purpose of making Andrew Crosse’s acquaintance at his own home, let the reader accompany us to Taunton in Somersetshire. About three miles from that town lies the little village of Kingston; upon arriving at which you turn to the right into a narrow lane with a rough road, overarched by the taller branches that spring out of the wild hedges on either side. Although the gloom even at mid-day is profound, you discover that you are climbing a difficult hill; but you surmount it, and then a turn of the road on your left brings you to a park distinguished from the wilderness you have left behind you by its fine and ancient beeches. The dark shadow of these beeches is relieved by the silvery sheen of a sheet of water spread out on one hand, and backed by a dense shrubbery. It is not long before you discover an old and odd mansion-house, situated in a hollow under the ridge of high ground over which you are now walking. It must certainly have been located in that sunken and sickly spot in those happy times when people had no fears of rheumatism, and when the taste of even the highest classes fixed upon low in preference to lofty sites for habitations. Such, however, as it is, you behold Fyne Court, the family seat of the Crosses; and so was it named from the manorial fines having been collected there in ancient days. You see that it is an Elizabethan structure of moderate size; but, although built in 1629 by an Andrew Crosse, it has been so altered and enlarged that it is now as remarkable for its irregularity as for its antiquity. Lofty trees environ this old mansion, through whose branches the winds have never ceased to sing their wild and melancholy music. Gigantic limbs or gnarled roots display the vigorous and vast growth of centuries; and, by their protracted vitality, mock the short lives of the successive tenants of the family mansion, who have all in time and in turn descended to the narrow vault where the Crosse arms are quartered, and where the motto of the same is legible: ‘*Se inserit astris.*’ This language, if true of any one of the Crosses, is certainly only true of that one who is the subject of this memoir. If, however, his fame was so limited that the motto cannot be said to apply to

him directly, yet indirectly or conversely it does apply; for he drew down the electricity of the heavens, and even far more truly than Benjamin Franklin,—

'Eripuit cælo fulmen sceptrumque tyranni.'

But the motto leads us to remark that this very neighbourhood has been honoured by the visits and temporary residence of three men who certainly have gained a place amongst the stars; for they are no others than Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. We are now standing at the eastern side of the chain of Quantock Hills. All who are familiar with the movements of Coleridge will remember the time he spent at Stowey, and the allusions he makes to the Quantock Hills. Mr. Crosse himself one day met and conversed with Southey on these very hills: while to these three names of men who have grasped the hand of Fame, we may add that of a fourth, not less widely known, not less genial and generous,—Sydney Smith, who, dwelling for some time not far away, became the friend of Andrew Crosse, and the promoter of his mirth. Nor should we forget the name of a Mæcenas to both Coleridge* and Southey,—Mr. Poole of Stowey. Sir Humphry Davy also was a guest of Mr. Poole's, and a visitor of Mr. Crosse's.

Let us, however, advance to Fyne Court. In so doing we observe singular indications that no mere country gentleman dwells here; for upon the tops of lofty trees are observable mast-like poles, by which a line is carried round the park until it is lost in the shrubbery. You rightly conjecture that this is part of the electrician's apparatus. Knock boldly at the door. Do not fear that the knocker is charged with electricity. The friends of science are the friends of the owner of this house and grounds. If 'one touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' certainly one touch of electricity has the same effect on all students of the science. Let us present our letter of introduction. Evidently it is enough; for, forth from the quaint passages of this antique tenement issues a gentleman holding the letter in his hand, and wearing a smile of welcome upon his countenance. As he approaches us and becomes more visible, you remark in him a man of a light but muscular frame, active, and at the opposite term from obesity; rather tall, and with a trifling stoop of the shoulders, with a face thin and long, a fine forehead, and rather pointed chin. The whole expression is highly intellectual and interesting. A dash of melancholy clouds the visage; but you soon find that it is only 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' When thoroughly at home with you, this same philosopher will gleefully curl his lip and enjoy as hearty a laugh as

* Coleridge probably kept a school at Stowey, as in one passage Mr. Crosse alludes to two pupils of his. A brother of Andrew Crosse once called on Coleridge, and left him, after three hours' talking, in the middle of his second sentence. Andrew Crosse himself, however, does not appear to have seen Coleridge.

if he had never brooded over complicated phenomena. His step and gait have all the liveliness of youth, albeit his brown hair is partly silvered by study, if not by age. He is evidently a born gentleman, one of nature's creation; and, being such, he at once strikes you as unvulgarized by his laboratory costume and his velvet jacket.

We are kindly invited to follow Mr. Crosse into his study and laboratory. After winding through low and tortuous passages, we enter, with a certain sense of awe and reverence, the philosophical room, which is about sixty feet in length, and upwards of twenty in height, surmounted by an arched roof, and wearing the appearance of a music-hall, for which it was originally erected. The music now heard within these walls is that of the thunder-cloud, when its electrical forces are in some measure brought down to earth, and made to snap, and flash, and bang, from pole to pole of the electrical machine. In traversing this room, we pass all the implements of the daring warfare, and all the utensils with which a student of electricity must needs surround himself. These have more reference to service than to ornament; nor would a dull visitor find much interest in those long rows of jars and gallipots with fragments of metal, and with wires passing from them into saucers containing foul and muddied liquids, in which, however, after due attention, you might discover a few crystals. On, and on, we pass by innumerable jars and gallipots, and here and there electrical troughs and batteries, and long wooden boxes, until we arrive at the organ gallery. Here, at the window, you notice a huge brass conductor, with a discharging rod near it, passing into the floor, and then to the outside of the window, by which arrangement the electric fluid is conveyed away. Stand here a brief while. That dark cloud which, as we journeyed hither, we feared would pour down its aqueous contents upon us, is now sailing over the grounds. It is a thunder-cloud, and you find it to be such; for, from the knob of the conductor to the knob of the discharging rod, sparks leap forth with increasing rapidity; and soon, as the electric fluid drawn from that mighty treasury over head comes nearer and nearer to the building, sparks fly from knob to knob as if they were living spirits, and the sound thereof is fearful: rap-rap! clash-clash! bang-bang! Nor is our alarm anything but serious and warrantable when we know the immense size of the machinery, and when we are told that every spark has power enough to kill twenty men at one blow, if they were linked together hand in hand, and the spark were directed through the circle. But is it not dangerous to leave such an overpowering instrument unguarded? Perhaps it is so; yet Mr. Crosse has inscribed in large and legible letters upon this machine,—

‘NOLI ME TANGERE.’

Furthermore, he has expressly warned his servants of the fatal effects that might arise from touching the machinery in his hall of science. A warning not always taken; and disobeyed, on one occasion, by a daughter of Eve, perhaps from a spice of the same spirit that may have lurked in our first mother, when she put forth her hand to touch and taste the *forbidden* fruit. Be the cause what it may, it is certain that one of Mr. Crosse's female servants would, and did, in spite of the '*Noli me tangere*,' put forth her finger and touch the protruding knob of the mysterious machine; whereupon she instantaneously received most sensible and painful proof that her master had not warned her in vain. Hastening to him, and holding her right arm by her left, she, in terrible tremor, told him 'that nasty brass ball had pretty nigh knocked her down.' 'Well, Mary,' said Mr. Crosse, 'did not I warn you not to touch it?' 'Yes, Sir,' replied Mary, 'you did; but then I thought there could be no harm, 'cause you had wrote on it, *No danger*' [*Noli me tangere*]!

We find Mr. Crosse in the midst of all sorts of business. 'I am,' says he,* 'selling hay, barking oak, cutting down poles, gardening, &c. Far above all, I am working like a slave in my laboratory; and have two fires constantly burning day and night. I have formed crystals on several new plans, and I am preparing a very extensive apparatus. I wish my means were half as ample and extensive as the apparatus I would fain construct. I do not go to London to see gorgeous frippery and childish nonsense. How much have mankind to learn before they begin to be ashamed of such trash! I have just put together a water battery of sixty-three large zinc and copper cylinders, each cylinder equal to a nine-inch square plate. It gives a small, but intense, constant stream of light between two charcoal points, the heat of which will fire gunpowder. I am about to increase it to one hundred pairs. Five thousand of such cylinders as these would make a glorious exhibition; but they would cost £500. Each pair of cylinders is contained in a glass jar which holds about three pints. The shock through the thin part of the skin, even when quite dry, is almost intolerable. It is my belief that one thousand of such cylinders, or even less, would produce potassium from alkali.'

And now our host once more approaches his great machine, to observe if there be much electricity in the atmosphere after the black thunder-cloud has passed away. See how boldly he approaches; even as if the flowing streamlet of fire were a harmless spark. Like a monarch he wields his sceptre; but it

* We have so far analysed the *Memorials* before us, as to represent in every instance the discoveries and labours of Mr. Crosse as nearly as possible in his own words. The very fragmentary character of the book renders this method desirable, though somewhat difficult.

is an insulating rod. He plays with the mighty power which he has made his subject ; but which, were he once off his guard, would leap up and smite him to death with one stroke. He directs the subjected and subtle power where he willeth. He sends it into his batteries ; and, having fully charged them, he shows to us how wire is melted and dissipated in a moment by its passage. He shows to us how metals, as silver, gold, and tin, are kindled, and burn like paper, but with most dazzling hues and brilliance. Now he displays a mimic aurora borealis, or a falling star, and discovers the probable causes of those beautiful phenomena. He points to the wires which you noticed mounted on mast-like poles in the grounds outside of the mansion, and informs us that, as they pass from tree to tree, they are connected with the conductor before us ; that they collect the electricity of the air as it floats past them, and bring it into this room, to manifest itself in the sparkling leaps we have just witnessed. So, while we stand in this hall, we can form some idea of the state of the heavens above us and around us, and can bring the fiery tenant of the clouds into our presence without its passage through doors. We can make it dance, and crepitate, and flash before us, while we are motionless. Mr. Crosse states his views that the electricity in a thunder-cloud is not uniformly alike ; but that it lies in zones, alternately positive and negative. He asks us to step in another direction ; he points to part of a voltaic battery which he has lately constructed, and which consists of no less than *one thousand and twenty-five pairs* of metallic plates. Here, too, is an electrical battery, composed of tale plates coated with tin-foil. This last battery, being interposed between the poles of the voltaic battery charged with common pump-water, becomes itself instantly charged to an extent sufficient to deflagrate (kindle and consume) metallic leaves, to explode fulminating powders, even to cause iron wire to scintillate and send forth unceasing sparks. The experimenter casually, and somewhat reservedly, hints that he hopes to be enabled thus to form an apparatus capable of affording *perpetual light, heat, and motion !*

Let us ask our philosopher for a more ample explanation of his theory of electrical action in thunder-clouds. His long-continued observations entitle him to speak at least with some authority, and to be listened to with submission.

‘On the approach of a thunder-cloud,’ says the proprietor of this machinery, ‘as it comes near that insulated atmospheric wire, the conductor attached to it, which is screwed into a table in my electrical room, gives corresponding signs of electrical action. In fair cloudy weather the atmospheric electricity is invariably positive, increasing in intensity at sunrise and sunset, and diminishing at midday and midnight, varying as the evaporation of the moisture in the air. The thunder-cloud appears

to be formed by an unusually powerful evaporation, arising either from a scorching sun succeeding much wet, or *vice versâ*. When it draws near, the pith-balls suspended from the conductor open wide, with either positive or negative electricity; and when the edge of the cloud is perpendicular to the exploring wire, a slow procession of discharges takes place between the brass ball of the conductor and one of equal size carefully connected with the nearest spot of moist ground. I usually connect a large jar with the conductor, which increases the force, and in some degree regulates the number, of the explosions. The two balls between which the discharges pass, can be easily regulated as to their distance from each other by a screw. After a certain number of explosions, say of negative electricity, which at first may be nine or ten in a minute, a cessation occurs of some seconds or minutes, as the case may be, when about an equal number of explosions of positive electricity takes place. These are of similar force to the former, indicating (and this is, I believe, my own observation alone) the passage of two oppositely and equally electrified zones of the cloud. Then follows a second zone of negative electricity, occasioning several more discharges in a minute than from either of the first pair of zones,—the ratio of increase appearing to vary according to the size and power of the cloud. Then occurs another cessation, followed by an equally powerful series of discharges of positive electricity, indicating the passage of a second pair of zones. These in like manner are followed by others, fearfully increasing the rapidity of the discharges, when a *regular stream* commences, interrupted only by the changes into the opposite electricities. The intensity of each new pair of zones is greater than that of the former, as may be proved by removing the two balls to a greater distance from each other. When the centre of the cloud is vertical to the wire, the greatest effect takes place; during which the windows rattling in their frames, the bursts of thunder without, and the bangings of electricity within, every now and then accompanied with a crash of accumulated fluid in the wire, (striving to get free between the balls,) produce the most awful effects, which are not a little increased by the pauses resulting from the interchange of zones. Of course great caution must be observed during this interval, or the consequences would be fatal in a moment.*

‘My battery is very large, consisting of fifty jars, containing seventy-three feet of surface on one side only. This battery, when fully charged, will perfectly fuse into red-hot balls thirty feet of iron wire, in one length, such wire being one two-hundred-and-seventieth of an inch in diameter. When the

* The lamented Rickman was killed by rashly experimenting with a densely charged cloud.

battery is connected with three thousand feet of exploring wire, during a thunder-storm, it is charged fully and instantaneously, and of course as quickly discharged. As I fear the destruction of my jars, I connect the two opposite coatings of the battery with brass balls one inch in diameter, and placed at such distance from each other as to cause a discharge when the battery receives three fourths of its charge. When the middle of a thunder-cloud is over head, a crashing stream discharges itself between the balls, with an effect which cannot be described, but must be witnessed. As the cloud passes onward, the opposite portions of the zones which first affected the wire come into play, and the effect is weakened, with each successive pair, till all dies away, and scarcely enough electricity remains in the atmosphere to affect a gold-leaf electrometer,—that most sensitive of tests. Sometimes before a storm, the gold leaves connected with the conductor will for many hours open and shut rapidly, as if they were panting; but I have remarked that the atmosphere is more than usually free from electricity both before and after the passage of a thunder-cloud.

‘I had thought long and earnestly upon the cause of the separation of the cloud electrically into concentric zones; but I could discover no clue to such a cause, until one morning, while I was shaving, the explanation suddenly darted into my mind, and, with a schoolboy’s glee, I shouted, “*Eureka!*” I rushed down to this room with the lather still upon my chin; for I could not delay a minute in testing my theory. I explain it thus. Although at first inclined to refer the phenomenon of concentric zones in the thunder-cloud to the fact of the cloud being a secondary conductor, and although I experimented accordingly, I found no difference in the residence of the electric fluid; for in both primary and secondary conductors it radiated equally from the centre to the circumference, nor was the least token of an oppositely electrified zone discoverable. But on the occasion alluded to, I had reasoned in this manner: A cloud is a mass of vapour of a secondary conducting nature, it is true, but that is not sufficient to account for the zones. A cloud is composed of minute particles of water, each separated from its neighbour, and held in suspension by caloric, which causes it to be elevated into the atmosphere in the form of vapour. Consequently the whole of the cloud is subdivided into little conducting spheres, and in this respect resembles a dry plate of glass gently breathed upon, or a plate of glass dotted all over with spots of tinfoil. If you form a plate of this nature, and electrify the central spots with a spark from a charged jar, what is the consequence? Why, the communicated electricity will strike from the central spot across the contiguous spaces, and divide itself equally amongst them and in a circle; and when it has exhausted its power, an *inductive*

influence begins, which, in its turn, communicates the opposite electricity to the neighbouring spots in a concentric circle around the first nucleus formed. Here we have one pair of zones, which will, in like manner, be followed by a second pair, and so on, till the whole cloud is arranged accordingly; the central zones being the most powerfully electrified, and those at the circumference the weakest. By analogical reasoning it must be so. The more powerfully the cloud is electrified, the wider and more extensive is each pair of zones, also the more numerous. I cannot presume to say what the influence is that first impresses this electric power on the centre of the thunder-cloud. Evaporation seems to me to be the main cause. In speaking of the conducting nature of clouds and vapours, I should make use of a new term, and call them *disseminated* conductors, in opposition to conductors as uniform substances. It is the interval, the *non-conducting* interval between each particle of suspended water, that is the cause of these effects, since it is a law of electricity that a number of small intervals between conducting substances impede the communicating power as much as one greater interval; and hence the inductive power. I do not think that any illustration, suitable for a public and popular lecture, could be devised, of the zones of a thunder-cloud and their probable cause, as I have just stated it. I have often thought how such an illustrative experiment could be arranged, but I have never been able to conceive of it.

‘Truly, Sir, we are obliged to you for your clear and most interesting details of the philosophy of a thunder-cloud. As we are upon atmospheric electricity, may I ask if you have ever noticed the differences of those most unwelcome intruders upon our days and daylight,—*fogs*?’

‘I certainly have, and I have noticed that there are two distinct species of fogs beclouding our atmosphere; that one, which is comparatively rare, is highly electrical, and produces effects very different from the other, which is the common fog, and which contains so little electricity as only to be manifested by the aid of a delicate condenser. When the electric fog occurs on a freezing winterly night, each drop of moisture, as it falls upon the meanest twig of a shrub or tree, or even on a blade of grass, in a freezing state, shoots out in a crystalline arrangement, forming a succession of radiations from that twig, which becomes their centre, until, at last, the whole shrub or tree is covered with innumerable aggregations of acicular crystals of ice. I have seen a dead thistle supporting a crown of these needle crystals of at least ten inches in diameter. This is by no means observable in an unelectrical fog, during which, on a night like to that described, (excepting that the electrical agency is wanting,) as the moisture is deposited upon the branches of the trees, upon each of which it is frozen by the

severity of the cold, instead of appearing in the crystalline form, as in the previous case, it simply cases the stem with a smooth cylinder of ice like barley-sugar. I have thus sung of the former appearance, on a bright morning :—

“ Each tuft of thistle, in its gorgeous dress,
Scoffs at the laboured pomps that Kings oppress ;
From every centre emanating play
Its needled crystals in the light of day ;
And each vile weed which foot might trample down,
Laughs at man’s art, and rears its starry crown.”

‘ I may describe to you the effect of a dense fog on my wires, on one occasion, on a dark November day, when I was sitting in my scientific room. There was a very dense, driving fog and rain, which had prevailed for many hours, sweeping over the earth, impelled by a south-west wind. The mercury in the barometer was low, and the thermometer indicated a low temperature. I had at this time sixteen hundred feet of wire insulated, which, crossing two small valleys, brought the electric fluid into my room. There were four insulators, and each of them was streaming with wet from the effect of the driving fog. From about eight in the morning until four o’clock in the afternoon, not the least appearance of electricity was visible at the atmospheric conductor, even by the most careful application of the condenser and multiplier. Indeed, so effectually did the exploring wire conduct away the electricity which was communicated to it, that when it was connected, by means of a copper wire, with the prime conductor of my eighteen-inch cylinder in high action, and a gold-leaf electrometer placed in contact with the connecting wire, not the slightest effect was produced upon the gold leaves. Having given up the trial of further experiments upon it, I took a book, and occupied myself with reading, leaving by chance the receiving ball at upwards of an inch distance from the ball in the atmospheric conductor. About four o’clock in the afternoon, whilst I was still reading, I suddenly heard a very strong explosion between the two balls, and shortly after many more took place, until they became one uninterrupted stream of explosions, which died away, and re-commenced with the opposite electricity in equal violence. The stream of fire was too vivid to look at for any length of time, and the effect was most splendid ; and continued without intermission, except that occasioned by the interchange of electricities, *for upwards of five hours*, and then totally ceased. During the whole day, and a great part of the succeeding night, there was no material change in the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, or wind ; nor did the driving fog and rain alter in its violence. The wind was not high, but blew steadily from the south-west. Had it not been for my exploring wire, I should not have had the slightest idea of such an electrical

accumulation in the atmosphere. The least contact with the conductor would have occasioned *instant death*, the stream of fluid far exceeding anything I have witnessed, except during a thunder-storm. Had the insulators been dry, what would have been the effect? In every acre of fog there was enough of accumulated electricity to have destroyed every animal within that acre. How can this be accounted for?’

‘We believe, Mr. Crosse, that you have paid some attention to that interesting aspect of your science which regards the connexion between the growth of vegetation and electrical influences. When we consider the vast amount of silica that must be taken from the soil by the straw of grasses of various kinds,—and the atmosphere cannot supply it,—we may be led to infer that the process of dissolving this silica, and taking it up to be deposited in the vegetable tissues, as is done by the grasses, is an electrical process. If so, could we not quicken vegetation by imparting electricity to it?’

‘I have, indeed, for a long period given a large portion of my time to such practical applications of electricity as you now name, and I am decidedly of opinion that electrical action (possibly local) is the cause of mineral substances being carried into, and forming component parts of, the vegetable kingdom; and this would account for so insoluble a substance as silica forming so large an element in vegetable productions as it does. I believe, too, that a field of boundless extent lies open to reward him who may closely follow up these researches, although the best mode of conducting these experiments remains to be discovered. I will mention an experiment I tried upon the potato. I took two garden pots, and stopped up the holes in each with a cork. Then, filling them with earth, I placed them side by side in close contact with each other in a large pan of water. I next planted a single potato in each pot, and made a conducting communication by means of two platina wires between the earth in each pot and the opposite poles of a voltaic battery in weak but constant action. One end of each wire was plunged about four inches deep into the earth of each pot, but at a distance from and not touching the potato. Thus one of these potatoes was planted in positively electrified earth, and the other in earth negatively electrified. After a while the negative potato contracted the disease, was decomposed, emitted the peculiar fetid smell of the diseased potato, and the garden pot was filled with the same kind of insects which infest the diseased plant. On the other hand, the positive potato did not contract the disease, nor did it emit any smell, nor yield any fetid liquor, nor was there a single insect visible within the positive pot. The effect, however, on this potato was singular: for when removed from the earth, it had neither shot out root nor stem; but whilst perfectly solid and

unbroken, it resembled a shrivelled apple both in smell and appearance.

‘I have invariably found that *negative* electricity is injurious to all vegetation, except to the *fungi*; while, with the same exception, *positive* electricity is most favourable to all vegetation. On one occasion a mushroom-shaped fungus grew out of electrified hydrosulphuret of potash; and I have frequently seen the surface of an electrified fluid covered, or nearly so, by a thick flesh-like fungus, strong enough to bear a considerable weight, and so tough as to be hardly torn apart by the fingers. I also consider that the roots and leaves of plants are in opposite states of electricity, and often propose to myself to make a *battery of growing plants*, or at least an arrangement that might prove that electricity is present. I have had two branches cut from the same rose-tree, as nearly alike as possible, with the same number of buds, and both equally blown. An arrangement was made by which a negative current of electricity was passed through one, and a positive current through the other. In a few hours the negative rose drooped and died; while the positive rose continued its freshness for nearly a fortnight, the rose itself becoming full blown, and the buds expanded, and they survived an unusual length of time.’ [It must, however, be confessed that experiments made by others have not succeeded; nor can we consider the advantages of electricity applied to vegetation as unequivocally established.]

‘I have, too, experimented considerably upon the *purification of sea water* and other fluids by electricity. In acting on sea water, it is necessary to submit it to one distillation, a process which renders it fit for washing, but not for drinking. A very simple electrical arrangement is then applied to the cask or cistern of sea water, and in twenty-four hours or less the water becomes perfectly wholesome to the taste; and will remain sweet in open vessels for an indefinite time. The mode of electrization is remarkably simple. Two cylinders of dissimilar metals (generally sheet zinc and sheet iron) are placed in two porous earthenware tubes, open at the top and closed at the bottom. The metallic cylinders being connected together by a copper riband, the porous tubes, with the metals inserted in them, are filled with water, and placed in the fluid required to be purified. The electrical action immediately commences; and the fluid not only becomes purified, but is rendered *antiseptic* in a few hours. The application of this principle to wines and brandy has been attended with great success. It has the effect of softening the asperities of some wines by removing the predominance of bitartrate of potash; and, in one case, two gallons of the very worst English brandy (an imitation of French) were kept electrified for three weeks: at the end of the time the spirit was drawn off greatly improved,—indeed,

visibly purified; for the water in the positive porous tube had become intensely acid, and the negative tube was filled with a green oleaginous fluid, thick and turbid. This process has also been applied most effectually to stopping the fermentation in cider, and in other things, such as starch. Brackish water is also wonderfully purified by this arrangement; and I am told this application of the electric principle is about to be patented by a company of gentlemen.

‘The antiseptic power of electrified water is very remarkable. Not only can it be preserved perfectly clear and fresh for several years, but it also has the power of restoring the most putrid substances to sweetness. Pieces of meat and the skins of animals in a putrid state, having been immersed in electrified water, were in a few hours rendered inodorous. Milk, also, has been kept sweet for three weeks in the middle of summer by the application of electricity. I have extended this application to culinary subjects; and on one occasion I kept a *pair of soles* under the electric action for three months, at the end of which period they were sent to a friend, whose domestics knew nothing of the experiment. Her master asked his cook, before she dressed them, if she thought the soles were fresh, as he had some doubts himself. Cook replied that she was “certain sure” they were fresh; indeed, she could swear they were alive yesterday! When served at table, they appeared much like ordinary fish; but when divided, they were found to be perfectly tasteless, the electric action having removed all the essential oil, and left the fish unfit for food. Yet the process may be found exceedingly useful in keeping flesh and fish good for ten or fourteen days. It has often occurred to me that electrified water might be drunk beneficially in cases of typhus and other fevers, and that it could be also used for baths.’

‘You will remember, Mr. Crosse, that at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Bristol, you awoke the highest interest by stating that, by an arrangement in which you passed a voltaic current excited by water alone through certain mineral substances in solution, you had formed various crystalline bodies analogous to those found in nature; that in these experiments, in which you had used long-continued voltaic action of low intensity, you had obtained artificial crystals of quartz, arragonite, carbonates of lime, lead, and copper, besides more than twenty other artificial minerals. Will you favour us by exhibiting as much as you can of these secret processes?’

‘Well, I must confess that you now touch upon those experiments which have of late most interested me, which have procured for me a fame I never aspired to, and which have occasioned, unhappily, some misunderstanding, not to use a harsher term. I had long and deeply meditated in this secluded

place upon the laws of crystallization; and I have conducted numerous experiments, through a series of years, for the purpose of forming mineral substances by slow electric action. Believing the laws of form to be subject to certain molecular arrangements caused by electric attraction and repulsion, I brought voltaic action to bear upon certain solutions, anticipating thereby the formation of crystals. There are, I should at first observe, other conditions besides electricity necessary to be observed; and these are such as more or less even temperature, absence of light, and in many cases *constant motion* of the fluid holding the crystallizable matter in solution, either by dropping from the roof of a cavern, or by water constantly flowing, or by the continual elevation and depression of the surface of the subterranean waters,—which surface is for ever varying, from low in summer to more or less overflowing in winter, but always constantly in motion. It is this unceasing motion that greatly facilitates the growth of crystals. In the chemical laboratory this would seem a strange doctrine; for *there* perfect rest is more or less essential to the formation of well defined saline crystallizations. Such, however, is by no means the case with metallic and earthy matters. I have kept up a constant electrical action for three successive months, upon fluids in a state of unceasing ebullition, in a sand-heat furnace, day and night without a moment's rest, the evaporated fluid being watched in the most careful manner. Yet the crystals formed were as perfectly solid and regular as similar ones taken from a mine, and were much accelerated in their growth both by the heat employed and by the motion communicated by that heat.

There are, I think, two reasons why heat and motion are greatly conducive to electrical crystallization. The *heat* occasions a more rapid evaporation of the water holding the crystallizable matter in solution, and causes the fluid to be a far better conductor of electricity. *Motion* so disposes the atoms agitated by it, that, each atom having its opposite extremities rendered positive and negative (or polarized), they present themselves more readily to the opposite pole of the battery,—the negative end of the atom to the positive pole, having its outside still positive; or the positive atom, as the case may be, being drawn to the negative pole, having its outside still negative. Thus there is no impediment to the even and quiet passage of the electric current, and the continual transfer of atoms acted upon to their respective poles. You will understand this by placing a common magnet flat upon a table with a sheet of paper lying upon it. If you let fall a mass of iron-filings at once upon the paper, they will be attracted to the magnet upon it in the form of a rude misshapen heap; but if the filings be slowly sifted through a fine sieve, they will assume the form into which they are attracted by their respective polarities, and present a beauti-

fully regular appearance, in obedience to the forces of the magnetic current.

There is another condition essential to the production of nearly (if not quite) all regularly metallic and most earthy crystallizations. It is the interposition of a *porous medium* between the two opposite electrical poles engaged in the operation of forming minerals. This is brought to pass in art by the intervention of tubular surfaces, or cups of porous earth, or other porous material, which is used to separate the fluids or substances acted upon, so as to bring them slowly and regularly together into a solid form.

Thus, then, the union of electric action with a moderately uniform temperature, and sufficiency of heat to prevent the congelation of the fluid under action, absence of light, together with the interposition of a more or less porous medium, will attract the crystallizable matter from its solution, and produce a variety of forms which will not make their appearance without such conditions. Add to the above the effects of constant motion, as already noticed. Under all these circumstances I have been able to produce about two hundred minerals, (including, of course, varieties,) exactly resembling in all respects similar minerals found in natural deposits: to these I may perhaps add some others never discovered in nature, or previously formed by art. An instance of the latter is to be found in a specimen of subsulphate of copper, which I have made. It will, probably, interest you to see this list of crystallized minerals which I have thus formed:—

IRON	Crystallized iron pyrites.
COPPER	Crystallized in cubes, In octahedrons. Crystallized arseniate. Crystallized red oxide, in octahedrons.
LEAD	Crystallized carbonate. Crystallized sulphurate.
GOLD	Crystallized.
SILVER	Crystallized oxide of. In octahedrons.
SILEX	Crystallized, or quartz.
LIME	Fluate of, in cubes. Arragonite.
SULPHUR ...	Transparent crystals of.
BARYTES ...	In tabular crystals. In needle crystals.

In the course of my experiments I have also obtained mineral substances not crystallized, but in the forms in which they occur in nature. You have here a list of them, twenty-five in number, several being varieties of the same mineral, and some possibly were the results of a secondary chemical, and not strictly electrical, action on the substances exposed to the influ-

ence of the electrical current. I remember that when Baron Liebig was here looking over this collection of factitious crystals, he immediately remarked the subsulphate of copper, exclaiming, "Ah, here I see you have formed a *new mineral*!" Very recently I have had crystals of arragonite growing at the negative end of a piece of clay slate in some quantity, and also what I am almost certain are crystals of quartz growing on the positive end. I have, however, formed an entirely new mineral in brilliant octahedral crystals, now growing on the end of a coil of platinum wire. They are composed of oxygen, silver, and copper; and such are not known in nature, nor have they hitherto been formed by art.'

'Now, Mr. Crosse, may we refer to a somewhat delicate topic, —delicate only on account of the pain which must have been given you by the misapprehensions and misconstructions of others,—I mean the much questioned *acari electrici*, the very celebrated insects presumed to be formed while you were pursuing some experiments on electro-crystallization; and which, in the course of those investigations, made their appearance under conditions usually fatal to animal life?'

'I scarcely feel warranted to touch upon this subject; for I have met with so much virulence and abuse, so much calumny and misrepresentation, in consequence of what I have stated concerning these experiments, that it seems, in this nineteenth century, as if it were a crime to have made them. I am surely neither an atheist, nor a materialist, nor a self-imagined creator; but a humble and lowly reverencer of that great Being of whose laws my accusers seem to have lost sight. It is my opinion that science is only valuable when employed as a means to a greater end. I am confident that man can neither create nor annihilate. To create is to form a something out of nothing; to annihilate is to reduce that something to a nothing. The chemist plays with the substances brought under his notice: he decomposes, he re-composes, he is a humble imitator of Nature; to create or to annihilate is not in his power. So also does it hold true for the electrician. To attribute to me the presumption of the power of creation is too absurd to claim deliberate confutation. My discoveries were simply these:—

'In the course of my endeavours to form artificial minerals, by a long-continued electric action on fluids, holding in solution such substances as were necessary to my purpose; I had recourse to every variety of contrivance that I could devise. Amongst others, I constructed a wooden frame, which supported a Wedgwood funnel, within which rested a quart basin on a circular piece of mahogany. When this basin was filled with a fluid, a strip of flannel wetted with the same was suspended over the side of the basin, and inside the funnel, which, acting as a

syphon, conveyed the fluid out of the basin through the funnel in successive drops. These drops fell into a smaller funnel of glass placed beneath the other, and which contained a piece of somewhat porous red oxide of iron from Vesuvius. This stone was kept constantly electrified by means of two platina wires on each side of it, connected with the poles of a voltaic battery of ten pairs of five-inch zinc and copper plates; but this stone was not in any way connected with the results, it having been selected principally for its porosity. The fluid with which the basin was filled was made thus:—A piece of black flint, which had been exposed to a red heat, was reduced to powder; of this powder, two ounces were taken, and mixed intimately with six ounces of carbonate of potassa, and then exposed to a strong heat for fifteen minutes. The fused compound was then poured into a black-lead crucible in an air furnace; it was reduced to powder while still warm, boiling water was poured upon it, and it was kept boiling for some minutes. The greater part of the soluble glass thus formed was taken up by the water. To a portion of the silicate of potassa now existing, I added some boiling water to dilute it, and then slowly added hydrochloric acid to the point of supersaturation.

‘My object in subjecting this fluid to a long-continued electric action, through the intervention of a porous stone, was to form, if possible, crystals of silica; but in this I failed.

‘On the fourteenth day from the commencement of this experiment, I observed through a lens a few small whitish excrescences or nipples, projecting from about the middle of the electrified stone. On the eighteenth day these projections enlarged, and struck out seven or eight filaments, each of them longer than the hemisphere on which they grew. On the twenty-sixth day these appearances assumed the form of a *perfect insect*, standing erect on a few bristles which formed its tail. Until this period I had no notion that these appearances were other than an incipient mineral formation. On the twenty-eighth day these little creatures moved their legs. I must say I was now not a little astonished. After a few days they detached themselves from the stone, and moved about at pleasure. In the course of a few weeks, about a hundred of them made their appearance on the stone. I examined them under a microscope, and observed that the smaller ones appeared to have only six legs, and the larger ones eight legs. These insects are pronounced to be a species of *acarus*; but there is a difference of opinion as to whether they are a known species or not. I have never ventured an opinion on the cause of their birth, and for a very good reason, viz., that I have never been able to form one. The simplest solution that occurred to me was that they arose from ova deposited by insects floating in the atmosphere, and hatched by the electric action. Still I could not imagine that an ovum

could shoot out filaments, or that these filaments would become bristles; and moreover, on the closest examination, I could not detect the remains of a shell. I next imagined, as others have done, that they might have originated from the water, and consequently made a close examination of numbers of vessels filled with the same fluid; in none of these could I see a trace of an insect, nor could I perceive any in any part of the room. Still we have no right to assume that electric action is necessary to vitality.

‘In another experiment I used a battery of twenty pairs. After many months’ action, and consequent formation of certain crystalline matters, I observed excrescences similar to those before described at the edge of the fluid, in every one of the cylinders, (which formed a series of seven, filled with concentrated solutions, and all connected with the positive pole, in such manner that the same electrical current passed through the whole of them,) excepting only the two which contained carbonate of potassa and metallic arsenic; and in due time the whitish appearances were developed into insects. In my first experiments I had made use of flannel, wood, and a volcanic stone; in the last none of these substances were present. In some cases these insects appeared two inches *under* the electrified fluid; but, after emerging from it, they were destroyed if they were thrown back. The insects also made their appearance four inches below the surface of the fluid in silicate of potassa, also in *fluo-silicic acid* two inches below the fluid. These experiments were repeated, and others instituted with a similar view, by the late Mr. Weeks, of Sandwich. He passed currents of electricity through vessels filled with solution of silicate of potash, under glass receivers inverted over mercury. Great precautions were taken to shut out extraneous matters, and in some cases the receivers were previously filled with oxygen gas. After an uninterrupted action of a year and a half insects invariably made their appearance, and exactly resembling those I myself found some years previously. Mr. Weeks also stated to the Electrical Society that he had repeated these arrangements *without* electricity, placing the apparatus in every variety of position favourable to the development of insect life: no insects, however, appeared. Similar insects also appeared in an atmosphere strongly impregnated with chlorine; but in this latter case they assumed the form of perfect insects, and remained undecomposed and unaltered for more than two years,—in fact, till the apparatus was taken apart; but, singularly enough, they never moved, nor evinced any signs of vitality.

‘It is worthy of remark, that in several of these experiments *fungi* have made their appearance, and in some cases have been followed by the birth of *acari*. In one instance, a crop of *fungi* was procured upon the upper end of a stick of oak charcoal,

plunged into a solution of silicate of potash kept negatively electrified for a considerable time, and covered by a bell-glass inverted over it in a dish of mercury: the charcoal before use was taken red hot from the fire. There is evidently a close connexion between animal and vegetable life; but one thing must be observed, viz., that such experiments as those I have touched upon must be varied in every possible form, and repeated with unflinching perseverance, and with sharp-sighted caution, in order to obtain satisfactory results. A favourite maxim of mine is this: *Opinion is but a wind, Experiment is a rock.*

Great was the excitement occasioned by these results at the period when they were first made known. We ought, however, to append some views, in brief, which tend in an opposite direction. Dr. Faraday, one of the very highest electrical authorities, said, in reference to these results, 'My impression is, that the electricity and the silica are merely accidental circumstances in relation to the production of the insects, and not essential; and I have refrained from experiments because I thought it only just to Mr. Crosse that he should be allowed the opportunity, by further trials in close vessels, and with other precautions that will easily suggest themselves, either to correct his views, if they need correction, or to add that clear and confirmatory evidence which the subject at present requires.' Again, the more recent experiments in the same direction of Professor Schulze manifest that, when the most careful precautions prevented the introduction of animal germs, the insects are not produced. Mr. Crosse said, that the *acari* 'do not appear to have originated from others similar to themselves;' but M. Turpin, a French *savant*, observed at the time, 'The individual *acarus* sent by Mr. Crosse is chiefly remarkable for the curious fact that it happens to be a *female*, and contains an *egg*; as if accident had supplied an irrefragable testimony of the mode of reproduction common in this tribe of insects, and which had been imagined to be the offspring, not of a parent, but produced by the fortuitous action of elementary molecules floating in space.' Lastly, a friend of ours, who was a good chemist and natural philosopher, the late Dr. Murray, of Hull, visited Mr. Crosse, examined his apparatus and *acari*, and published a pamphlet on the subject, in which he remarks, 'The sum of the whole matter, as far as Mr. Crosse's experiments are concerned, is simply this: the ova of the *acarus* derived from some of the sources mentioned, no doubt the water or the atmosphere, are hatched by the electricity of the galvanic battery.'

'What interesting thoughts arise, Mr. Crosse, in connexion with your notices of the experiments you have made, especially in electro-crystallization! What may not have been the effect of the electric agency in the *original* distribution of matter!

Is it not possible that two simple elements, uniting together electrically, may, by their changing combinations, have formed the endless variety of substances which make this world a scene of beauty, a place habitable for man, and supplying inexhaustible resources for the support of succeeding races ?

‘Most certainly our inquiries into natural phenomena in connexion with electricity tend to the direction you assume. I remember on one occasion, when returning from Plymouth, whither I had been to see a friend embark for India, I was rather depressed at night in my chamber, when suddenly I felt, as it were, forcibly elevated by a train of thoughts respecting the mode of creation, and methought I had a glimpse of the whole vast mechanism and order. But even in quiet and calm moments what teeming ideas rise out of the fixed contemplation of things around us ! Whether as regards the miles of rock teeming with organic remains, or the changes in the vegetable kingdom, we are filled with wonder and awe. Mighty forests are hurled upon their native soil. Centuries pass away, they are covered with mould and blacken in their tombs ; thousands of years succeed, and the buried trees are mineralized, and become vast strata of coal. The coal is consumed to form steam ; and that which was once a seed lends its aid in impelling mighty ships across the ocean. Its carbon is given to the atmosphere, and again becomes a component part of new forests. *This is the language of the Deity.* That Great One has ordained that nothing shall be lost ; that even principles apparently the most adverse should work His will, should contribute their quota to the demands of nature, should afford instances of such wonderful adaptation to the wants of man, that the collective wisdom of the universe could never have imagined them. How great are the changes going on around us ! Trees are converted into silica and chalcedony, probably by *electric transfer*. Fissures are formed in the earth, their sides are lined with minerals, I believe by the *negative* influence of electricity ; the tender blades of grass and the gigantic oak probably thrive by the electric power. Light, heat, and magnetism resolve themselves into its nature, and the gases are held together and separated by its power. Its affinities permeate all matter. The aurora palpitates in obedience to its laws ; its voice is echoed in the thunder-cloud ; its presence is seen in the lightning. Metaphorically speaking, electricity may be considered to be the right hand of the Almighty.’

‘You have indeed, Sir, drawn a glorious picture of the order of things, and the march of harmonious combinations. Often too have I indulged in similar meditations, in remote places and corners where I have travelled in pursuit of scientific knowledge. One thing, however, has frequently thrown a cloud across the

glory of such scenes; for a more than earthly glory invests them, even though they be but imaginary scenes, founded upon our present imperfect acquisitions:—the one thing I allude to is *death*.'

'Ah! yes, I have often had the same cloud looming over me, and barring out the brightness of my hopes; but then I feel this as an unshaken conviction,—a Being who can make so beautiful a fabric as this world undoubtedly is, where all opposites are linked together so as to form one grand and harmonious whole, would never in the plenitude of His boundless wisdom and benevolence have raised up such a scourge as death, except to answer the wisest ends. It is to another existence we must have recourse, where, purified from baser passions and petty infirmities, we may humbly pray and not unreasonably hope to renew our past friendships and affections, without dread of another cruel interruption.

'Allow me to mention that when I was about four years old, I used to gaze upwards at the blue sky on a windy day, and long for a dispersion of what I deemed a misty blue, that I might peep into the glory of heaven beyond. When I was about ten years older, my fancy placed heaven first in the sun, then in some remoter star, then in the space beyond, then beyond human sight. Now it seems to me that heaven consists of a boundless sight and full comprehension of all the great mysteries which the Almighty has in His infinite wisdom cast around us. Could we be permitted to know and comprehend all that is above and around, then indeed we should find ourselves in a heaven of heavens. Yet it strikes me that, by comparing my former contracted ideas with my present more expanded ones,—that, by pushing on in like manner, my present conception of the glories which exist must be mean and contemptible in comparison to the *vast reality*, and I shrink within myself at my own insignificance! I am, too, led to the same conclusion, or rather expectation, from another aspect, and by another train of thought,—*the shortness of life*. This is a frequent theme of meditation with me; and short as the life of man is, it is so distracted by unavoidable occupations, cares, sicknesses, and temptations, to say nothing of the time necessary for mental and bodily powers to rest, that one possessed of every qualification for the most speedy and effectual attainment of knowledge has, from a host of hinderances arrayed against him, the mortification of seeing his precious time consumed ere he has advanced but a small way towards the goal, and of finding himself trembling on the brink of the grave, in the midst of a thousand vast plans and resolutions. "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," seems to be the language held to man by his Creator. A prospect of indescribable magnificence invites him. Death and corruption bar his path, at least in this world. It is

only by slow degrees, by first searching for a foundation whereupon to place the ladder of science, by making sure of one step before he advances to a second, by carefully examining the way as he proceeds, by the most determined resolution, patience, and perseverance, that he can hope to make any considerable progress.'

'You will, Sir, I presume, agree with me in thinking that science or true knowledge ought to be open to all as far as they can avail themselves of it, and further that true knowledge, like true charity, never *puffeth up*.'

'I do fully and heartily agree with you. There is no one man, however poor or abject, crawling upon the face of God's earth, from whom we ought to shut out knowledge, or in any way to keep him in ignorance of the glories by which he is surrounded, and of the capacity he has for enlargement of mind. I think it a crime to prevent him from digging for that treasure which he has a right to possess in common with all mankind; to set free his limbs, but to chain his intellect; to allow a being endowed with superior intelligence to veil his best faculties in sleep, or, if awakened, to be used only for the furtherance of mischievous propensities. Reason scarcely awake is a curse rather than a blessing. It mistakes cunning for wisdom, subtlety for sound argument, unjust policy for true justice. It is the aim of those who seek true knowledge to put off all concealments, to labour sedulously and cheerfully at their work, and to invite all, without distinction of persons, to unite in the accomplishment of the work. Nor, as you aver, is the acquisition of knowledge likely to puff up the mind with ridiculous ideas of our own importance. Each fact gained will tell us how many more are to be learned. If we have ample time to dedicate to study, it will thus be usefully and profitably employed. If we can only steal a portion of each day from our necessary avocation, we shall enjoy it with redoubled delight; much as a townsman feels a greater zest in a walk through the country than one to whom such scenes are familiar. There is no satiety in such pursuits, no palling upon the senses; for happiness is to be sought internally, not externally. I would appeal to those who have devoted themselves to science or literature, whether they have not found in these powerful but fascinating pursuits a charm far greater than any derived from an occasional indulgence in other pleasures; a delightful but never-failing consolation, to which one flies for refuge from the hypocrisy and ingratitude of false friends, and the annoyances inseparable from our condition upon earth. Moreover, the mode of acquiring knowledge, as well as the knowledge itself, and the means of disseminating it, is of primary importance to the interests of man: first, that he deceive not himself; next, that he deceive not others; and finally, that he use every exertion to communicate to his fellow-

creatures those advantages which he feels to be of such infinite service to himself.

'I might speak of the antidote to misfortune to be found in true knowledge. When adversity oppresses us, and the cares of life thicken around us, how delightful is it to retire into the recesses of one's mind, and to plan with a view to carrying out scientific arrangements which may benefit our country, improve our own understandings, and afford us unspeakable consolation in the study of the boundless works of our Maker! Often have I, even in perfect solitude, sprung up in a burst of schoolboy delight, at the instant of a successful termination of a tremblingly anticipated result. Not all the applause of the world could repay the real lover of science for the loss of such a moment as this! As to my own favourite science, I have lived to see it standing high among the sciences of the world. Perhaps at some future period I may be permitted to see its boundless extension with an unclouded and unprejudiced vision.'

We must not, however, intrude further upon Mr. Crosse's time and attention; let us therefore bid him adieu, and thank him for this most pleasant and profitable day; let us quit Fyne Court and Broomfield, never more, perhaps, to see them!

The book which has furnished us with the materials of this dialogue consists of sundry scattered letters and papers, gathered together by the hand of his last loving companion, now his widow. As Mr. Crosse published no book, and made very few written communications, we must be grateful for the rare and partial glimpses which these pages give us into his domains. We have depicted, as best we might, his mode of life and his marvels of discovery. Let us drop the curtain by mentioning that on the 15th of May, 1855, he was in the highest apparent health and spirits. On the 25th, he gave his annual rook-shooting dinner to some of his tradespeople and tenants, when he joined them in their sport, and seemed particularly cheerful. The next morning, while dressing, he complained of giddiness: he threw himself on the couch, became very pale, and, turning to his wife, said, 'Cornelia, I have a paralytic seizure,—send for Mr. King.' Soon afterwards he exclaimed, 'My dear wife, bear it, as I must bear it. Do not deceive yourself, this is my death-stroke.' Afterwards he added, '*If by moving my finger I could restore myself to perfect health, and to the certainty of several years of life, I would not do it, if I knew it to be contrary to the will of God.*' Andrew Crosse died on the morning of July 6th, 1855, having lately entered on his seventy-second year.

- ART. IV.—1. *Signs of the Times.* By C. C. J. BÜNSEN, D.D., D.C.L., D.Ph. Translated by SUSANNA WINKWORTH. London. 1856.
2. *Germany: its Universities, Theology, and Religion, &c.* By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., Professor of Theology, Mercersburg, Pennsylvania. Edinburgh and London. 1857.
3. *The Religious Condition of Christendom.* Vol. I. *A Series of Papers read at the Fifth Annual Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, 1851.*—Vol. II. *Papers read at Paris in 1855.* Edited by REV. E. STEANE, D.D. London: Nisbets. 1852 and 1857.
4. *Verhandlungen der Versammlung Evangelischer Christen Deutschlands und anderer Länder, vom 9 bis 17 September, 1857. Authentische Ausgabe.* Berlin. 1857.

PROTESTANTISM is derived from two sources, the one German, the other Swiss. Luther's public career commenced at Wittenberg a few years before Zwingli appeared in the canton of Zurich as the first apostle of the Swiss Reformation. There can be no doubt, however, that Zwingli entered upon his course in ignorance of the position which Luther had already taken; and, accordingly, the honour may be claimed for him of having, independently of Luther, though somewhat later, begun that work of Reformation for which the ages had been ripening, and which Providence had manifestly destined to be accomplished in the sixteenth century. But to Zwingli had not been allotted either the field or the position of Luther. He had neither the audience, the friends, nor the enemies, that contributed to the fame and power of the German Reformer. Nor had he Luther's overpowering force of language and resistless energy of will, though his understanding was excellent, and the nobleness of his character shines out clear and without a flaw. At first the stream of the Swiss Reformation seems but like a slender rivulet, compared to the swelling forces of Lutheranism. Zwingli had only Ecolampadius; but a host of supporters sprang up around Luther and Melancthon. Zwingli, too, was cut off by a sadly sudden and early stroke. Nevertheless, when a few years had passed, and the discipline, force, and genius of Calvin had come to take the lead of the Swiss Reform, this began so rapidly to increase in its dimensions and influence, that ere long it fully equalled the power and empire of Lutheranism. Moreover there was in Calvinism an independent life and an organic energy not to be found in Lutheranism. The latter has not enlarged its borders since the death of Melancthon; the former has continued to propagate its influence and reproduce its forms from age to age. Peculiar advantages resulted to Lutheranism at the first from the name and energy

of its great hero, and the favour or policy of Kings and potentates. The 'Reformed Church' has won its way by virtue not only of the name and genius of Calvin, but of its organization, its discipline, and the great principles to which it makes its appeal.

Britain is undoubtedly indebted for its Reformation much more, and more directly, to Switzerland than to Germany. Its Presbyterianism was imported direct from Geneva. Its canonical Episcopalianism, as 'Reformed,' is, in fact, an amalgam of semi-Popish ritualism and a Calvinizing theology. This Episcopalianism does, indeed, present several striking points of analogy with Lutheranism. But every coincidence between the two is due either to a Popish residuary leaven equally existing in both, or to those Erastian principles of State-Churchism which are common to both. So far as the personal character and influence of Luther, the theologian and Reformer, are concerned, the British Reformation owes very little indeed directly to him.

Nevertheless the condition and interests of German Protestantism cannot but be matters of the deepest concern to British Christians. Germany must ever be considered, in a pre-eminent sense, as the birth-place and first home of the Reformation. Zwingle and Calvin learnt much from Luther; and whatever might be his faults, the monk of Wittenberg was, up to the time of his death, the great pillar of Reform. He was, indeed, one of those grand and heroic men, to whom, as well as to Cæsar, may apply the words of our great dramatist:—

'He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.'

The Moravians, too, studied Christianity in the school of Luther. The Pietists Spener and Francke, with their followers, though cruelly pursued by the hyper-orthodox Lutherans, had drunk of the better spirit of the great Reformer. John Wesley was greatly indebted to Germany, to his intercourse with Böhler and the Herrnhutters, to the spirit and example of Francke, to the writings of Luther himself; and he made pilgrimages, immediately after his reception of the doctrine of justification by faith, to Herrnhutt, and to Halle. Some years later, he did more, perhaps, than any other man to make known the pre-eminent merits, as a scriptural expositor, of John Albert Bengel, whose *Gnomon* furnished the basis of Wesley's *Notes*, and whom many, within the last twenty or thirty years, have come to regard as being, what Wesley more than a hundred years ago pronounced him to be, one of the 'great lights of the Christian world.'*

* 'That great light of the Christian world lately gone to his reward, Bengelius,' says Wesley, in the Preface to his *Notes*.

Luther, Melancthon, Spener, Francke, Bengel, Mosheim, are great and beloved names, belonging to the whole Church of Christ. The crowd of bigoted Lutheran theologians, reputed great and mighty in their day,—the class of men by whom the last years of Melancthon were embittered, and the lives of Arndt and Spener were filled with trouble and sorrow,—these are now forgotten; but the names we have mentioned will be 'had in everlasting remembrance;' and through them Lutheran theology and learning will be known and honoured everywhere. Still, it is not so much the glory of the past which has of late years invested German theology with a present interest for British Christians. The land of Luther has been the great battle-field of modern theological controversy. It has been reserved for German writers in the present century to give expression to the profoundest questionings which have ever troubled the heart of a truth-seeker; to give form and fixture to the most fleeting doubts which had ever crossed the mind of the subtlest of critics; to give shape and something like plausibility to the most complex and amazing hypotheses of the most radical unbelievers. The foundations not only of Christianity, but of all faith and worship and morality, have been assaulted as they never had been before. A flood of infidelity has swept over the Fatherland. And yet there have been more Ararats than one, on which arks have rested, containing a believing remnant, while the deluge covered all below. And now it is a comfort to know that the waters are greatly abated; that the faithful have issued from their sacred retreats, and are looking for the help and blessing of God, that they may be able to replenish the land and subdue it in His name.

The recent gathering of evangelical Christians at Berlin is, viewed in relation to these facts, one of the most remarkable and most cheering 'signs of the times.' It included many of the noblest spirits of German Christianity. It had the sympathy and support of those evangelical leaders who could not be present. It assembled under the auspices, and indeed virtually, though not formally, on the invitation, of the Prussian King. It was met with hostility only by those High-Churchmen of what we may call 'the left-hand school of Luther,' who have secured a monopoly of the Reformer's darker spirit, and of the illiberal and semi-Popish tendencies of his theology. Frederick William himself attended several sittings of the Conference; he gave the members of the Conference a most Christian and brotherly greeting, as well as a royal welcome and entertainment, at his New Palace at Potsdam. To do honour to the Alliance, and—may we not say?—to Great Britain, he invited Bünsen from his retirement at Heidelberg, to unite with himself in the reception of the assembled Christian strangers. And after the main body of the visitors had departed, he honoured

the Rev. James Sherman and Sir Culling Eardley by invitations to his palace, that he might confer with them on matters of importance in regard to Christian faith and liberty.

Circumstances so remarkable—indeed, so unique and unparalleled—have made a powerful impression, not only on the public of Germany and of Great Britain, but on the Christian world. They have added to the interest with which German Protestantism was previously regarded. Occurring, too, at a time when the two great Protestant powers of Europe are expecting to have their future fortunes so closely linked to each other by the auspicious marriage of the Princess Royal of England to the young Prince of Prussia, they cannot but be considered as deriving from this circumstance additional importance in the eyes of Englishmen.

It is our wish, in the present article, to do what may be in our power towards enabling our readers to understand the bearing and appreciate the importance of the Berlin Conference; and, in connexion with this, to afford them a glimpse of the actual religious temperature and condition of Protestant Germany. But, in order to do this, it will be necessary, in the first place, to cast a glance over the past religious history of Germany.

The Reformation prevailed at first in the land of its birth so rapidly and powerfully, that it seemed as if it would pervade the whole country. Various causes, however, concurred to stay its progress. It accepted the domination, for the sake of the protection, of the Princes, and thus became the pensionary and hireling of the secular power. Thus also it became divided into a very large number of separate governments, and never attained to unity of organization and action. It allowed the Church to be absorbed in the civil and political commonwealth, and so forfeited its proper life and power, its spiritual communion and discipline. In consequence its Ministers degenerated into merely ritual priests, not preachers of the Gospel in order to conversion and sanctification, but mechanical servants of the State in the performance of the 'offices.' By accepting the religious Peace of Augsburg in 1555, it abdicated its glorious duty in regard to the Popish world, and abandoned its true *Lutheran* inheritance and vocation, by surrendering what has been currently, but misleadingly, called the 'right of proselytism,' and suffering itself to be restrained in its action within narrow territorial limits. It thus chilled and icebound its own life, and chained up its own limbs. Lacking other and better employment, its theologians turned their hands against each other and against their Calvinistic brethren, and thus brought high scandal upon the common cause of Protestantism. In this lamentable warfare, they used the 'carnal weapons' not only of self-confident logic and of embittered invective, but even in some instances of bodily persecution and the 'secular' sword. Whilst the

doctors wrangled upon points of incomprehensible subtleness, the common people learned to think less harshly of Papal mysteries and tyranny, and began to feel some disposition rather to endure the enforcement of Papal uniformity than to be perplexed and bewildered amid the infinite jangling of so many petty popedom and infallibilities. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that the cunning and systematic efforts of the Jesuits prospered, with their facile manners, their pliant habits, and their educating zeal and abilities. These skilful and indefatigable emissaries presently restored the order of battle for Rome, and recovered to her dominion city after city, and even province after province, which had been all but entirely gained by the Lutherans.

In 1550, Protestantism was triumphant almost throughout all Germany. It was scarcely less prevalent in Austria than in Saxony. Even in the ecclesiastical cities of Cologne, Treves, and Mentz, it had obtained a footing. 'No monasteries or convents could longer subsist; nobody would venture to bring forth sacred relics. A Venetian Ambassador reckoned, in 1558, that in Germany not more than a tenth of the inhabitants remained true to the old faith.'* But, years before the end of the century, the Jesuits had encompassed and pervaded the whole land. 'In Cologne it was again held to be an honour to wear the garland of roses. The Treves people began to worship relics which nobody for many years past had ventured to bring forward. Even as early as the year 1560 the youth of Ingolstadt went from the Jesuit schools in pairs on pilgrimage to Eichstadt, in order to be strengthened at their confirmation "by the dew that dripped from the grave of Saint Walpurgis."'+ Austria was effectually recovered for Rome; and the year 1600 saw German Protestantism already less powerful than Roman Catholicism.

Then came persecutions and banishments; Popery, regaining its strength, renewed all its ancient pretensions, and betook itself to its accustomed weapons, until its oppressions and insolence became at length intolerable, and provoked the terrible Thirty Years' War.

The result of this war was the Peace of Westphalia (1648). By this peace, a new religious settlement was made. Stricter bounds were set to the power of the Princes in relation to certain specified and privileged religious communions. The Calvinists were now included along with the Lutherans in the protective provisions of this treaty, so far as these extended. But the true principle of religious liberty was still as utterly ignored as it had been at Augsburg nearly a century before. It was simply provided that the *status quo* of 1624 should be maintained. Whatever congregations or religious foundations

* Ranke.

† *Ibid.*

belonging to either of the three communions included in the terms of this treaty were at that date in existence, were to retain their rights, and to be entitled to absolute and permanent protection. But all proselytism was prohibited, and no new congregation or foundation could be anywhere established without the permission of the political authorities. All other sects, denominations, or doctrines, besides the three expressly included in the terms of the treaty, were altogether excluded from any claim to protection on German soil. There is not in this treaty even a glimmering of the great idea of liberty of conscience, though in fact this lay at the root, whether he fully knew it or not, of Luther's Reformation. The Church was still to be moulded and entirely controlled by the State; and the profession and practice of religion was regarded either as a political duty, or as a matter of political favour and privilege.

This Treaty of Westphalia, let us add, is still in undiminished force in Germany, and by it all religious relations are strictly regulated. There is no legal toleration for Dissent; no proselytism is permitted, not even from Popery to Protestantism in Protestant States. Yet it can hardly be said that matters are on an equal footing, as between Popery and Protestantism. Popery has an ecclesiastical unity of its own, which a merely political and territorial Protestantism, disjointed into as many fractions as there are States, must altogether lack, and to which such a state-subjected Protestantism can oppose no higher unity of spirit. Popery has a persistent ambition, a traditional policy, an imperial and ecumenical organization, disciplined forces, central energy, unweariable perseverance; it claims the world as its heritage, and all Kings as its subjects; it binds together its subservient States, and diffuses its own unity and impulses throughout them all. A true unfettered Christianity can meet it and master it; but when Christian Churches have suffered themselves to become the caparisoned pensionaries and servants of political States, how can they cope with such a power as this? Nor is it to be expected that Protestant Princes, each in his narrow principality, should study the interests of their isolated Churches with such zeal and devotion as the Catholic Princes show in their service of Rome. In point of fact, the Catholic Princes have by no means shown that philosophic impartiality in the maintenance of the *status quo* which has been evinced by the Protestants, but have not seldom violated the spirit, if not the letter, of the contract of Westphalia.

At the present day, as we are informed by Dr. Schaff, there are in Germany 21,092,000 Romanists and 16,415,000 Protestants. The numerical deficiency of the latter is compensated, in Dr. Schaff's opinion, 'by a decided intellectual superiority.' That this superiority exists there can certainly be no question: at the same time it is true that, if within the Popish community

there is more ignorance and superstition, there is much less of unbelief and radical irreligion.

'Upon the whole, the south of Germany is predominantly Roman Catholic, the north predominantly Protestant. In Austria about five-sevenths, in Bavaria about two-thirds, of the population, profess the Papal creed. Prussia numbers ten millions of Protestants, and six millions of Catholics; while the kingdom of Saxony, the Saxon principalities,'—Saxe Weimar, Saxe Coburg-Gotha, Saxe Meiningen, Saxe Altenburg,—'and Mecklenburg, are almost entirely Lutheran. In Hanover, Württemberg, Baden, Hesse Cassel, and Hesse Darmstadt, Nassau, Oldenburg, and the four Free Cities, the Protestant Confession has likewise the preponderance. But there is hardly a single State in Germany where the two Churches are not mixed, the Catholics being subject to a Protestant, or the Protestants to a Catholic, Monarch. In Saxony, we have the singular anomaly, that a Roman Catholic Prince rules over an almost entirely Lutheran population.'—*Schaff*, pp. 129, 130.

We have already intimated that the Protestantism of Germany is itself divided into two communions, the Lutheran and the Calvinistic, or, as it is called distinctively, the Reformed. While Luther lived, indeed, and for a number of years after his death, Lutheranism and the Confession of Augsburg were accepted throughout Germany, with few and inconsiderable exceptions. It is true that Zwingli had at one time gained adherents within that part of Germany which borders upon Switzerland; and the Landgrave of Hesse, at whose instance the celebrated Conference of Marburg was held between Luther and Zwingli, was doubtless favourably inclined towards the Swiss Reformer. Four cities also in Upper Germany, Strasbourg, Constance, Memmingen, and Lindau, as early as the Diet of Augsburg, in 1530, had presented a separate confession of faith, which has been known by the name of the *Confessio Tetrapolitana*, and sometimes of the Suabian Confession, and which agreed mainly with the doctrines of Zurich. But the death of Zwingli in that same year left his followers almost without a leader; and the explanations and mild persuasions of Bucer brought back to Luther those who had left his guidance. Then, as since, the main points of *doctrinal* difference between the two sections of German Protestants related to the sacraments. The great impediment to union was the Lutheran doctrine of the *real presence*, or, as it has been called, consubstantiation. At first, Melancthon had been as strongly opposed to the Swiss doctrine upon this point as Luther himself, as had been made sufficiently evident at the Conference of Marburg. But in after years he greatly changed his views, and seems to have fully agreed with that more guarded and somewhat mystical form of the Helvetic doctrine which was, after Zwingli's death, taught by Calvin, with whom for many years Melancthon kept up a close correspondence. So long, indeed,

as Luther lived, Melancthon, in that spirit of reverence for the great Reformer which always influenced him, avoided all distinct public expression of his sentiments in regard to this point. But the death of Luther in 1546 left him indisputably the foremost man and most distinguished theologian in German Protestantism, and relieved him from any necessity for maintaining his reserve. At the same time, he speedily found that he had lost in Luther a great and effectual shield. The hyper-dogmatic and scholastic Lutheran divines had long suspected the heterodoxy, as they esteemed it, of Melancthon; but whilst Luther lived, they durst only utter, now and then, a muffled bark. When, however, within two or three years after Luther's death, Melancthon was led to express his peculiarly moderate views on a number of points in controversy between the Lutherans and the two communions to which they considered themselves *equally* opposed,—the Papists on the one hand, and the Reformed on the other,—a storm of controversy and invective was raised against him by a number of polemic divines, led on by the notorious Flacius Illyricus, which never ceased until his death. The party of Flacius were not content until they had caused to be drawn up the *Form of Concord*, (A.D. 1576,) which anathematized as heretics, for whom it solicited the terrors of the sword, all who did not accept the new dogmatic definitions of these ultra-Lutherans, 'particularly in [regard to] their strange opinions concerning the majesty and omnipresence of Christ's body, and the real manducation of His flesh and blood in the Eucharist.*' At the instigation of these divines, the Elector of Saxony took severe measures against the *Crypto-Calvinists*, as the favourers of Calvinistic doctrine were called, and committed some to prison, while others were exiled. In particular, Strigelius, a personal friend and eminent disciple of Melancthon, suffered a rigorous imprisonment; and the amiable and admirable Peucer, Melancthon's son-in-law, was not only imprisoned, but treated with brutal and barbarous severity during ten years, and was only at length liberated from his pitiless persecutors on the intercession of the Prince of Anhalt. Worse still, in the year 1601, Crellius, (Bünsen calls him Crell,) who had been the first minister of Christian, the Elector of Saxony, was beheaded, for the crime of having, during his master's lifetime, favoured and protected the *Crypto-Calvinists*, and in particular because he had been the principal means of causing the Popish form of exorcism to be omitted in the administration of the Lutheran baptism. The sword with which this iniquitous murder was committed was inscribed for the purpose with the words, 'Beware, Calvinist!'

The inevitable effect of such proceedings as these was to drive

* Dr. Maclaine's Note in Mosheim's *History*.

many back from Protestantism to Rome, and many others from Lutheranism into the ranks of the Reformed. The doctrines of Lutheranism were made as hard to believe, and as unreasonable, as those of Popery itself; and its arrogant and intolerant spirit appeared to resemble that of a proud and petty upstart seeking to outdo in pretension and in oppression the mightiest and most ancient of despots. In the year 1560, Frederick, Elector Palatine, surnamed the Pious, embraced Calvinism, and introduced its doctrine and discipline throughout his dominions. With the exception of the interval from 1576 to 1583 during the reign of his next successor, Lewis, Calvinism has maintained its position as the established doctrine of the Palatinate, and the Church of the Palatinate has held the second place among the Reformed Churches. In recent times the Palatinate, as such, has no longer constituted one government, but its ancient territory is divided between Baden, Bavaria, and Hessen Darmstadt, besides that portion which has been ceded to France. There were obvious reasons why the Palatinate showed itself so ready to embrace the Helvetic Reform. It lay much nearer, in fact, to Zurich than to Wittenberg, and had early received the visits of Swiss preachers. Œcolampadius, the distinguished friend of Zwingli, was born at Heidelberg, the ancient capital of the Palatinate, as was also Melancthon, who may almost be considered the father of the German Reformed Church, though he himself remained, of course, Lutheran to the last. Besides which, the Rhineland has always had a certain unity of its own, to some extent separating it from Northern and Eastern Germany. And its relations have always been close with Switzerland.

Having thus obtained a firm footing in the Palatinate, the stream of Calvinistic Reform followed the course of the Rhine; so that for more than two centuries past the Protestantism on either bank of that noble river, from where it issues out of the Lake of Constance to where it meets the sea on the shores of Holland, has been almost entirely of the Reformed Confession and Discipline. We may mention that the doctrinal standards of the Church of the Palatinate have been the Second Helvetic Confession, composed by Bullinger, and published at the request of the Elector Frederick, (1564,) and the Heidelberg Catechism, which was drawn up by Ursinus and Olevianus at the request of the same Prince (1562).

Nor was it only in the Palatinate that the Reformed Church became established. Towards the close of the century, Calvinism had supplanted Lutheranism in the republican city of Bremen, which conformed its ecclesiastical doctrine and institutions to the model of Geneva. A few years later, (in 1604,) the cause of the Reformed was greatly strengthened by the accession of Maurice, Landgrave of Hesse, whom Mosheim describes as 'a

Prince of uncommon genius and learning.' His territory bordered close upon the Palatinate, lying towards the east and north. The example of the Landgrave was followed, in 1614, by John Sigismund, Elector of Brandenburg, whose representatives now reign upon the throne of Prussia. In accepting the Reformed faith, however, the Elector determined that he would not exchange the absurdities of *impanation* and *consubstantiation* for the horrors of the rigid Calvinistic doctrine of the Divine decrees. He accepted the Genevan ritual and the Helvetic doctrines as to the Eucharist and the Person of Christ, but here he stopped. Indeed, he appears, in most respects, to have set a rare example of moderation, both in his opinions and his conduct. He is the first Prince, whether in Germany or elsewhere, who seems to have had some understanding of the true principles of religious liberty, and to have endeavoured to show equal justice to all communions within his dominions.

From this time the limits by which the territories of the two Protestant communions were defined in Germany do not appear to have greatly varied. Taking the Rhine for its base-line, the territory of the Reformed Churches narrowed irregularly inward towards the north-east, until it reached its terminal point within the Electorate of Brandenburg. The surrounding countries, towards the north, south, and east, were Lutheran and Popish; generally more Lutheran on the north, and more Popish on the south. As a general rule, in those countries where there are powerful seigneurs owning wide estates, with a scattered peasant population, strict Lutheranism is the prevalent form of Protestantism. Where towns with thriving burgher populations are thickly sown in the midst of smaller landed properties, the Reformed prevail. May not an analogy to this be found in England?

The German Reformed Church is distinguished from the Swiss Reformed by the greater mildness of its theology in reference to the Calvinistic 'doctrines of grace,' and also by its defectiveness in regard to discipline. The Genevan Church government was, in fact, never fully accepted by the German Princes, for the very obvious reason that it would not have been compatible with their Erastian Church-and-State theory, nor with the authority which each of them claimed, as absolute master and *summus episcopus*, over the Churches of his own territory.

At the present day, the Grand Duchy of Baden, in which Heidelberg is situated, Hessen Darmstadt, Rhenish Bavaria, and Westphalia, are emphatically 'Reformed' territories. To the Reformed Confession also belong most of the Protestant Churches in Rhenish Prussia, one beautiful valley of which, the Wupperthal, is famed throughout Germany for its earnest piety and godly simplicity. The adherents of the same Confession

are also found in considerable numbers in Hessen Cassel, Brandenburg, Nassau, Anhalt and Dessau, East Friesland, and a number of minor States within or near the limits of that central region of which we have endeavoured to trace the general outline. The kingdom of Saxony, the Saxon Duchies, the eastern provinces of Prussia, Mecklenburg, and Hanover, are the strongholds of rigid Lutheranism,—and, we must add, Prussia excepted, of intolerance. Bavaria is mainly Popish; what it has of Protestantism is, for the most part, high Lutheran; it is not, however, without an effective element of Calvinism. Würtemberg, the old Suabia, (*Swabenland*, or 'Country of the Suevi,') is a region altogether by itself. Its nominal Lutheranism has from the first been happily impregnated with a wholesome influence of Calvinism, both as regards doctrine and discipline. It stands, indeed, in much closer relationship to the nearer Rhineland, with its Reformed Churches, than to Saxony, from which it is separated by more than the breadth of Bavaria. It is the land of the Pietists, and of social religious meetings for prayer and mutual edification; and it boasts of a distinguished succession of pious and able divines, including Bengel, Starr, Flatt, Knapp, Bahrdt, and Hoffman. It has furnished a larger proportion of Missionaries—very many of whom have been employed by the Church of England—than any country of the world. We may mention, in passing, that the late Rev. J. J. Weitbrecht was a Würtemberger.

The most sorrowful and disastrous period of German history, especially to the fair lands and flourishing Churches of the Palatinate, was the terrible Thirty Years' War, which began in 1618, about four years after the Elector of Brandenburg's accession to the Reformed Church, and one year before the Synod of Dort. The ravages and barbarities of the brutal Austrian commanders filled the Rhineland with want and mourning and bitter agony. This was the chief scene of desolation, but all the countries suffered. Unhappy Germany, torn with intestine conflict, was bleeding at every pore. On the one side were all the forces of the Empire, backed by the support of Bavaria and the Catholic Princes, both secular and ecclesiastical, and also by the powerful aid of Spain; on the other were the Protestant Princes, provoked at length to conflict by the long and heavy oppression which had been inflicted upon all professing their religion whom the Catholic Princes could reach. The Protestants, by themselves insufficient to cope with their formidable foes, were assisted by the arms of France and of Sweden. Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden was the hero of the Protestant side. A common enemy and common wrongs had effected what no maxims of Christian forbearance or love had been able to accomplish. Lutheran Princes were now leagued with Calvinist in war. Lutheran and Calvinist were compelled

for a while to cease their fierce controversies with each other, that they might fight side by side against the Austrian foe.

Perhaps no discipline less severe than this would have sufficed to teach German Protestants the necessity of mutual toleration and forbearance. Indeed, even during the Thirty Years' War, Carpsovius, a distinguished and leading Lutheran divine, could write such a sentence as this: 'The marriage [of an orthodox Lutheran] with a Catholic is *not, indeed, attended with the disgrace which attaches to the marriage with a Calvinist*: still it must always be regarded as a subject of regret and disapprobation.'* The 'Reformed,' when in power, especially in Holland, have had sins enough of their own to answer for. But, after all, for narrow, superstitious, and persistent bigotry, the Lutherans have far outdone the Calvinists. They have been exceeded in intolerant cruelty, among Protestants, only by the Laudian High-Churchmen of Britain under our own Stuarts. The reason, no doubt, of this 'bad pre-eminence,' both as regards the German Lutherans and the British Episcopalians, is the strong leaven of Popish priestly arrogance and superstition which remained in both communions. Neither the one nor the other had aimed, as a first and fundamental principle, to bring their Reformation into close conformity with Scripture. Neither communion had fully accepted the principle of the sole sufficiency of the word of God. Both held on too strongly to patristic example and Church authority.

It is impossible to read any trustworthy record of the controversies between the Lutherans and the Reformed in Germany, without coming to the conclusion that the Reformed, notwithstanding all they suffered, showed, in general, a spirit of moderation not less wonderful than commendable. They could perceive, what their adversaries failed to see, the distinction between things fundamental and matters of subordinate importance. They might, with great plausibility, have accused the Lutherans of Popish superstition and of idolatry. But, on the contrary, they were ever ready to put the best construction on the Lutheran doctrines, and to hold out the hand of Christian fellowship. This is not only the impression which we gather from the *History of Doctrines* by Hagenbach, who, though himself of the Reformed, is a miracle of calmness and impartiality in his statement of all controversial points; but the Lutheran Church historians, Mosheim and Hase, bear their distinct and emphatic testimony to the merits of the Reformed, and the guilt of the Lutherans, in this matter. Tholuck, also, in his *Spirit of the Lutheran Theologians*, is said by Bünsen to have fully proved the truth of their verdict. Chevalier Bünsen, himself the son of a Lutheran Clergyman, and assuredly no

* Bünsen's *Signs of the Times*, p. 263.

adherent of Geneva, though latterly worshipping at Heidelberg with a congregation of the Reformed, gives from Hase the following sentence, which Bünsen affirms to be a naked historical fact :—

‘The theologians of the Reformed Church were always inclined to recognise the Lutherans as brothers, while the latter preferred holding communion with Papists, and affirmed the hope that even Calvinists might be saved, to be an inspiration of the devil.’—*Signs of the Times*, p. 339.

The Peace of Westphalia confirmed and extended the rights of the Lutherans, so far as these had already gained an establishment in the year 1624; it also obtained for the Calvinists equal rights with the Lutherans. But it by no means put an end to the spirit of bigotry, as the controversies with which the names of the liberal and tolerant Calixtus and the earnest and spiritual Spener are associated abundantly prove. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, republican Holland, weary of the controversies and processes of which the debates and decisions of the Synod of Dort had been in part the centre and in part the occasion, set Europe a glorious example by being the first to establish, in its true and modern sense, religious freedom. In 1688–9, Great Britain, too long disgraced by the atrocious cruelties which had been inflicted on the Puritans and Nonconformists, proclaimed full liberty of conscience and legal toleration for all Dissenters from the Established Church. But though, by this time, the dogmatic and polemic zeal of the Lutheran divines had begun to abate, (rather, perhaps, on the one hand, from the want of sympathy among the people with their bigotry, and, on the other, from their own declining religious faith and zeal, than from any increase of real Christian charity,) yet the true principles of religious liberty seemed to be as far as ever from being accepted or even understood. Indeed, so vigorously persistent has been the vitality of Lutheran intolerance, that, so late as the year 1764, when Dr. Maclaine published his translation of Mosheim’s *Church History*, the Lutherans of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, as we are informed in one of the translator’s notes to that *History*, had ‘always refused to permit the *Reformed* to celebrate public worship within the bounds, or even in the suburbs, of that city. Many attempts had been made to conquer their obstinacy in this respect, but without success.’ How tenaciously the German statesmen still hold to their peculiar views on the subject of religious toleration, and what apologies they urge in defence of those views, we have already explained to the readers of this journal in an article on *The Principle of Religious Intolerance*, published in our eighth number. Unhappily also practical illustrations of German Protestant intolerance, fully equalling

the atrocities of Austrian or Tuscan Popery, have been of late years numerous.*

It is true, indeed, that bigotry has not been the character of all the Lutheran divines. There have never been wanting some, such as Calixtus, who have inherited the spirit of Melancthon. At the same time, truth compels us to admit that the party of intolerance, the dominant party which pursued with controversy and invective Melancthon, Calixtus, and Spener, was the true *Lutheran party*.

'In 1527,' says Merle D'Aubigné, 'Zwingle, in his *Friendly Expositor*, refuted Luther's opinion with mildness and respect. Unluckily the pamphlet of the Saxon Reformer, "against the enthusiasts," was then issuing from the press; and in it Luther expressed his indignation that his adversaries should dare to speak of Christian unity and peace. "Well!" exclaimed he, "since they thus insult all reason, I will give them a Lutheran warning. Cursed be this concord! cursed be this charity! down, down with it to the bottomless pit of hell! If I should murder your father, your mother, your wife, your child, and then, wishing to murder you, I should say to you, 'Let us be at peace, my dear friend;' what answer would you make? It is thus that the enthusiasts, who murder Jesus Christ my Lord, God the Father, and Christendom my mother, wish to murder me also; and then they say, Let us be friends!'"—*D'Aubigné's Reformation*, vol. iv., chap. 7.

There sounded the lion-voice of Luther, and the echoes were repeated from generation to generation. He thus sowed the wind, and Germany was destined to reap the whirlwind.

Lutheranism has, indeed, not only in this, but in all respects, very remarkably retained the individuality which Luther impressed upon it. Calvin has by no means left his *personal* impress in the same way, or to the same extent, upon the Reformed Church. His logic furnished a mould and system for its theology, and his statesmanlike genius fashioned its discipline; but the influence of his personal temper and disposition, of his *human*, as distinct from his *merely intellectual*, individuality, does not in the least appear to have affected the Churches which have borne his name. He was, in truth, a foreigner in Geneva, bound by no hereditary ties of blood and sympathy to the people among whom he lived. Nor had he the opportunity, like Luther, of acting upon a great and warm-hearted nationality. He was, besides, a man of logic rather than of passion; powerful in intellect and forcible in will, but not vehement in his impulses. These things fitted him to be a lawgiver and theologian throughout a wider empire, and made

* The article to which we have referred above was re-published by permission in *Evangelical Christendom*, and also translated into German, on the suggestion of Dr. Steane, one of the honorary Secretaries of the *Evangelical Alliance*. Two thousand copies were in this way distributed in Germany.

his power more independent of circumstances; but at the same time his influence was on these accounts less personal, and the feeling with which he was regarded was far less intense. Besides, Luther was, in effect, so long as he lived, the only theologian of his party, Melancthon yielding in nearly everything to his force of character, and subordinating all his own accomplishments to Luther's service and direction; and after Luther's death Melancthon himself fell into discredit with the most zealous and powerful divines of his own Church. Whereas the Reformed Church counts several illustrious divines before Calvin, as, for instance, Zwingle and Ecolampadius, and a number of others, his contemporaries, whom not even the fame of Calvin, though superior, could in the least eclipse. Such were Farel, Bullinger, Beza, Ursinus, and Olevianus.

The first principle which impelled Luther to his work of Reformation, was not precisely the same as that which animated the Swiss Reformers. 'The one,' says Dr. Schaff, 'attacked mainly the Judaism, the other the Paganism in the Papacy. "Away with legalism and self-righteousness!" was the war-cry of Luther. "Away with idolatry and moral corruption!" was the motto of Zwingle, Calvin, and Knox.' Luther, again, deduced his doctrine of justification by faith not only from the Scriptures, but from the writings of Augustine, and others among the earlier Fathers, to whose authority he paid great respect. Moreover, though he opposed with all his powers, especially at first, that scholasticism in which he had been trained, yet he never entirely shook himself free from its influence, and in his later years showed a disposition to return to its methods. Scholasticism, indeed, with its logical subtleties and refinements, became necessary to Lutheranism, as a refuge for the doctrine of Consubstantiation, when pursued by arguments drawn from Scripture and common sense, just as it had been in the Church of Rome for the doctrine of Transubstantiation. But, in opposition to these tendencies, the Reformed divines made the supreme and exclusive authority of the Scriptures, about which most of the Lutheran symbols are silent, a fundamental principle in their creeds. The Mystics, again, especially Tauler and the unknown author of the 'German Theology,' having been to Luther, in the darkness of his monkish cell, and in the days of his sore bondage, as lights from heaven and prophets of liberty, were ever regarded by the Reformer with respect and affection. Hence mysticism became, and has continued to be, an element of Lutheranism; in many instances, as in that of Spenser, serving happily to counteract the influence of that intolerant and letter-bound scholasticism and confessional orthodoxy, which was the curse of Lutheranism for more than a century and a half after the death of Luther.

Another characteristic of Lutheranism, and one of its

pleasantest, is what the Germans call its *Gemüthlichkeit*, its hearty good-fellowship. No doubt this is, and always has been, a national characteristic; but assuredly this quality has had a grand patron and exemplar in Luther; and his example and influence re-produced have done much to perpetuate it among the people. Luther was a hearty friend, a very loving husband and father, and a jovial companion. Dr. Schaff tells us that, 'among many other unguarded things, he said,—

"Who does not love wife, wine, and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long."

Accordingly, we find that the Germans are universally distinguished not only for family kindness and simplicity, and for frank and unceremonious hospitality, *towards each other*, but for a disposition to boon companionship. Luther's words and example have been distorted and abused, so as to countenance the wild excesses of the students, who have been proverbial, from time immemorial, for their songs and their drinking-bouts. In a milder form, however, the same sort of thing may be seen at any large gathering of German Pastors, however grave their character.

For example, it was announced at the late Berlin Conference, that a certain saloon in the principal street in Berlin, the *Unter den Linden*, would be open each night from eight to ten o'clock, for the purpose of holding a *conversazione*, at which strangers might become acquainted with each other, and foreigners might have an opportunity of holding intercourse with Germans. To this room, accordingly, a number of English and Americans repaired on the evening of the first day of the Conference. They were naturally expecting that the refreshments provided would be connected with tea and coffee, and that the assembly would be such that, as at an English *conversazione*, ladies might attend as well as gentlemen. What was their surprise, on entering the room, to find that it was filled with dense fumes of very unpleasant tobacco, and to perceive, after their eyes had become accustomed to the atmosphere, that of the two or three hundred divines and Professors present, including some of the most famous names connected with the Evangelical Churches of Germany, nine out of ten had a cigar in one hand, and in the other an enormous glass—in shape like a greatly magnified cylindrical lamp-glass—of Würtemberg beer! We need hardly say, that most of the English and Americans presently retreated, and that these *conversazioni* were in vain as a means of introducing them to the knowledge of German divines. A scene no less remarkable than this presented itself at the Potsdam Railway Station, after the visit of the members of the Conference to the King. Wonderful was the number of great stone bottles opened, containing a light and lively, but wood-smoky-tasting beer; and prodigious was the consumption of

cigars. There were several hundreds of German Pastors and students gathered there, nearly all of whom were at least so far Lutheran as to relish their glass. Luther lived before smoking began to be practised in Germany. But smoking in Germany goes with drinking and singing; hence smoking may fairly be considered as only a legitimate development of the Lutheran *Gemüthlichkeit*. We heard Bünsen say in reference to it at Berlin, 'Yes, smoking is a great vice in Germany; on some of the steamers there is a notice put up: "Boys under ten not allowed to smoke here!"'

Luther possessed both the gift of song and the gift of verse; and one of the best characteristics of Lutheranism is its psalmody. Its collection of hymns is said to be one of the richest in the world; and its sacred music is very fine. A love of psalmody, however, is certainly a national, and not merely or perhaps pre-eminently a Lutheran, taste. At all events, we have heard others testify to what struck us with peculiar force, that finer *congregational* singing cannot easily be heard either in Germany, or elsewhere, than that of the *German* anthems and hymns sung at the early services in the Popish cathedral and churches at Cologne. The choir, on these occasions, takes a very subordinate part; the organ leads the congregation.

A few general remarks must be added to this enumeration of the characteristics in respect of which Lutheranism reflects the personality of Luther. Standing on the soil of his own land, and officiating, from the beginning, as a theologian, and priest, and preacher, to the originally and fundamentally Popish population among whom he lived; acting, too, in concert with the prudent and politic reigning Elector, and surrounded by conservative influences; Luther only reformed so far as he deemed it absolutely needful and essential so to do, and, in particular, altered as little as possible of the popular ritual; whereas Calvin, in republican Geneva, reformed from the very foundation. Hence the Lutheran liturgy still nearly resembled the services of the mass, and pictures and crucifixes were retained, though saint-worship was abolished. On the other hand, the Calvinist ritual was reduced to a simplicity bordering upon poverty. Altogether Lutheranism is idealistic, ceremonial, and fond of music and show. Calvinism is simple and practical. The tendency of the former is rather to superstition and to Mysticism, and, by reaction, to scepticism and Transcendentalism. That of the latter, if not sufficiently guarded, is to Unitarianism, Deism, and a materialistic Rationalism.

We have already indicated that Lutheranism has, from the beginning, been utterly destitute of spiritual discipline. Its theory is that of a *mere* State-Church. The congregations are purely passive; all is done for them. The liturgies are *performed* by the Minister and choir; the people are made Chris-

tians by law and sacraments. The affairs of the Churches are regulated by consistories, provincial or central and supreme, the members of which, consisting usually of Ministers, Professors, and ecclesiastical lay-lawyers, receive their appointment from the reigning Prince, as *summus episcopus*. Hence Dr. Schaff justly says, 'Romanism may be called the Church of Priests; Lutheranism the Church of Ministers and theologians; Calvinism the Church of congregations and a free people.' Only it must be remembered that German Calvinism has always been defective in discipline, though of late years improved; and that Calvinism in general is wanting in the element of social Christian communion.

It will not surprise any one who has rightly estimated the force of the foregoing statements, to be told that Lutheranism has, in proportion, probably sheltered under the forms and shadow of its confessional orthodoxy wider and more radical infidelity than even Popery itself. Popery, of course, teaches vastly more absurdity; moreover, it legitimates immorality, as Lutheranism has never done. But then, at the same time, it stupifies and imprisons the intellect; and, in relation to all matters of Church doctrine and discipline, it inculcates on all its votaries a blind and implicit faith. Whereas Luther broke the bondage of intellect in reference to matters of faith, not only for himself, but for all his adherents. He vehemently rebelled against mere ecclesiastical authority, contemptuously defied Pope, Council, and Church decrees, and vindicated for Christian truth-seekers—in effect, if not in terms—the right of private judgment. It is true, indeed, that he did not know all that he had done; he did not perceive all the consequences of his own acts. There can be no doubt, also, that if he could, he would gladly have limited, in some way, the right of private judgment for others by such considerations and arguments as had influenced himself. But as well might one seek to chain up the winds of heaven as to set any strict or certain limits to the exercise of private judgment. Luther's own example and spirit were followed by those who would not yield to his limiting authority. As he had done to the Pope, others, within the community which he established, did to him; though often the fear of ecclesiastical censure, if not of persecution also, led them to use disguised terms of orthodox-sounding irony, or a well-guarded cipher of unobjectionable phrase. Unhappily, while with one hand he had set the critical reason free, with the other he attempted authoritatively to impose at least one article of faith which was as truly incredible, though not so puerile or so mischievous in its spiritual tendency, as the most unreasonable of those Popish doctrines which he had taught Protestants to reject. If a rider at the same moment applies the spur and uses the curb, his horse is very likely to plunge and rear, and to become unmanageable. So

fared it with human reason under the rule of Lutheranism. An impulse was given by the Lutheran Reformation to scholastic and ideal speculation, and a daring and vehement independence of spirit imparted to the German theological mind, which could not but be revolted sooner or later by such dogmas as those of consubstantiation and the ubiquity of the Saviour's body, and by such absurdities as the practice of exorcism in the celebration of baptism. And yet no latitude was allowed for dissent or doubt, and no hope permitted of change in the confessional standards or of further reformation. Nor was any sphere provided for lay influence and activity in the propagation of the Christian faith, and the working out of Church duty and charity. Men's hands were tied, and their hearts bound up; while their heads were left to work with an undue and unwholesome activity. Church discipline and communion being altogether wanting; Christian *life* not being nurtured by Church organization, or provided with the needful outlets for activity; the proud and self-confident intellect being left, without any counteractive influence, to riot in argument and speculation at its will, while its opposition was provoked by Church arrogance, scholastic dogmatism, and the maintenance of absurd superstitions and incredible doctrines, on the part of the ecclesiastical powers; what wonder is it that men of education rebelled altogether against Church, and faith, and Scripture? Already in his day Mosheim takes particular notice of the great change which had passed upon the face of Lutheranism since the seventeenth century, and of the infinite variety of belief or unbelief which was sheltered in universities and ecclesiastical preferments throughout Germany, under cover of orthodox confessions, subscribed by theologians, as a mere matter of form; and attributes this latitudinarian tolerance to a necessary reaction from the dogmatic narrowness and tyranny of former ages. The intellect of Germany had proved too strong and self-confident for the orthodox theologians; and after a long struggle, in which they had exhausted all the powers of Church police, and all the terrors and forces of Church authority and persecution, they had been obliged to retire from the conflict. We need not say that matters grew much worse after Mosheim's time. Our readers know what spiritual desolation has for a century past prevailed throughout Germany.

Let it not be supposed from these remarks, that we think Lutheranism a more mischievous form of Church community than Popery. Far from it indeed! Lutheranism may have tried, in some things, to make its adherents the slaves of faith. High Lutheranism will always tend in this direction. But at the same time Lutheranism has otherwise amply provided for its own failure in this respect, and has taken care to train the German people to be thinking men. The name of Luther has

been to all an inspiration of freedom and of manhood. The German Lycea and Gymnasia have disciplined the intellect in close and manly thought, and in liberal culture. The undeniable superiority of the German Popish Priests, and the greater liberty of the Popish services through a considerable part of Germany, are owing to the fact that the different Governments have insisted that none shall go to be schooled theologically in preparation for the priesthood, who have not first received, as citizens, subjects, and men, a capital intellectual training. Whereas Popery, as a system, aims at destroying individuality and true manhood. It deals with man's noblest faculties as the Chinese women with their feet. It enslaves, benumbs, and tramples under foot man's proper conscience, his individual sense of relation and responsibility to God. Lutheranism, on the whole, helps forward the development of the human race, even though it be, in some instances, by the unhappy means of training men in schools of sadly too confident criticism and unbelief. For there is real thought and argument in much of its scepticism; there is an element of truth, of which a proud or a too implicitly believing orthodoxy had taken too little account, even in many of its objections to revelation and to particular parts of Scripture or doctrines of the Christian faith. Hence the permanent body of close and sifting thought, and eventually of established truth, for the world, and for all time, has been undoubtedly augmented by the struggles through which the Christian Church has passed in Germany. The human mind is much the richer, and in the end, we cannot doubt, the race will be the better for them. But Popery, on the contrary, puts an arrest on human progress, binds the intellect in swaddling bands, unmans its slaves, and is therefore a retrograde power in the world. Neither, in its opposition to the truth, does it wrestle as a man with his fellow; but it employs craft, surprise, and sudden violence, like a savage or an inferior animal. In every way, pure and true Popery tends to barbarism.

It must also be remembered that if Lutheranism has made many dogmatic and bigoted confessionalists, of these we cannot deny that some, with all their faults of character, have been true Christians; and that others, with all their intellectual deficiencies, have been powerful thinkers and most serviceable scholars. To the latter class, in particular, belonged the celebrated Centuriators of Magdeburg, of whom Flacius Illyricus was one. And, again, if, besides these, and in opposition to them, Lutheranism has been the means of provoking many to unbelief, it is not less true that there has been a nobler and better succession of opponents to mere dogmatic orthodoxy in such men as Melancthon, Strigelius, Calixtus, Spener, Bengel, Franke, in former times; and as Olshausen and Stier, in modern days.

Nor has Lutheranism alone suffered from the desolating influence of infidelity. The Reformed Churches of Germany, so far as they were under the influence of similar causes and conditions, have felt the like consequences, though, as having a freer development of Church life, and confessional standards of a milder and less difficult character, not to the same degree. Wherever, indeed, an intolerant State-Churchism and confessionalism prevailed, whatever the discipline or confession of the Church might be, formalism and infidelity could not fail to grow up under the deathly shade of the true political Antichrist. The proof of this has been given in every country of old historical Christendom. Britain has surely furnished its full share of demonstration. Nevertheless in Lutheran countries the evil has taken a deeper root; and overspread a wider surface, than in other Protestant lands. At this present moment, Lutheran Germany, as a whole, is fearfully infidel and immoral. It is true that there has been, in these countries, apparently a general and thorough return on the part of leading theologians and university authorities to strict confessional orthodoxy. But, in our judgment, this is not a safe or favourable symptom. The unbelief of the masses is not cured thereby; Christian life and Church freedom for the people at large are not promoted. On the contrary, such a movement is much more likely, accompanied as it is with all High-Church and semi-Popish pretensions and tendencies, to confirm the moral and intellectual alienation of the people from the doctrines and worship of the Church. The cause of this reaction is as much political as religious. Affrighted and aghast at the sight of the abyss of revolutionary tendencies disclosed by the convulsions of 1848, men have fled from the dangers of egoistic speculation and radical unbelief for refuge to the politics of absolutism and to confessional orthodoxy. At that epoch they discovered that the 'Transcendentalism which deified self, while it blasphemed God and denied the Bible, was *unsafe*; that it was a lawless, terrible enemy in the commonwealth, needing to be bound and fettered. They were taught that the fear of God was the only foundation for the regard of man, and a belief in the Bible the only sure basis of morality. The 'veiled prophet' of mystical unbelief appeared in his true features, and was seen to be the demon that he was. Terrified at the sight, men high in authority, or with much to lose, changed their fashion of unbelief—for with many it had been but a fashion—for a certain sort of slavish faith, which, breathless and unhalting, never stopped,—for it could not know where to stop,—until it had reached the goal of prescriptive State-and-Church belief. We are informed that many of the present unflinching zealots for high Lutheranism were, but a few years ago, out-and-out rationalists or transcendentalists. And the University of Leipsic, the Oxford of strictly Lutheran

Saxony, having long been a centre of unmitigated infidelity, has very lately returned to that high dogmatic Lutheranism which distinguished it in the seventeenth century. What can be the effect of this but a reproduction of the very evils from which these neophyte Church zealots wish to escape, evils in themselves mainly due to the absolutism and bigotry of former ages? Nothing can be imagined more dangerous than to attempt thus to 'heal slightly' the spiritual wounds of Germany. Throughout the region of south-western Germany, where the Reformed Churches have most flourished, it is comforting to know that the prospects are much more encouraging. Christian life is there taking hold of the congregations; and some beginnings have been made towards the establishment of Christian discipline and free Church action.

We may distinguish three periods in the history of German Protestantism. The first may be loosely described as extending for a century and a half after the death of Luther, *i. e.*, till about the year 1700. The general character of this period is thus described by Dr. Krummacher, in the Essay which he read in London at the Evangelical Alliance Meeting of 1851:—

'The period of formal stagnation and blind orthodoxy entered the Church. The flag of truth widely unfolded itself; but there was neither bloom nor blossom under its shade. The lights of knowledge shone clearly from the heaven of the Church, but as cold stars of the north pole, and not as the bright sun, producing life, and fructifying it.'—*Religious Condition of Christendom*, vol. i., p. 416.

Then came the eighteenth century, the period of growing moral indifferentism and critical scepticism, ending in the chaos of the era of 1800. During this century, the indigenous causes which tended to engender unbelief in Germany were greatly strengthened and reinforced by influences which came over from England and France. The writings of Shaftesbury and Hume, of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Diderot, did their evil work in Germany. They found, indeed, a prepared and congenial soil. Christian life, communion, and discipline were almost universally extinct. True faith had forsaken the land. Infidelity entered and took entire possession. Thenceforward Rationalism and unbelief became the religion of Germany. No confessional barriers can keep out of office and preferment a spirit of radical unbelief. Infidelity was pensioned by the State; robed and decorated by the Church; set to expound the Scriptures and teach theology to the Clergy, and to preach moral and religious duty to the people. *The Prophets prophesied falsehood; and the Priests bare rule by their means; and the people loved to have it so.* Light and darkness, truth and falsehood, were utterly confounded.

But at length, soon after the beginning of the present cen-

tury, a better era began slowly to dawn. The Spirit of God was moving *upon the face of the waters*. The darkness that was *upon the face of the deep* was gradually mitigated. The spirits of men grew sick of endless doubt and infinite confusion. The calamities which fell upon Europe, and especially upon Germany, quenched indifferentism in blood and agony. A cry after God arose out of the depths of defeat, disgrace, and suffering. God's judgments rebuked the unbelief of Europe. The terrible excesses of France showed the fruits of atheistic infidelity. The miserable heartlessness and the degrading abjectness of conquered Germany taught true German loyalists that even patriotism is a virtue which grows only from the root of faith in God and His word of truth. So, about the time when the Prussian ladies, stung by the sorrows of their Queen, and sore with the wrongs of their native land, were devoting their gems and gold to their country's cause, and taking from their King stern iron ornaments in exchange, whose chain and fetter pattern should remind them of Prussia's bondage, till the day of her deliverance came,—about that time faith in Christianity was beginning to assert itself in Germany. *The dry land appeared*,—the chaotic waters were clearing away. At the date of 1813–1815, Schleiermacher's imperfect faith in Christ, mixed as it was with much heterodoxy, was greatly in advance of the mere heathen faith of Kant in God and morality, which had been the best philosophy of Germany in 1800, and which was certainly better than the sheer scepticism about all things human and Divine, which it supplanted.

After 1815 the Christian daylight grew apace. The soil had been prepared for a new creation. Faith and piety began to take root. Marvellous was the advance during the following thirty years. It may be measured by the distance between Schleiermacher and Stier. With the advance in evangelical faith and piety was also necessarily associated an increase in mutual love among the German Churches, both Lutheran and Reformed. But as the tares among the wheat, so with true zeal its false counterpart, bigotry, will always spring up. We have seen it so in England during the last thirty years; witness the rise of Tractarianism. And so has it been in Germany. High Confessionalism has revived. The orthodox Lutheran antipathy to the Reformed has again made itself felt. Especially has this been the case since the reaction which set in from the year 1848. And at present this is one of the great evils of German Christianity.

There are two words which will suggest nearly all that is material in the history of German Protestantism since 1815. These two words are the *Union* and the *Kirchentag*. The Union dates from the year 1817, and was the work of the late King of Prussia, Frederick William III.

'When,' says Chevalier Bünsen, 'in the year 1814, after heavy trials and arduous conflicts, Frederick William visited England, an idea ripened within him which had slumbered in his breast ever since 1808. There, for the first time, he beheld the Protestant Church under a form worthy of her; at once national and conservative, honoured, yet moderate, full of belief, yet liberal in practice. In the English Liturgy he found a service animated by a spirit of piety, and calculated to exert a living influence over its hearers, while it effectually accomplished the object of assigning to prayer its due share in public worship.'—*Signs of the Times*, p. 358.

The effect of what the King now witnessed, and of the revival within him of long-cherished ideas, was, that whilst he still remained in London, at St. James's, he sketched the outline of plans to prepare the way for the Union, and of a common Liturgy for the use of the united Church or Churches. Full of his project, Frederick William III. returned to Berlin. At this time he is said to have been greatly aided in his ecclesiastical counsels by M. Bünsen, now the famous Chevalier, then a young man of five-and-twenty, son of a pious Lutheran Minister, and fresh from his university course. And we might almost infer this from the intimate familiarity which the Chevalier shows with all the details of the *History of the Union*, as given by himself in the volume from which we have quoted, and from the tone of authority with which he speaks. The tendency of all the King's counsels, and the character of the documents which he issued, show that he was under the influence, and using the talents, of some intellect which united theological and ecclesiastical knowledge with liberal and statesmanlike views. The views of Bünsen, at that time, in reference to ecclesiastical affairs, well agreed in spirit with those of Baron Stein in political matters. How grand a future of liberty and progress might then have been forecast for Prussia; but how poor and disappointing has been the actual history!

The first-fruits of the King's purpose appeared in a royal ordinance issued in 1816, and intended to prepare the way for the Union, to the effect that Presbyters or Elders should be chosen by each congregation, who, with the Pastors, should form the Provincial Synod, in which lay Elders should sit with the Clergy. But this ordinance remained, we believe, almost entirely in abeyance until about the year 1835, when it was acted upon by the Reformed Churches of the Lower Rhine and Westphalia. In truth, the first condition of true success for such an ordinance was yet wanting, inasmuch as there was *no congregation*, (*ἐκκλησία*,) in the Christian and spiritual meaning of the word, no Church life or discipline, no organized union or communion of saints. Thus it remains almost throughout Lutheranism to this day. The congregations are as passive as in Popery, or in Anglican Episcopacy; and only Consistories rule. The Minister

simply preaches and performs. The partially successful attempt made during the last five or six years to carry out the edict of 1816 in Prussia is the only apparent exception to this rule.

It was on the 27th of September, 1817, that the royal cabinet order was issued on the subject of the Union. In this the King states that he wishes for 'a union in which the Reformed Church shall not go over to the Lutheran, nor *vice versa*, but both shall form a revived Evangelical Christian Church in the spirit of their Holy Founder;' a union which shall be 'not the product of persuasion or indifferentism,' nor one 'merely in outward form, but having its roots and vital energy in the oneness of hearts, in harmony with genuine scriptural principles.'

'In this spirit,' adds the King, 'I therefore propose to celebrate the *Tricentenary of the Reformation*' [October 30th, 1817] 'by inviting the Lutheran and Reformed Congregations of the Court and garrison of Potsdam to unite into one Evangelical and Christian Church, and partaking with them of the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and I hope that this, my own example, may have a salutary effect upon all the Protestant congregations in my land, and find universal imitation in spirit and in truth.'—*Signs of the Times*, pp. 503-4.

'The Union,' says Karl Hase, (as quoted by Bünsen,) 'fell into the King's hand like a ripe fruit.' The movement in favour of it speedily spread throughout Germany, 'except,' says the Chevalier, 'where it was checked by the higher powers.' The Union was accepted joyfully throughout Prussia, with a few partial and non-essential exceptions. It was adopted in Nassau in 1818, Rhenish Bavaria in 1819, Baden, 1821, the two Hesses in 1822, Saxe Weimar and Saxe Meiningen in 1826, and Württemberg in 1827. In this last kingdom the Union was less needed than elsewhere, which may possibly account for its late adoption. But having once been adopted, it took full possession. 'Rigid confessionalism,' says Dr. Schaff, 'finds no congenial soil in Württemberg. The Church of that country calls itself now officially no more Lutheran, but Evangelical.'

Wishing by degrees to consolidate a homogeneous United Church, the King had projected three things, to be gradually introduced: a common Church Constitutional Government, based upon the principle of congregational representation, a common Liturgy, and a common Confession. Of the ordinance of 1816, relating to the first, we have spoken. Under the influence of that reactionary and timid policy which was suggested, at first, by the fears which were excited on occasion of the political and revolutionary proceedings of the *Burschenschaft* (Students' Society) in 1817; and which, under the influence of the Holy Alliance with Russia and Austria, has never ceased since to guide the Prussian counsels, and to retard the accomplishment of reforms long promised and never denied to be in

themselves just and desirable; no attempt was made by the Government to enforce that order during the remainder of the late King's reign. But the Liturgy was issued in 1821; was submitted to revision by the Consistories in 1829; and is now, or was till recently, undergoing a second revision. The Confession of the Union was adopted, in 1846, by a General Synod summoned by the present King. It was the work of two distinguished divines, Dr. Nitzsch and Dr. Julius Müller, and was characterized by the late Julius Hare as the grandest Confession of faith in Christendom.

The new Liturgy was intended to supply what had for ages been an acknowledged want, at least in the Lutheran countries of Germany. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries certain 'modifications of the order of mass had been brought into provisional use in different provinces;' but these, though never legally abolished, had fallen into desuetude. Accordingly, in 1830, the King commanded the Protestant Churches throughout his dominions to adopt the Liturgy which had been prepared under his direction. But, unfortunately for the success of his undertaking, this new form of worship was far from giving universal satisfaction. It was, indeed, very defective. It was little else than a selection from those older forms to which we have referred, and made no provision for the congregation to take part with the Minister in the services. In this respect it differed very materially from the Anglican service which the King had witnessed in London. The Minister and the choir had all to themselves. Better this Liturgy might be than those old forms; better possibly, also, than many of the poor dead forms which, in an infidel age, had come into use in their stead; but it was not good enough, nor any way fit, for the Reformed congregations of the Wüpperthal, who could not do without freedom and life in their services. On the other hand it was offensive, on very different grounds, to the rigid Lutherans, as being adapted to suit the Reformed equally with the Lutheran doctrine, and accordingly containing no statement or implication of the dogma of consubstantiation. These true Lutheran bigots refused to use this Liturgy; and accordingly, in conformity with true Lutheran precedent, some of them were imprisoned, while their leader was banished. This is the one blot in the administration of the late King. These proceedings led to the formation of a High-Lutheran dissenting sect. They are called the 'Old Lutherans;' and were exposed to legal persecution until the accession of the present amiable and excellent King, whom we have reason to know to be a pre-eminently simple-hearted and earnest Christian, and who strongly disapproves of all compulsion in matters of religion. At his accession in 1840, he granted these dissidents full liberty of worship. They now form a distinct dissenting sect and organization.

The existence of this tolerated sect, however, has by no means drained the Union of High-Lutheran spirits. The Union, having been all but universally adopted, has become, of necessity, the National Church organization. It is accepted by the Universities, and by the Churches. It must therefore be accepted and administered by the Consistories. A High Lutheran, consequently, however much he may abhor such a fusion as has been effected, must acquiesce in it, or, of necessity, be excluded from ecclesiastical position and authority.

A few men of the High Lutheran temper might at any time, no doubt, have been found in the provincial Consistories. But they had no opportunity of effecting anything until after the political earthquakes of 1848. A royal ordinance was issued in March of that year, (but without being carried into effect, we believe, at that time,) and repeated under date of June 29th, 1850, by which a Supreme Ecclesiastical Council or Consistory (*Oberkirchenrath*) was constituted at Berlin for the kingdom of Prussia. Up to this date, since the year 1809, the King, through his Minister of Worship, had exercised a pure dictation over the Church, every parish Clergyman being designated in the official oath 'servant of the Church and State.' By the ordinance to which we have referred this state of things was altered; and to this newly-constituted Supreme Council, in connexion with the Minister of Worship, was committed the entire administration of Church affairs. The members are nominated by the King, but are under no responsibility whatever to the Prussian Chambers, or in fact to any other authority. No doubt the appointment of such a body seemed to be a step in the right direction, especially as the King particularly intrusted to it the business of preparing a plan of synodal and constitutional government for the Churches, in conformity with the ordinance of 1816. But hitherto, though something has been done towards organizing the Church in Prussia Proper, in most respects the King has found this Council a hinderance much more than a help in carrying out his purposes, and rather more than he could well manage. Stahl, Professor of Ecclesiastical Law, Crown Syndic, and Privy Councillor of Justice, also the most able and eloquent leader of the absolutist and pro-Russian party in the Prussian Upper Chamber, has been the master spirit in this powerful body. Though in a small minority, so far as his peculiar ultra-Lutheran views are concerned, his great genius and abilities, his tact and power in debate, have enabled him to use the Council very much for his own purposes. He has imported into the High Council of the Union itself a power and a party tendency essentially inimical to the very principle and purpose of the Union. His aim has been to develop confessionals, and therefore strict Lutheran, tendencies within the Union. Under pretext of protecting the Confessions, he has

procured the passing of a regulation which requires every member, whether of this High Council or of the subordinate provincial Consistories, to declare to what Confession he adheres; and which deprives those who simply declare their adhesion to the Union and its Confession of a vote in all matters affecting peculiarly either of the rival Confessions. Thus he would compel men to insist upon their mutual differences, and cashier in reference to all difficult and litigable points affecting either Confession the very men most likely to be impartial. That this requirement has practically remained for the most part a dead letter, does not deprive it of its force as an evidence of the power and designs of Stahl. The aim of this dangerous though accomplished man, who, it is said, has passed from Judaism to his present religious position through the curious transition-state of Popery, is practically to undo all that has hitherto been accomplished by the Union, and to reduce it, first, to a mere confederation of distinct communions, in order, finally, it may be feared, to absorb the Reformed Church in a renovated, adorned, and aggrandized form of strict confessional Lutheranism.

The views of Stahl in reference to confessional orthodoxy may be understood from his own statements, that 'the logical definitions of the truths essential to salvation given in the Creeds cannot be separated from the truths themselves;' and that 'the truths essential to salvation are to him living only as they are contained in the vessel of the Creeds.' If these principles are worthy of the zealots of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so is also his doctrine of 'Christian toleration,' as defined in his famous speech delivered before the 'Protestant Evangelical Association,' at Berlin, on March 29th, 1855,—the speech which mainly served to call forth, in reply, those letters from Chevalier Bünsen to Maurice Arndt, the octogenarian lyrist of Germany, which have since been collectively published, under the title of *The Signs of the Times*, and from which we have already quoted. Stahl's *Discourse on Christian Toleration* is, in fact, a very ingenious and plausible, though altogether flimsy, defence of the German principle of State intolerance in regard to all communions except the established three. These Churches Stahl regards as representative of three legitimate tendencies and requirements, all of which are to be united and harmonized in some ideal Church of the future, for which it is to be the mission of Germany to prepare the way. The first place is given to Lutheranism: but Roman Catholicism is spoken of with great respect and affection; a certain subordinate, yet not unimportant, value is allowed to the testimony borne by the less richly endowed and privileged 'Reformed Church' on behalf of the Christian functions of the congregation. But all other communions, all sects, are to be excluded

from the land. For the rest, 'the kernel of Christianity is exclusiveness;' 'toleration is the child of unbelief;' and 'the demand of freedom of conscience as a right, is a part of that work of destruction and revolution which characterizes modern science, and which menaces the tranquillity of Europe.' There can be no doubt that this discourse of Stahl's has produced a profound impression. To the King, who heard it, it was distasteful. If he had known Stahl's secret purposes in 1850, he would certainly never have made him High Ecclesiastical Councillor. But up to that time he had appeared, though conservative, to be moderate. Many, it is to be feared, have been by Stahl's discourse confirmed in the bigotry which suits their own privileged position. Krummacher's speech, in the discussion upon Professor Plitt's essay on *Religious Liberty* in the Berlin Conference, contained a distinct echo of similar sentiments and sophistries. And even such illustrious men as M. Von Bethman Hollweg and the Count de Pourtalès hold—as was made evident a few years ago by their correspondence with Merle D'Aubigné, arising out of the deputation to Tuscany on the case of the Madias—views which, to be completed and made fully consistent, need to be developed into some such form as that given to his opinions by Professor Stahl. But the noble character and the political and religious sympathies of the two distinguished Prussian statesmen whom we have named, prevent them from carrying out the principles which their views imply.

In all his plans Stahl has been very powerfully aided by Hengstenberg, the commentator, than whom, except among the partisans of his own school, there is not a more unpopular man in Protestant Germany. He is said to be honest and high-minded, but haughty in carriage, and unsparingly severe and personal in controversy. He is not himself a member of the Supreme Council; but having married into a noble family, and possessing a sufficient fortune,—having been also the confidential friend and adviser of Herr Von Raumer, the Minister of Worship,—he has wielded a most powerful influence. Stahl and he are co-Professors at the University of Berlin. Bünsen's hostility to Hengstenberg seems to be yet greater than towards Stahl,—to amount, indeed, to antipathy. But this must, no doubt, be attributed in part to the Chevalier's own latitudinarianism, and has probably been heightened by Hengstenberg's strictures on his writings.

Gerlach, Raumer, Stahl, and Hengstenberg may be named as the leaders of the absolutist party in Church and State. All their sympathies in the late war were vehemently enlisted on the side of Russia. The ecclesiastical designs of Stahl and his party have, in fact, been very greatly assisted by their coincidence, in spirit and tendency, with the dominant policy in the Prussian Cabinet and Chambers. Von Bethman Hollweg, in

the Privy Council and in the Lower Chamber, himself a pious and distinguished Christian, is perhaps the most prominent leader, within Prussia, of the liberal and pro-English party. Bünsen for some time resided out of Prussia, at Heidelberg. His position at London, as Ambassador, was forfeited by his fidelity to the principles of English policy; and accordingly, as well as for the personal reasons to which we have referred, there is absolute and irreconcilable hostility between him and the party of Hengstenberg and Stahl.

The same year (1848) which saw the hurly-burly of continental revolutions, and from which also must be dated the rise of that reactionary spirit which would revive and perpetuate all the policy and traditions of the Holy Alliance, witnessed the beginning of the German *Kirchentag*, or voluntary Church Diet of Ministers and laymen deputed by the Churches of Germany. How it began at Wittenberg, over the grave of Luther, amid tears and prayers, in the early autumn of that sinful and stormy year, whose lessons, alas! seem to have been almost thrown away upon German Princes and statesmen; how it began, and how it has prospered, we have not space to tell. It has accomplished much; far more, perhaps, than could have been hoped for at first, though less than at one time it seemed as if it would accomplish. It has given an impulse to Christian life throughout Germany. It has ventilated principles and projects of great importance, and achieved some hopeful practical results. It has led many Lutherans to feel the need of congregational action and Church discipline, and some among the Reformed to desire richer devotional music and more of the *beauty of holiness* in their services. It had led in some places to the revival, after the primitive principle, of the orders of Deacons and Deaconesses, showing in the latter case how the Protestant sisterhood may wisely vie with and outdo the skill and charity of the Romanist 'Sisters of Mercy.' It has taken under its special charge the Inner Mission, at the head of which is the admirable Dr. Wichern, and which includes within its range of objects the erection and maintenance of Reformatory Institutions, the preparation and distribution of tracts, the promotion of Sabbath observance, the suppression of drunkenness and prostitution, the institution and management of Young Men's Christian Associations, including provision of libraries and lodgings for young men,* and every similar Christian charity. In these and in many such like ways has the *Kirchentag* been an incalculable blessing to Germany.

But even here the party of Stahl have wrought distraction, if not division, and produced much evil, if it were only by hinder-

* The Young Men's Christian Association at Berlin is furnished with magnificent rooms for lectures, &c., and makes provision of lodgings for fifteen hundred young men.

ing much good. Dr. Von Bethman Hollweg is the President of the *Kirchentag*, as he was the main instrument in its formation; but Dr. Stahl is the Vice-President. Such sway have the talents of Stahl and the influence of Hengstenberg in this assembly, that they have been able to hold in check its tendencies in favour of religious liberty, preserving it in a determined neutrality, when cases of odious persecution have been brought under its notice. And what is still more remarkable, the Confessionalist party succeeded in gaining the adhesion of the *Kirchentag* at Berlin, in 1853, when two thousand members were present, to the Lutheran Augsburg Confession, not the milder form (the *variata*) of 1540, but the original and strict form of 1530. It is true that the article touching the Eucharist was reserved; but yet, we cannot but judge, on the whole, that to seek the adoption of this Lutheran form by the representatives of the Reformed, more particularly when all were already united by the Confession of 1846, was a proceeding scarcely to be considered wise or generous. Had the proposal been made not at Berlin, but at Bremen, where the *Kirchentag* met in 1852, or at Elberfeld in 1851, it is not likely that, at either of these strongholds of the Reformed faith, it could have been carried; and we do not wonder at the caution which, on this occasion, was administered to Lutheran ambition by Merle D'Aubigné, who was present. Highly as we prize a definite confessional basis of union for Christians;—and some such basis there must be, if there is to be confidence;—above all, highly as we prize such a Confession when made in latitudinarian Germany; yet, reading that transaction in the light of Stahl's discourse, we cannot but lament it. It was at the same meeting that the *Kirchentag* refused to say a word against the infamous persecution of Baptists by German Protestants, though some of these cases were to the full as cruel and as aggravated as the Tuscan persecutions. In succeeding years the attitude of the Stahl-Hengstenberg party in the *Kirchentag* has become more advanced, as indicated by their incidental relations to many practical questions; and each year is likely to widen the distance between them and the liberal party of Bethman Hollweg.

On the whole, it has been manifest for several years past, that if some change could not be effected, the tendency of affairs both in the Supreme Council and in the Church Diet would be to undo the work of the Union, to alienate the most decided among the Reformed Ministers and Churches, and absorb the rest, if possible, into the Lutheran Church. The general fashion and current of the times and of political feeling set in this direction. Though, undoubtedly, the party of ecclesiastical reaction was really the minority, it was the most powerful in position and disciplined tactics, and leaned for support on the dominant party in the State. A resolute English policy on the part of the King

might have reversed this tendency; but an absolutist and pro-Russian policy promoted it. Beyond Prussia, as well as within it, the same tendency prevailed. Everywhere a semi-Popish Lutheranism, most curiously resembling our Denison High-Churchism in its doctrines and its demands, was pushing itself forward. In States where this predominated, attempts were made, as in Hessen Cassel and in Lippe, partly to repress and partly to absorb the Churches of the Reformed. Such States as Mecklenburg and Hessen Cassel plead their pure and high *Christian* character, as a reason for fining, imprisoning, and banishing, and *for refusing, on any terms, to marry*, Dissenters; while their churches are almost empty, in not a few cases communicants are entirely wanting for years together, and the illegitimate births equal or outnumber the legitimate.

Such is the general aspect of affairs throughout strictly Lutheran Germany. The King of Prussia, and lately also the King of Bavaria, with the rulers of Württemberg and Baden, and a few minor States, show a disposition to grant liberty of conscience for all. But the Clergy, the police, and the state of the law, are in some instances too strong for the deeply-principled liberality of the Prussian King. Even his power, though absolute, if he would run in the old groove of tyranny, is sometimes insufficient to prevent or to punish persecution. It may be surmised that for him, as for the nobly-disposed King of Sweden, the strain of resistance against influences with which circumstances have surrounded him, added to the oppressive burden of public care which must rest upon the head and heart of a conscientious King, whose power is practically despotic, has proved too much for his health and energy of intellect.

When the King heard, more than twelve months ago, through one of his most distinguished servants, that Sir Culling E. Eardley had thrown out the suggestion of a meeting of evangelical Christians of every denomination at Berlin, he at once and gladly embraced the idea; and the consequence was the gathering of last September. It cannot be doubted that Frederick William IV. counted upon a display and demonstration of large-hearted Christian charity and unity, on the part especially of British Christians with each other, and with the Christians of Germany, such as might add great weight and authority to his own efforts in favour of toleration and liberal concord. Almost at his wits' end, because of the perpetual thwartings of his purposes by the Stahl party, and having in vain issued cabinet order after cabinet order, to guard and to explain, to do and undo,—feeling as if, spite of all his efforts, the ground were slipping from under his feet,—he made his appeal to the liberal Christianity of both hemispheres, but particularly of Britain, to lend him its mighty moral aid. And the Address circulated and signed so extensively in this country, to

which were appended signatures of Peers and dignitaries of the Church of England, as well as of a crowd besides of Britain's best and most honoured Christians,—the reception of the Deputation which had visited Berlin by the Primate and Bishops at Lambeth Palace,—all this might well have raised his expectations. We regret to be compelled to say, that those expectations must have been signally disappointed. Why was not the Church of England worthily represented at Berlin? How grand an opportunity has her isolation lost her! Not one Bishop or high dignitary,—not one Clergyman of commanding ability or influence, except the Dean of Canterbury,—some ten or a dozen Anglican Clergy in all were there. There were Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and a few Independents, from Britain and America; many of these, truly able and admirable men. But the taunts which Stahl and Hengstenberg had uttered in relation to the Alliance were proved to be true;—the Church of England kept aloof, only Dissenters, 'sectaries,' were there in any power or numbers, and among these were a little conspicuous those against whom most of all German Churchmen are prejudiced,—Methodists and Baptists!

It would be easy to criticize the Berlin Conference unkindly. The British and Americans were perhaps, in some things, a little presuming; the Germans were doggedly exclusive. Not a house was thrown open, so far as we have heard, to the most distinguished men of the Alliance. Gentlemen who had kept open house at London and at Glasgow,—who had right gladly welcomed Krummacher and his friends to their boards,—who had fêted them and carried them to see the Scotch lakes and hills, without charge, and felt honoured by so doing,—were not even asked to call at Potsdam or Berlin on those whom they had entertained. The half-German correspondent of the *Times* may please himself with a little satire on the uncourtly ways, or the un-Parisian French, or the un-Hanoverian German of his own countrymen who visited Berlin. But English hearts would have taught them at least better manners than these. We confess we know not how to explain what we have mentioned, but we vouch for the fact.

The meetings in the *Garnison Kirche*, too, were not all that could have been desired, not all that the German programmes had seemed to promise. With one partial exception, there was nothing like discussion or free interchange of thought and feeling. Day after day, through seven long mornings, and five evening sittings, essay after essay was read, with a few speeches on set topics interspersed; but the lively debate, the fresh and stirring suggestion, the powerful outburst of mingled thought and feeling, excited by the present scene,—in a word, all that personal interest which peculiarly characterizes the meetings and discussions of the British Evangelical Alliance, or the Congregational Union, or the Wesleyan Conference and Conference

Committees, was wanting at Berlin. There was the calm depth and expanse of thought; there was, once or twice, the stately flow of eloquent and impressive words; but there was no sudden sweet gush of the heart's music, no swaying to and fro of men's spirits as the trees of the wood are moved by the wind, no brilliant jets of wit and eloquence, or strong rush of feeling. Nevertheless there were papers read, distinguished by the highest qualities of scholarship and intellect, some of which cannot fail to produce an effect both profound and salutary. And these papers were listened to with an earnest and unintermitted attention, which spoke as strongly for the intelligence of the audience as for the ability of the essayist. Professor Plitt's essay on *Religious Liberty* was as thorough-going as any Englishman could desire, and produced a marked impression upon the assembly. It was also followed by something like a free discussion. Other essays, as for instance those of Dr. Nitzsch and Dr. Schenkel, though not so direct and powerful in their teaching, implied principles in reference to Church government, Christian life, and religious liberty, very different from those which are embodied in German Church and State arrangements. And to all these essays wide circulation and weighty emphasis were given by the German newspaper press, which has never before had an opportunity, under the like sanction, of diffusing such principles. Who can calculate the benefit that must arise from this circumstance alone?

The presence of the King gave *prestige* and authority to all the proceedings of the Conference. It has invested them with dignity and emphasis not only for Germany, but for all the countries of Europe. Such an example as his must have its influence upon other Monarchs. It cannot but react favourably even upon Great Britain, though we scarcely expect to see Queen Victoria attending meetings of the Evangelical Alliance in Freemasons' or in Exeter Hall. What a 'sign of the times,' moreover, that in the self-same palace at Potsdam where, a century before, Frederick (the Great) and Voltaire used to spend the time together in scoffing and plotting against the religion of Jesus Christ, one of Frederick's successors should, as a brother and fellow Christian, no less than as a King, welcome, as his guests, nearly a thousand earnest and decided confessors of Christ!

At Berlin, moreover, were gathered not a few of the *élite* of German Christians. Among the more famous names present may be mentioned those of Nitzsch, Schenkel, Meyer, Lepsius, Kuntze, Jacobi and Moll of Halle, Plitt, Bahrdt of Würtemberg, Kapff, Krafft, Fliedner, Hoffman and Strauss of Berlin, and Krummacher of Potsdam. There would have been others of still greater eminence than some of these, if the *Kirchentag* had not been appointed to meet at Stuttgart a fortnight after the Conference, and if professional duties had not absolutely

prevented some from being present. Among the names appended to the invitation which came from Germany to the Alliance are those of Julius Müller, Stier, Herzog, and Ullmann. From countries beyond Germany, there came, among others, Merle D'Aubigné, De Préssensé, Grandpierre, Fische, Panchaud and Anet of Brussels, Dr. King of Athens, and Dr. Dwight of Constantinople. Ministers were present from Hungary and Poland, and other provinces where Protestantism is suffering under depression and opposition.

A principal feature of the Conference was the presence of the noble-hearted and kingly-looking Bünsen. His presence, however, though to us most satisfactory as an emphatic token of the King's sympathy with his English and liberal views, was by no means pleasant to all the German theologians of the *Garnison Kirche*. His rationalistic views have given great and just offence to many. But probably his liberality has offended some full as deeply and strongly. When he appeared before the King's palace at Potsdam, Merle D'Aubigné and he met and embraced with warm affection. For this the Swiss historian was called to account the following day, at the *rendezvous* of the German Ministers. D'Aubigné explained that his personal regard for Bünsen, and his admiration of his liberal sentiments and Christian spirit, implied no approval whatever of the Rationalism which has so strongly tintured his recent works.*

To Hengstenberg and Stahl the King's determination to receive the Alliance was most offensive. Having used every effort by pen and personal influence to prevent the King from adhering to his purpose, these men, at length, finding all in vain, resolved to quit the city before the sectaries and heretics should enter. Accordingly, some days prior to the opening of the Conference, they *shook off the dust of their feet*, and left Berlin. The bitterest drop in the cup of mortification they were obliged to drink, was the invitation of their antipodal opponent and personal antagonist, Bünsen. So incensed was Stahl, that he resigned his office in the *Oberkirchenrath*. A better thing could not have happened for Protestant Germany. His resignation has, we understand, been accepted; and henceforth a different spirit will rule in the High Council. At the meeting of the *Kirchentag*, a few days after the Conference, Stahl and Hengstenberg gave very evident signs of their spleen and vexation, and attempted to embarrass the party of Bethman Hollweg. But their efforts were resisted by the great majority of the Assembly, and the only result was their own defeat and humiliation. It may be hoped that the power of the absolutist party both in Church and in State has received, on the whole,

* We should state that although Bünsen was present at the Conference, on the invitation of the King, he took no part in its proceedings, and was not a member of it. This is due as much to himself as to others; for he certainly would not stand upon the doctrinal platform laid down in the invitation to the Conference.

in connexion with the Berlin Conference, 'a heavy blow and great discouragement,' and that a more English policy and more liberal counsels will hereafter prevail in Prussia. The personal sympathies of Frederick William IV., there can be no doubt, have not been altogether and only upon the side of Russia. He has had strong English predilections, in spite of his political and family connexions with Russia and Austria; and his tolerant and truly liberal views in regard to religious liberty have all along been thoroughly English. But the political exigencies of his position, and the character of the times through which he has had to pass, have thrown him, by what has to him looked like a necessity, into the hands of the absolutist and reactionary party. These alone appeared to have power to deal effectually with the difficulties which beset him. The King, with all his intelligence, accomplishments, and good feeling, has lacked the commanding force of character which might possibly have enabled him, in a season of stormy weather, to govern the vessel of the State on liberal and constitutional principles. Nor had he statesmen and an organized party on whom he could rely to perform a work so noble, but so difficult and perilous. Hence he has fallen back on the simpler principles and on the experienced statesmen of the old *régime*. But Bünsen, the eminently English statesman, has never ceased, even when he was most strongly opposed to the Court policy of Prussia, to be the cherished and highly-esteemed personal friend of the King. His recal from London implied no suspension of this friendship. Since his retirement to Heidelberg, in Baden, the King has gone out of his way, when visiting his own dominions, to pay the Chevalier a visit; and he not only invited him specially to Berlin, at the season of the late Conference, but put the royal palace and equipages at his disposal. Since then it appears that the Chevalier has been ennobled, and appointed envoy to Switzerland. All this is significant as showing the personal feeling of Frederick William. Few Monarchs have been more misunderstood and more maligned than he. For this his peculiar position, and the policy of his Cabinet, will, in part, account. But, in part also, we believe that his earnest piety has made him enemies. He confesses Christ before men; his whole course has been in conformity with the motto which is inscribed around the base-line of his palace dome: *As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord*. It is no wonder, then, if the men of the world hate him. It is possible, also, that the extreme susceptibility of feeling which distinguishes him, and makes him ready to weep or smile, according as his feelings are touched, and prompt to speak and respond on public occasions, may have given some colour for a groundless reproach. Those Christian men who have had the best opportunity of knowing him privately and intimately, concur in their testimony to the

excellence of his moral, and the simple earnestness and piety of his Christian, character.

Sir C. E. Eardley was taken ill at Berlin, and was not able to leave his house for a week or two after the close of the Conference. One of his earliest visits was paid to the King, who had invited him to a private dinner. Sir Culling excused himself from the dinner, on the ground of his indisposition, but had a long interview with him in the afternoon, of which we have been favoured to see a *memorandum* drawn up by Sir Culling immediately afterwards. It is a most interesting record of the truly Christian and brotherly intercourse of this simple-hearted Monarch with the President of the English branch of the Evangelical Alliance. One most valuable practical result was that the King made arrangements for the formation of a sort of Baptist Board at Berlin, to communicate with the Minister of Worship on all points affecting the protection and Christian rights of the German Baptists. We trust that the bigotry of Ministers of State and of the Church will not prevent this arrangement from being practically carried out. We had intended to enter at some length upon the subject of religious liberty, as at present trampled down in many parts of Germany, and misunderstood everywhere, and to show what is the one accidental, *not* essential, difference between the intolerance of Lutheranism and of Popery. But we must reserve our materials for some other occasion.

Much must depend, so far as regards the future policy and fortunes of Prussia, especially in the present condition of the King's health, on the disposition of his next brother, the Prince of Prussia, who is now Regent, and may ere long be his successor. So far as we have been able to learn, it would appear that he has neither the mental accomplishments, nor the goodness, nor the weakness, of his royal brother. But the relation in which his son stands to the Princess Royal of England will, it may be presumed, incline him favourably to regard English principles and policy. We trust that a blessing from heaven may accompany the young Princess to the noble palace which she is to occupy in Berlin. If something like British constitutionalism and Christian freedom were once established in Prussia, the odious intolerance of such Lutheran countries as Sweden and Mecklenburg, well-matched as they are on opposite sides of the Baltic channel, would ere long be compelled to give way.

A few words we must say, before we close, as to the moral and religious condition of Germany. Here there are great contrasts. Towards the south-west, amid much pleasure-loving, gay godlessness, or low-class unbelief, there are not a few regions bright and rich with the culture and fruits of genuine and personal Christianity. But the eastern and northern countries, where strict Lutheranism reigns, are almost altogether a hard and barren waste, so far as spiritual religion is concerned.

No contrast can be greater than between Würtemberg and Mecklenburg, Westphalia and Saxony, the valley of the Wüpperthal and the province of Posen, the town of Elberfeld and Stettin or Breslau. In the same kingdom of Prussia the most opposite conditions exist, according to the nature of the population and the character of the traditional Protestantism. Everywhere, indeed, it is said that the Universities (with the sole exception of Giessen) are become orthodox; and that the younger Ministers are zealous, devout, and unimpeachable in doctrine. But the word *orthodox* must be taken with a wide latitude. The late Olshausen is generally accounted both in Germany and in this country to have been tolerably orthodox for a German; yet his theology is not only tinged with a strong vein of mysticism, but is based upon a doctrine of the Trinity which is certainly neither Nicene nor Athanasian. Hengstenberg is a rigid stickler for confessional orthodoxy. He would bind all by the Confession of Augsburg. Yet it is certain that his own views as to the intermediate state would have been anathematized by the Reformers. Even Twesten retains the odour of the doctrine of Schleiermacher with which, in his early days, he was imbued. Stier is an admirable commentator, and doubtless a most spiritual Christian; yet what intelligent and careful reader of his works can believe him to be precisely what we mean by 'orthodox?' Julius Müller was among the number of the two thousand who at Berlin, in 1853, accepted so enthusiastically the Confession of Augsburg. He is a Professor in high esteem, and has many disciples. Yet his doctrine of original sin would have been rejected with horror by the early Lutherans. Ullmann is a writer greatly to be admired; but any Englishman or American who, in a *Glimpse of German Theology*, should state that he accepts what we understand by the evangelical doctrine of satisfaction, must be either ignorant or dishonest. Rothe, a Professor and Doctor, whose fame is now rising, and who in Germany expects to be considered evangelical, is a mystic of the first water, and, we fear, of dangerous tendency. Even Dörner, highly as he is thought of by good men in Germany, would, in this country, be judged to be exceedingly unsound in his doctrine as to the Incarnation and the Atonement.

We ourselves are no confessional bigots, though we adhere to the old doctrine of the Trinity, and to the teachings of Arminius and Bishop Pearson as to the atonement of Christ, and the way of justification by faith. We have long been accustomed to seek for truth in error, and to expect to find more or less of error in connexion with truth. We trust, also, that we have large charity towards those who, earnestly seeking truth in the midst of doubt, distraction, and error, have arrived at different conclusions from our own. But it answers no good end to call things by misleading names; and it should be known that German orthodoxy is so vague and nebulous a thing as to include

English heterodoxy: to say nothing of what the Scotch might regard as such. Even the signature of the *Evangelical Alliance* Basis is a small security. The ambiguity of language will prove too much for the most acute creed-makers. Julius Müller can be as little supposed to agree with all the articles of the *Evangelical Alliance* Basis, in the sense of those who drew it up and originally adopted it, as with the Confession of Augsburg. Yet his signature has been publicly appended to it. Other similar cases might be named. In fact, there can be little doubt that a considerable proportion of the German adherents of the *Evangelical Alliance* accept its basis only in a *German* and accommodated sense.

Too much, then, must not be made of the alleged return of German theologians to orthodoxy, although there *has been* a marvellous advance during the last forty years, and although this advance will bring them nearer yet to British Christians, if *it is not made too fast*, if rigid Confessionalism does not, ere long, lead to men's signing creeds and confessions merely *pro formâ*, as 'articles of peace.' Nor would we make too much of the reported zeal and orthodoxy of the younger Clergy. In many instances this is but the 'last new fashion.' The young German High-Church Clergy remind one too much of the ways of our own juvenile Tractarians. In 1851, Dr. Krummacher said in London,—

'The younger preachers, who have had the happiness to sit at the feet of believing teachers in the University, have, in several cases, slipped into the ready-made dress of orthodoxy, without having either scientifically or practically triumphed over the heterodoxy imbibed from their cradle.'—*Religious Condition of Christendom*, vol. i., p. 428.

In 1855, at Paris, the same witness, who, it will be remembered, is Court preacher at Potsdam, thus speaks:—

'Some sincere men exaggerate their pastoral authority, and claim a kind of ecclesiastical omnipotence. Others make advances towards Roman Catholicism, and become enamoured of Romish ceremonies. It must also be stated that the "believing theology" is not entirely free from Rationalism. We have Christian Ministers who pretend that the word of God is in the Bible; but that the Bible is not the word of God. Others omit in their teaching the satisfaction for sin rendered by Christ's death; the imputation to the sinner of the righteousness of Christ; the simplicity of the Cross, and the eternity of punishment. The people see this, and feel that there is no solidity in such a system. They say, the Bible is not the preacher's rock; and they no longer respect either the Bible or the preacher. Other Ministers, without believing in Him, preach Christ, merely because He is preached before the Court.....The greatest obstacle, however, to the progress of the Gospel in Germany is the opposition of religious parties. There is a party which would bring back the days of the fatal rending of the two Churches. To hear them you would be led to believe that the Reformed Church is no Church, but only a sect,' &c.—*Religious Condition of Christendom*, vol. ii., p. 292.

Assuredly, however, it is a good sign for Germany when the royal chaplain at Potsdam utters such faithful and sound words as these.

The case of Berlin, like that of London, is exceptional, and cannot be taken as a fair sample of the religious condition of the country at large. Here is concentrated much brilliant and sanctified talent, much diligent and devoted piety. Forty years ago the Gospel could hardly be said to be anywhere preached in Berlin; now it is delivered, with more or less distinctness, from many pulpits. Still the religious condition of this grand capital is deplorable in the extreme, and, on the whole, was never worse. There are 500,000 inhabitants, but there is only church accommodation for 40,000 hearers, and, except in some churches during the winter season, there is only one service on the Sunday. Not more than 30,000 out of the 500,000 can be supposed to attend Divine service. The Sabbaths are awfully profaned. A Lutheran Sunday is often worse than a Popish. Some of our readers may remember the picture of Easter Sunday and its employments which Göthe has given in his *Faust*. Luther himself had brought over from Popery very lax notions as to Sabbath observance; and his followers have gone to lengths which he was far indeed from contemplating. The theatres are open at Berlin as at Paris; and assuredly the Sunday is observed at Cologne, if not also at Paris, with far more regard to religion and worship than at Berlin.

Pastor Kuntze, of Berlin, is an accomplished and eminent Lutheran Minister. The following is his description, given at the last evening sitting of the Conference, of the religious condition of East Germany. We give it as we find it in the *News of the Churches* for October.

‘Mr. Kuntze, of Berlin, spoke on the position of the Church in East Germany. In this part of Germany, he said, the Lutheran Church was formerly in a majority. But only a remnant was now left, since the wasting tide of unbelief had set in. An old complaint of the intolerance of these Churches was not without ground, though the Government had long striven against it. Dissent had yet made little progress, even with the advantage of the present religious freedom in Prussia. There was a general complaint of the disappearance of all godliness, in place of which indifference and hostility had taken possession of the popular mind. Family life had been much undermined, as was manifest from the multitude of divorces. Drunkenness destroyed many, both in body and soul. The position of parents to children was injured by children earning money so much for themselves. Crime was on the increase. In 1854, above 7,017 perjuries were convicted in Prussia. There was not room for the prisoners, although lately eleven prisons had been built. In Berlin, a short time ago, fifteen murders and suicides had happened in one week. Unchastity was spreading as a pest through the country, though

it must be mentioned with gratitude, that some Governments had forbidden prostitution by law, and thus checked its growth. Materialism, and the love of outward enjoyment, eagerness for money, commercial frauds, increase of games of chance, marked the sad tendency of the time. The press had latterly somewhat improved; but still the great mass of newspapers, &c., were enemies to the Christian faith. Church attendance had fallen off. The average attendance on the churches was from twenty-five to thirty persons. In many places whole classes of the population, such as the mill-workers, had deserted the churches. A great drag upon congregations was, that they had no self-reliance, but expected everything from the police, or the State, or the Government. What was required above all was free Christian Churches, with proper organization. As to the spiritual aspect of different districts, congregational organization had already repaired much mischief in East and West Prussia. The revival, also, of prayer-meetings had done much good. In Posen, where many Protestants had been allured away into Catholicism, the organization of a new parish system, in late times, and the appointment of Travelling Preachers, were assisting to repair the evil. In Brandenburg there existed everywhere the utmost indifference. Cardinal Wiseman had not without reason pointed out Prussia Proper as one of the most promising fields for the combat of Romanism against Protestantism. A hundred and thirty years ago, there was but one Romish church in the Margravate, and that in Berlin. Now, there are in Berlin four Romish churches, one hospital, and a convent, and, in the neighbourhood, twenty-six stations. Saxony might be termed the province of spiritual death; where the word "Lutheranism," indeed, was still in vogue, but where no communicants could be found, even at the special visitations of the Churches. Mecklenburg had removed out of Rationalism into an extreme ecclesiasticism. Hamburg was the worst of all, where only one person in the hundred attended church on an average. In Pomerania many Churches existed as oases in the desert. Slowly but steadily were the people returning. As subjects of congratulation, there might be mentioned the activity of most of the Church governments to provide for the necessities of the time. The visitation of Churches, the movement in favour of Home Missions, the Gustavus-Adolphus Society, the *Kirchentag*, the Missions to the Jews and Heathen, had all also an excellent effect in promoting the revival of life.

In the early part of this extract we find M. Kuntze speaking of 'the present religious freedom in Prussia.' It must be remembered, however, that it is a German, not an Englishman, who uses such phraseology. Dissent is only partially and conditionally tolerated in Prussia, although more liberty is accorded there than in most of the German States.

Here, for the present, we must close. The prospect has darkened over the East of Germany, whilst we have been looking; but the light and life are spreading from the West. The fog and heavy clouds are slowly breaking up, though still they almost fill the air. A steady breeze from the shores of England may aid in their dispersion.

ART V.—*Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa, including a Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa.* By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. With Portrait, Maps, and numerous Illustrations. Murray. 1857.

WITH a brief sketch of the adventures and discoveries of Dr. Livingstone, the public have long ago been supplied by the kindness of the directors of the London Missionary Society; but the national interest in African discovery was only stimulated by that contribution, and is not even now abated. A proof of this we have in the sale of more than twenty thousand copies of an octavo volume of seven hundred pages,—a demand which is as creditable to the public taste, as it must be satisfactory to the publisher, and to Dr. Livingstone himself. And now that we are in possession of the book, so long expected, and so eagerly desired, we find, contrary to ordinary experience, that it far exceeds our sanguine anticipations, and surpasses in interest the most exciting narratives of modern travel and adventure. Our great difficulty is, how to do justice to the labours and discoveries of this great man within the ordinary limits of an article like the present. The volume contains the narrative of no less than FIVE important journeys of exploration; and in presenting to our readers a comprehensive view of these, and of their results, with as much brevity as will be consistent with definiteness and correctness of outline, we shall allow the author, as much as possible, to speak for himself. Should space permit, we purpose to add a few remarks explanatory of the importance of these extraordinary discoveries in Central South Africa, in connexion with the missionary and other civilizing agencies which in all probability will, ere long, be brought to bear upon this long-neglected portion of our world.

The author's autobiography is a gem which we should like to have set in our pages; but the space allowed to us forbids. His grandfather fell at Culloden, fighting for the Stuarts. His father, born at Ulva, one of the Western Highlands, removed to the Blantyre Cotton Works, near Glasgow, where Dr. Livingstone, at the age of ten, began to work as a piecer. The narrative of his early life is a true and remarkable history of the 'pursuit of knowledge under difficulties,' of which Scotch students especially have given us so many noble examples. By the labour of his own hands, he supported himself while attending the Medical and Greek classes in the University of Glasgow, and the Theological Lectures of Dr. Wardlaw. At length, having been admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, he offered himself to the London Missionary

Society, and was by them accepted, and sent to South Africa in the year 1840.

The years from 1840 to 1849 were spent in the discharge of the duties of a Missionary at or near Kolobeng, (25° south latitude, 25° east longitude,) situated about two hundred miles north of the Kuruman, the Station of the well-known Rev. Robert Moffat, who, in due time, became the father-in-law of our author. The quiet, unexciting routine of ordinary missionary labour in South Africa is described to the life, as our experience can testify. But this was not to be the only sphere in which, to the end of his days, our author was to serve his generation by the will of God: and thus we have to explain the circumstances which all but compelled Livingstone the Missionary to become an explorer and pioneer of discovery in South Africa. The vicinity of the emigrant Boers, their enmity to Missionaries, and their determination to shut up the native tribes in the locality of Kolobeng from all intercourse with the Cape Colony, led the thoughtful and enterprising Missionary to consider whether other positions might not be found, equally healthy, and having the additional advantage of communicating, by means of a navigable river, with the sea. He had as the Chief of his Station a man of remarkable intelligence, named Sechele, who ruled over the Bakwains, and who enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the Chief of the Makololo, Sebituane, the Napoleon of Central South Africa, whose authority was afterwards found to extend to the Zambezi, and beyond as far as 14° south latitude. Sechele appreciated and sympathized with the enlarged views of his spiritual teacher. The great point was to cross the dreaded Kalahari Desert, and reach the Lake Ngami, which, for half a century past, the natives had described as existing beyond, but which no native or European had as yet reached from Kolobeng. Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by Messrs. Oswell and Murray, commenced the *first* of his exploratory journeys on the 1st of June, 1849, skirting the Desert as far as possible, rather than passing through it. It is described as 'by no means destitute of vegetation and inhabitants; for it is covered with grass and a great variety of creeping plants.' It has, however, no running water, and very little in wells. Travellers have to depend upon the wild water melon for liquid support for their cattle, &c. A journey of two months over this arid plain was followed by the discovery, first of the Zouga River, which flows from Lake Ngami, and on the 1st of August, 1849, by the discovery of the lake itself. In the *second* journey to the lake, which commenced April, 1850, Dr. Livingstone was accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone and family, and by the Chief Sechele, hoping to be able to pass beyond, and visit the Chief of the Makololo, Sebituane: but the fever which afflicted his children prevented the farther

prosecution of his journey. He had so far accomplished the crossing of the Desert, hitherto deemed impracticable, and had found a noble river, and a fresh-water lake. The river is a fine stream, running through a fertile country, sufficient of itself to vindicate the character of the central plateau of Southern Africa from the reproach of barrenness. The lake is shallow, and is from seventy to one hundred miles in circumference. From Kolobeng to Lake Ngami is a gradual descent of two thousand feet; and this lake and its rivers are, in fact, the beginning of the basin of the great river system of the central plateau of Southern Africa, which is here nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Beyond the lake, large tracts of country are annually inundated by the tropical rains, and the lake and its rivers form the extreme southern drainage of this river district. The inhabitants of this part of South Africa, called Bakoba, are 'the Quakers of the body politic in Africa,' always submitting to their warlike neighbours, navigating the rivers in their rude canoes, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, and forming a nation of inland sailors, in this respect resembling other tribes residing near the rivers of this part of South Africa, as Dr. Livingstone afterwards discovered, and differing from the Kafir tribes nearer the Cape Colony.

The *third* journey, in which Dr. Livingstone was accompanied by Mr. Oswell, and by his own family, commenced in the spring of 1851. The route followed was directly north, leaving the lake to the westward. Great sufferings were endured from the absence of water; and when they reached the Mababe River, other troubles awaited them. The oxen were bitten by the poisonous fly *tsetse*, an insect which is also found on the banks of the Limpopo River, which runs into Delagoa Bay. Many traders and explorers from the Cape have suffered from this little nuisance. In all cases the bite is fatal to oxen and horses, while human beings, wild animals, the ass, the mule, and the goat, escape with impunity. We must copy the description of this insignificant yet formidable insect, which was found by Dr. Barth in and near Lake Tshad, has been noticed by travellers in Abyssinia, and is, perhaps, alluded to by the Prophet Isaiah (vii. 18).

'It is not much larger than the common house-fly, and is nearly of the same brown colour as the common honey-bee; the after part of the body has three or four yellow bars across it; the wings project beyond this part considerably, and it is remarkably alert, avoiding most dexterously all attempts to capture it with the hand, at common temperatures; in the cool of the mornings and evenings it is less agile. Its peculiar buzz when once heard can never be forgotten by the traveller whose means of locomotion are domestic animals; for it is well known that the bite of this poisonous insect is certain death to the ox, horse, and dog. In this journey, though we were not

aware of any great number having at any time lighted on our cattle, we lost forty-three fine oxen by its bite. We watched the animals carefully, and believe that not a score of flies were ever upon them.

'A most remarkable feature in the bite of the tsetse is its perfect harmlessness in man and wild animals, and even calves so long as they continue to suck the cows. We never experienced the slightest injury from them ourselves, personally, although we lived two months in their *habitat*, which was in this case as sharply defined as in many others; for the south bank of the Chobe was infested by them, and the northern bank, where our cattle were placed, only fifty yards distant, contained not a single specimen. This was the more remarkable, as we often saw natives carrying over raw meat to the opposite bank with many tsetse settled upon it.'—Pp. 80, 81.

It may be that this plague of the intertropical regions of Africa has not been altogether without its compensating advantages. May it not have compelled the native tribes to become agricultural? But for this check upon the keeping of cattle, the central plains of Africa might have been occupied by tribes of wandering Negro-Tartars, instead of being crowded with nations who are all cultivators of the ground. From the Mababe, our travellers proceeded to the Chobe River, and at Simyati met with the great Chief Sebituane, who is too remarkable a man to be passed over without due notice. Notwithstanding the length of the ensuing extract, our readers will, no doubt, pardon its insertion; indeed, many will probably thank us for not attempting to abridge, and not venturing to omit, a portraiture so full of character and interest.

'Sebituane was about forty-five years of age; of a tall and wiry form, an olive or coffee-and-milk colour, and slightly bald; in manner cool and collected, and more frank in his answers than any other Chief I ever met. He was the greatest warrior ever heard of beyond the colony; for, unlike Mosilikatse, Dingaan, and others, he always led his men into battle himself. When he saw the enemy, he felt the edge of his battle-axe, and said, "Aha! it is sharp, and whoever turns his back on the enemy will feel its edge." So fleet of foot was he, that all his people knew there was no escape for the coward, as any such would be cut down without mercy. In some instances of skulking, he allowed the individual to return home; then calling him, he would say, "Ah, you prefer dying at home to dying in the field, do you? You shall have your desire." This was the signal for his immediate execution.

'He came from the country near the sources of the Likwa and Namaguri rivers in the south; so we met him eight hundred or nine hundred miles from his birth-place. He was not the son of a Chief, though related closely to the reigning family of the Basutu; and when in an attack by Sikonyele the tribe was driven out of one part, Sebituane was one in that immense horde of savages driven back by the Griquas from Kuruman in 1824. He then fled to the north with an insignificant party of men and cattle. At Melita the Bangwaketse collected the Bakwains, Bakátla, and Bahurutse, to "eat

them up." Placing his men in front, and the women behind the cattle, he routed the whole of his enemies at one blow. Having thus conquered Makábe, the Chief of the Bangwaketse, he took immediate possession of his town and all his goods.

'Sebituane subsequently settled at the place called Litubaruba, where Sechele now dwells, and his people suffered severely in one of those unrecorded attacks by white men, in which murder is committed and materials laid up in the conscience for a future judgment.

'A great variety of fortune followed him in the northern part of the Bechuana country; twice he lost all his cattle by the attacks of the Matabele, but always kept his people together, and retook more than he lost. He then crossed the Desert by nearly the same path that we did. He had captured a guide; and, as it was necessary to travel by night in order to reach water, the guide took advantage of this and gave him the slip. After marching till morning, and going as they thought right, they found themselves on the trail of the day before. Many of his cattle burst away from him in the frenzy of thirst, and rushed back to Serotli, then a large piece of water, and to Mashüe and Lopépe, the habitations of their original owners. He stocked himself again among the Batletli, on Lake Kumadau, whose herds were of the large-horned species of cattle.* Conquering all around the lake, he heard of white men living at the west coast; and haunted by what seems to have been the dream of his whole life, a desire to have intercourse with the white man, he passed away to the south-west, into the parts opened up lately by Messrs. Galton and Andersson. There, suffering intensely from thirst, he and his party came to a small well. He decided that the men, not the cattle, should drink it, the former being of most value, as they could fight for more, should these be lost.' In the morning they found the cattle had escaped to the Damarás.

'Returning to the north poorer than he started, he ascended the Teoughe to the hill Sorila, and crossed over a swampy country to the eastwards. Pursuing his course onwards to the low-lying basin of the Leeambye, he saw that it presented no attraction to a pastoral tribe like his; so he moved down that river among the Bashubia and Batoka, who were then living in all their glory. His narrative resembled closely the *Commentaries of Cæsar*, and the history of the British in India. He was always forced to attack the different tribes, and to this day his men justify every step he took, as perfectly just and right. The Batoka lived on large islands in the Leeambye, or Zambesi; and, feeling perfectly secure in their fastnesses, often allured fugitive or wandering tribes on to uninhabited islets on pretence of ferrying them across, and there left them to perish for the sake of their goods. Sekomi, the Chief of the Bamangwato, was, when a child, in danger of meeting this fate; but a man still living had compassion on him, and enabled his mother to escape with him by night. The river is so large, that the sharpest eye cannot tell the difference between an island and the bend of the opposite bank; but Sebituane,

* 'We found the Bataúana in possession of this breed when we discovered Lake Ngami. One of these horns, brought to England by Major Vardon, will hold no less than twenty-one imperial pints of water; and a pair, brought by Mr. Oswell, and now in the possession of Colonel Steele, measures from tip to tip eight and a half feet.'

with his usual foresight, requested the island Chief who ferried him across to take his seat in the canoe with him, and detained him by his side till all his people and cattle were safely landed. The whole Batoka country was then densely peopled, and they had a curious taste for ornamenting their villages with the skulls of strangers. When Sebituane appeared near the great falls, an immense army collected to make trophies of the Makololo skulls; but instead of succeeding in this they gave him a good excuse for conquering them, and capturing so many cattle that his people were quite incapable of taking any note of the sheep and goats. He overran all the high lands towards the Kafue, and settled in what is called a pastoral country, of gently undulating plains, covered with short grass and but little forest. The Makololo have never lost their love for this fine healthy region.

But the Matebele, a Kaffir or Zulu tribe, under Mosilikatse, crossed the Zambesi; and, attacking Sebituane in this choice spot, captured his cattle and women. Rallying his men, he followed and re-captured the whole. A fresh attack was also repulsed, and Sebituane thought of going further down the Zambesi, to the country of the white men. He had an idea, whence imbibed I never could learn, that if he had a cannon he might live in peace. He had led a life of war, yet no one apparently desired peace more than he did. A prophet induced him to turn his face again to the westward. This man, by name Tlapane, was called a 'senoga,'—one who holds intercourse with the gods. He probably had a touch of insanity; for he was in the habit of retiring no one knew whither, but perhaps into some cave, to remain in a hypnotic or mesmeric state until the moon was full. Then, returning to the tribe quite emaciated, he excited himself, as others do who pretend to the prophetic *afflatus*, until he was in a state of ecstasy. These pretended prophets commence their operations by violent action of the voluntary muscles. Stamping, leaping, and shouting in a peculiarly violent manner, or beating the ground with a club, they induce a kind of fit, and while in it pretend that their utterances are unknown to themselves. Tlapane, pointing eastwards, said, "There, Sebituane, I behold a fire: shun it; it is a fire which may scorch thee. The gods say, Go not thither." Then, turning to the west, he said, "I see a city and a nation of black men, men of the water; their cattle are red; thine own tribe, Sebituane, is perishing, and will be all consumed; thou wilt govern black men, and, when thy warriors have captured red cattle, let not the owners be killed; they are thy future tribe, they are thy city; let them be spared to cause thee to build. And thou, Ramosinii, thy village will perish utterly. If Mokari removes from that village, he will perish first, and thou, Ramosinii, wilt be the last to die." Concerning himself, he added, "The gods have caused other men to drink water, but to me they have given bitter water of the *chukuru* (rhinoceros). They call me away myself. I cannot stay much longer."

This vaticination, which loses much in the translation, I have given rather fully, as it shows an observant mind. The policy recommended was wise, and the deaths of the "senoga" and of the two men he had named, added to the destruction of their village, having all happened soon after, it is not wonderful that Sebituane followed implicitly the

warning voice. The fire pointed to was evidently the Portuguese fire-arms, of which he must have heard. The black men referred to were the Barotse, or, as they term themselves, Baloiána; and Sebituane spared their Chiefs, even though they attacked him first. He had ascended the Barotse valley, but was pursued by the Matebele, as Mosilikatse never could forgive his former defeats. They came up the river in a very large body. Sebituane placed some goats on one of the large islands of the Zambesi, as a bait to the warriors, and some men in canoes to co-operate in the manœuvre. When they were all ferried over to the island, the canoes were removed, and the Matebele found themselves completely in a trap, being perfectly unable to swim. They subsisted for some time on the roots of grass after the goats were eaten, but gradually became so emaciated, that, when the Makololo landed, they had only to perform the part of executioners on the adults, and to adopt the rest into their own tribe. Afterwards Mosilikatse was goaded on by his warriors to revenge this loss; so he sent an immense army, carrying canoes with them, in order that no such mishap might occur again. Sebituane had by this time incorporated the Barotse, and taught his young men to manage canoes; so he went from island to island, and watched the Matebele on the mainland so closely that they could not use their canoes to cross the river anywhere without parting their forces. At last all the Makololo and their cattle were collected on the island of Loyélo; and lay all around, keeping watch night and day over the enemy. After some time spent in this way, Sebituane went in a canoe towards them, and, addressing them by an interpreter, asked why they wished to kill him; he had never attacked them, never harmed their Chief: "Au!" he continued, "the guilt is on your side." The Matebele made no reply; but the Makololo next day saw the canoes they had carried so far, lying smashed, and the owners gone. They returned towards their own country, and fever, famine, and the Batoka completed their destruction; only five men returned to Mosilikatse.

Sebituane had now not only conquered all the black tribes over an immense tract of country, but had made himself dreaded even by the terrible Mosilikatse. He never could trust this ferocious Chief, however; and, as the Batoka on the islands had been guilty of ferrying his enemies across the Zambesi, he made a rapid descent upon them, and swept them all out of their island fastnesses. He thus unwittingly performed a good service to the country, by completely breaking down the old system which prevented trade from penetrating into the great central valley. Of the Chiefs who escaped, he said, "They love Mosilikatse, let them live with him: the Zambesi is my line of defence;" and men were placed all along it as sentinels. When he heard of our wish to visit him, he did all he could to assist our approach. Sechele, Sekomi, and Lechulatebe, owed their lives to his clemency; and the latter might have paid dearly for his obstructiveness. Sebituane knew everything that happened in the country; for he had the art of gaining the affections both of his own people and of strangers. When a party of poor men came to his town to sell their hoes or skins, no matter how ungainly they might be, he soon knew them all. A company of these indigent strangers, sitting far apart from the Makololo gentlemen around the Chief, would be surprised to

see him come alone to them, and, sitting down, inquire if they were hungry. He would order an attendant to bring meal, milk, and honey, and, mixing them in their sight in order to remove any suspicion from their minds, make them feast, perhaps for the first time in their lives, on a lordly dish. Delighted beyond measure with his affability and liberality, they felt their hearts warm towards him, and gave him all the information in their power; and as he never allowed a party of strangers to go away without giving every one of them, servants and all, a present, his praises were sounded far and wide. "He has a heart! he is wise!" were the usual expressions we heard before we saw him.

'He was much pleased with the proof of confidence we had shown in bringing our children, and promised to take us to see his country, so that we might choose a part in which to locate ourselves. Our plan was, that I should remain in the pursuit of my objects as a Missionary, while Mr. Oswell explored the Zambesi to the east. Poor Sebituane, however, just after realizing what he had so long ardently desired, fell sick of inflammation of the lungs, which originated in and extended from an old wound, got at Melita. I saw his danger; but, being a stranger, I feared to treat him medically, lest, in the event of his death, I should be blamed by his people. I mentioned this to one of his Doctors, who said, "Your fear is prudent and wise; this people would blame you." He had been cured of this complaint during the year before by the Barotse making a large number of free incisions in the chest. The Makololo Doctors, on the other hand, now scarcely cut the skin. On the Sunday afternoon in which he died, when our usual religious service was over, I visited him with my little boy Robert. "Come near," said Sebituane, "and see if I am any longer a man; I am done." He was thus sensible of the dangerous nature of his disease: so I ventured to assent, and added a single sentence regarding hope after death. "Why do you speak of death?" said one of a relay of fresh Doctors; "Sebituane will never die." If I had persisted, the impression would have been produced that by speaking about it I wished him to die. After sitting with him some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, I rose to depart, when the dying Chieftain, raising himself up a little from his prone position, called a servant, and said, "Take Robert to Maunku," (one of his wives,) "and tell her to give him some milk." These were the last words of Sebituane.

'We were not informed of his death until the next day. The burial of a Bechuana Chief takes place in his cattle-pen, and all the cattle are driven for an hour or two around and over the grave, so that it may be quite obliterated. We went and spoke to the people, advising them to keep together and support the heir. They took this kindly; and in turn told us not to be alarmed, for they would not think of ascribing the death of their Chief to us; that Sebituane had just gone the way of his fathers; and though the father had gone, he had left children, and they hoped that we would be as friendly to his children as we intended to have been to himself.

'He was decidedly the best specimen of a native Chief I ever met. I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man before; and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of

which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realize somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep dark question of what is to become of such as he, must, however, be left where we find it, believing that, assuredly, the "Judge of all the earth will do right."—Pp. 84-90.

The death of Sebituane occasioned some delay; but on receiving permission from his successor to visit any part of the country, Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Oswell proceeded one hundred and thirty miles in a north-easterly direction to Sesheke; and there, in the end of June, 1851, 'we were rewarded,' writes Dr. Livingstone, 'by the discovery of the Zambezi in the centre of the continent. We saw it at the end of the dry season, at a time when the river is about at its lowest; and yet there was a breadth of from three hundred to four hundred yards of deep flowing water. Mr. Oswell said he had never seen such a fine river even in India. At the period of its annual inundation it rises full twenty feet in perpendicular height, and floods fifteen or twenty miles of lands adjacent to its banks.' The country between the Chobe and the Zambezi is occasionally flooded, and abounds in swamps; but these are the favourite localities with the Makololo, as they form a formidable line of defence against the Matebele under Mosilikatzi. But such a country was unsuited for the residence of Europeans. It was desirable to look beyond for a healthy site; and the fact that the slave-trade had already reached this part of Africa the preceding year, was an additional stimulus to the enterprise. These slavers were Mambari men, from Bihe, a country about two hundred miles east of Benguela.

'In talking with my companion over these matters, the idea was suggested that, if the slave-market were supplied with articles of European manufacture by legitimate commerce, the trade in slaves would become impossible. It seemed more feasible to give the goods, for which the people now part with their servants, in exchange for ivory and other products of the country, and thus prevent the trade at the beginning, than try to put a stop to it at any of the subsequent steps. This could only be effected by establishing a highway from the coast into the centre of the country.

'As there was no hope of the Boers allowing the peaceable instruction of the natives at Kolobeng, I at once resolved to save my family from exposure to this unhealthy region by sending them to England, and to return alone, with a view to exploring the country in search of a healthy district that might prove a centre of civilization, and open up the interior by a path to either the east or west coast. This resolution led me down to the Cape in April, 1852, being the first time during eleven years that I had visited the scenes of civilization.'

—Page 92.

'Having placed my family on board a homeward-bound ship, and promised to rejoin them in two years, we parted, for, as it subsequently proved, nearly five years. The directors of the London

Missionary Society signified their cordial approval of my project, by leaving the matter entirely to my own discretion; and I have much pleasure in acknowledging my obligations to the gentlemen composing that body for always acting in an enlightened spirit, and with as much liberality as their constitution would allow.'—Page 93.

The *fourth* journey of Dr. Livingstone, from Cape Town to Loanda, in the Portuguese colony of Angola, commenced on the 8th of June, 1852. While he was travelling slowly through the Cape colony, the emigrant Boers attacked the Chief Sechele, and destroyed the Mission Station at Kolobeng. The Missionary was then free from any pastoral charge, the door was closed against any further labours in that quarter, and he was at liberty to pursue his grand scheme of opening a path from the interior to the sea-coasts for Christianity and for commerce. He reached Linyati on the 23rd of May, 1853, made an experimental journey up the Leeambye River (another name for the Zambezi) as far as the junction with the Leeba, (14° 11' south latitude,) and then returned to Linyati. After some time spent in making arrangements for his journey, he left Linyati, November 11th, with a party of twenty-seven natives. Dr. Livingstone imagined that as the Coanza River, which empties itself into the Atlantic in the Portuguese territory of Angola, was placed in a Portuguese map as rising from the very centre of the continent, in latitude 9° south, he should not be far from it when he had ascended the Leeba (latitude 14° 11' south) a few degrees, and would then find no difficulty in following it down to the coast near Loanda. 'This,' he remarks, 'was the logical deduction; but as is the case with many a plausible theory, one of the premises was decidedly defective.' The outfit for this journey was scant enough.

'I had three muskets for my people, a rifle and double-barrelled smooth bore for myself; and, having seen such great abundance of game in my visit to the Leeba, I imagined that I could easily supply the wants of my party. Wishing also to avoid the discouragement which would naturally be felt on meeting any obstacles if my companions were obliged to carry heavy loads, I took only a few biscuits, a few pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty of coffee, which, as the Arabs find, though used without either milk or sugar, is a most refreshing beverage after fatigue or exposure to the sun. We carried one small tin canister, about fifteen inches square, filled with spare shirting, trowsers, and shoes, to be used when we reached civilized life, and others in a bag, which were expected to wear out on the way; another of the same size for medicines; and a third for books, my stock being a Nautical Almanac, Thomson's Logarithm Tables, and a Bible; a fourth box contained a magic lantern, which we found of much use. The sextant and artificial horizon, thermometer and compasses, were carried apart. My ammunition was distributed in portions through the whole luggage, so that, if an accident should befall one part, we could still have others to fall back upon. Our

chief hopes for food were upon that; but in case of failure I took about twenty pounds of beads, worth forty shillings, which still remained of the stock I brought from Cape Town; a small gipsy tent, just sufficient to sleep in; a sheepskin mantle as a blanket, and a horse-rug as a bed. As I had always found that the art of successful travel consisted in taking as few "impedimenta" as possible, and not forgetting to carry my wits about me, the outfit was rather spare, and intended to be still more so when we should come to leave the canoes. Some would consider it injudicious to adopt this plan, but I had a secret conviction that if I did not succeed it would not be for lack of the "nicknacks" advertised as indispensable for travellers, but from want of "pluck," or because a large array of baggage excited the cupidity of the tribes through whose country we wished to pass.

'The instruments I carried, though few, were the best of their kind. A sextant, by the famed makers, Troughton and Sims of Fleet Street; a chronometer watch, with a stop to the seconds hand,—an admirable contrivance for enabling a person to take the exact time of observations: it was constructed by Dent of the Strand (61) for the Royal Geographical Society, and selected for the service by the President, Admiral Smythe, to whose judgment and kindness I am in this and other matters deeply indebted. It was pronounced by Mr. Maclear to equal most chronometers in performance. For these excellent instruments I have much pleasure in recording my obligations to my good friend Colonel Steele, and at the same time to Mr. Maclear for much of my ability to use them. Besides these, I had a thermometer by Dollond; a compass from the Cape Observatory, and a small pocket one in addition; a good small telescope with a stand capable of being screwed into a tree.'—Pp. 230, 231.

We cannot detail the particulars of the canoe voyage up the Leeambye through the fertile valley of the Barotse, which 'is as capable of supporting millions of inhabitants as it is of its thousands.' The river abounds in hippopotami and alligators. At the confluence of the Leeba and the Makondo, (13½ south latitude,) a piece of a steel watch-chain of English manufacture was picked up, probably brought up by the Mambari slave-traders, of whom we have the following account:—

'These Mambari are very enterprising merchants: when they mean to trade with a town, they deliberately begin the affair by building huts, as if they knew that little business could be transacted without a liberal allowance of time for palaver. They bring Manchester goods into the heart of Africa: these cotton prints look so wonderful that the Makololo could not believe them to be the work of mortal hands. On questioning the Mambari they were answered that English manufactures came out of the sea, and beads were gathered on its shore. To Africans our cotton-mills are fairy dreams. "How can the irons spin, weave, and print so beautifully?" Our country is like what Taprobane was to our ancestors,—a strange realm of light, whence came the diamond, muslin, and peacocks. An attempt at explanation of our manufactures usually elicits the expression, "Truly! ye are gods!"'—Page 271.

Not far from Makondo, Dr. Livingstone left his canoe, and journeyed on oxback through a country like the preceding, a succession of forests and open lawns. The territory of the Makololo was left behind, and our traveller is now in the Balonda country, which is of great extent, and is governed by a powerful Chief, Matiamvo, whose vassals border upon the Portuguese possessions on both sides of the African continent. The Balonda are real Negroes; every village has its idols near to it, in this and in other respects widely differing from the Kaffir and Sichuana tribes. Human sacrifices are not uncommon, and superstition increases, and is more bloody, as we advance further north. In this journey Dr. Livingstone suffered much from scarcity of food, from its unsuitability even when procurable, and from incessant attacks of fever, which the rainy season rendered more trying. Game was scarce; the forests became more dense as they advanced, but happily without thorns. In these forests the artificial bee-hives were first observed.

'They consist of about five feet of the bark of a tree fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter. Two incisions are made right round the tree at points five feet apart, then one longitudinal slit from one of these to the other; the workman next lifts up the bark on each side of this slit, and detaches it from the trunk, taking care not to break it, until the whole comes from the tree. The elasticity of the bark makes it assume the form it had before; the slit is sewed or pegged up with wooden pins, and ends made of coiled grass-rope are inserted, one of which has a hole for the ingress of the bees in the centre, and the hive is complete. These hives are placed in a horizontal position on high trees in different parts of the forest, and in this way all the wax exported from Benguela and Loanda is collected. It is all the produce of free labour.'—Pp. 284, 285.

Beyond the Leebe, a plain of twenty miles in extent had to be crossed, covered with water ankle-deep; while to the left were the plains of the Lobale, yet more extensive, and more densely flooded (latitude 12° south). A little further to the north (in latitude 11½° south) is the watershed between the rivers which flow south and those which flow north. One small stream, the Lotembroa, between Lake Dilolo and the Kasye River, flows in opposite directions,—a novelty in physical geography. In crossing the streams which flow to the north, and from the Kasye River, the evil influence of the Mambari slave-dealers is felt in the stinginess and inhospitality of the population, and in the avidity with which gunpowder was sought in payment for provisions. Attempts were made to shake the confidence of Dr. Livingstone's native attendants in his trustworthiness. The Chiboques were particularly distinguished by their incivility and opposition to the progress of the exploring party. Each tribe demanded payment for leave to pass through the country,—demands which our traveller's resources were not in a condition

to meet. The population is dense. 'To one who has observed the hard toil of the poor in old civilized countries, the state in which the inhabitants here live is one of glorious ease. The country is full of little villages. Food abounds, and very little labour is required for its cultivation: the soil is so rich that no manure is required.' On the 30th of March, the party began to descend from the high land indented by deep narrow valleys, over which they had been travelling since they began to ascend from the watershed level (in $11\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ south latitude). The descent was steep into the valley of the Quango.

'It is about a hundred miles broad, clothed with dark forest, except where the light-green grass covers meadow lands on the Quango, which here and there glances out in the sun as it wends its way to the north. The opposite side of this great valley appears like a range of lofty mountains, and the descent into it about a mile, which, measured perpendicularly, may be from a thousand to twelve hundred feet. Emerging from the gloomy forests of Londa, this magnificent prospect made us all feel as if a weight had been lifted off our eyelids.'—Page 360.

Some difficulty was found in crossing the river, one hundred and fifty yards wide and very deep; but by the friendly advice and influence of a half-caste Portuguese Sergeant of militia, the ferrymen were propitiated, and, on the 4th of April, our traveller found himself in the territory of the Bangala, called also Cassanges, who are subjects of the Portuguese Government, and happily all his difficulties with the border tribes were at an end. He arrived at Loanda on the 31st of May, 1854, where he was received with great kindness by the Portuguese authorities and population generally. He thus records his approach to that city:—

'As we were now drawing near to the sea, my companions were looking at everything in a serious light. One of them asked me if we should all have an opportunity of watching each other at Loanda. "Suppose one went for water, would the others see if he were kidnapped?" I replied, "I see what you are driving at; and if you suspect me, you may return, for I am as ignorant of Loanda as you are: but nothing will happen to you but what happens to myself. We have stood by each other hitherto, and will do so to the last." The plains adjacent to Loanda are somewhat elevated and comparatively sterile. On coming across these we first beheld the sea: my companions looked upon the boundless ocean with awe. On describing their feelings afterwards, they remarked that "we marched along with our fathers, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us, 'I am finished; there is no more of me!'" They had always imagined that the world was one extended plain without limit.'—Pp. 388, 389.

Our author's stay in ANGOLA, and his return journey, enabled him to form a tolerably correct opinion of this obscure

portion of Africa. Of its soil, and agricultural and grazing capabilities, he speaks in the highest terms. Fruit-trees and vines yield two crops annually, so also grain and vegetables. Coffee, cotton, and all the productions of the tropics, flourish with little attention from the cultivator. With the exception of Loanda, there are no towns of any importance, but only native villages. In the interior the Portuguese are not so much colonists as traders, having no European wives, but cohabiting with native women. The trade is carried on by means of native agents sent into the interior; and the main articles purchased with European goods are wax and ivory. There are sugar manufactories; and cotton cloth in small quantities is produced by the natives, after the fashion of the ancient Egyptians. Rich magnetic iron ore of superior quality is worked for the Government. The general neglect of this fine territory by its rulers is surprising. A railway from Loanda to Massangano, (on the Coanza River,) and prolonged to the edge of the Cassange basin, would, in Dr. Livingstone's opinion, secure the trade of South Central Africa. The drawback to European settlers is found in the unfavourableness of tropical climates to health, and in the peculiarities of colonial mal-administration. The Roman Catholic religion seems not to have maintained its ground since the expulsion of the Jesuits by the Marquis of Pombal, as there are no Priests in the interior, and only a Bishop and three or four Priests in Loanda. The natives are pure Negroes, addicted for the most part to their ancient superstitions. Neither politically nor morally have the Portuguese retained a strong hold of their possessions, either on the western or eastern coast of South Africa. We have the following description of the capital of Angola.

'St. Paul de Loanda has been a very considerable city, but is now in a state of decay. It contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, most of whom are people of colour.* There are various evidences of its former magnificence, especially two cathedrals, one of which, once a Jesuit College, is now converted into a workshop; and in passing the other we saw with sorrow a number of oxen feeding within its stately walls. Three forts continue in a good state of repair. Many large stone houses are to be found. The palace of the Governor and government offices are commodious structures; but nearly all the houses of the native inhabitants are of wattle and daub. Trees are planted all over the town for the sake of shade; and the city presents an imposing appearance from the sea. It is provided with an effective police; and the custom-house department is extremely well managed. All parties agree in representing the

* 'From the Census of 1850-51 we find the population of this city arranged thus: 830 whites, only 160 of whom are females. This is the largest collection of whites in the country; for Angola itself contains only about 1,000 whites. There are 2,400 half-castes in Loanda, and only 120 of them slaves; and there are 9,000 blacks, more than 5,000 of whom are slaves.'

Portuguese authorities as both polite and obliging ; and if ever any inconvenience is felt by strangers visiting the port, it must be considered the fault of the system, and not of the men.

'The harbour is formed by the low sandy island of Loanda, which is inhabited by about thirteen hundred souls, upwards of six hundred of whom are industrious native fishermen, who supply the city with abundance of good fish daily. The space between it and the mainland, on which the city is built, is the station for ships. When a high south-west wind blows, the waves of the ocean dash over part of the island, and, driving large quantities of sand before them, gradually fill up the harbour. Great quantities of soil are also washed in the rainy season from the heights above the city, so that the port, which once contained water sufficient to float the largest ships close to the custom-house, is now at low water dry. The ships are compelled to anchor about a mile north of their old station. Nearly all the water consumed in Loanda is brought from the River Bengo by means of launches, the only supply that the city affords being from some deep wells of slightly brackish water. Unsuccessful attempts have been made by different Governors to finish a canal, which the Dutch, while in possession of Loanda during the seven years preceding 1648, had begun, to bring water from the River Coanza to the city. There is not a single English merchant at Loanda, and only two American. This is the more remarkable, as nearly all the commerce is carried on by means of English calico brought hither *via* Lisbon.'—Pp. 394, 395.

The return journey from Loanda to Linyanti in the Makololo country commenced on the 20th of September, 1854, in which even greater hardships and annoyances were endured than before, during the twelve months of patient persevering toil which elapsed before the arrival of the party at Linyanti, September, 1855. The generous reception they met with from their old friends was highly creditable to the better feelings of our nature, of which the black man has his fair share. In passing down the Barotse valley presents of provisions were showered upon the party ; and this liberality, as Dr. Livingstone remarks, could not be even suspected of any reference to an ample repayment in the future, as it might in the case of their forward journey ; for our travellers were now returning poor as when they set out ; yet no disappointment was expressed and no assistance denied.

During our author's long absence, the Rev. Mr. Moffat had paid a visit to Mosilikatzi, the Chief of the Matebele, and the dreaded enemy of the Makololo, and induced him to send a party of his people with certain packages of goods, as far as the south bank of the Zambezi (near the Victoria Falls). The Makololo looked with some suspicion upon this proceeding of their enemies, believing the parcels contained matter for bewitching their tribe.

'When the Matebele on the south bank called to the Makololo on the north to come over in canoes, and receive the goods sent by Moffat to "Nake," the Makololo replied, "Go along with you, we

know better than that: how could he tell Moffat to send his things here, he having gone away to the north?" The Matebele answered, "Here are the goods; we place them now before you, and if you leave them to perish, the guilt will be yours." When they had departed, the Makololo thought better of it, and, after much divination, went over with fear and trembling, and carried the packages carefully to an island in the middle of the stream; then, building a hut over them to protect them from the weather, they left them; and there I found they had remained from September, 1854, till September, 1855, in perfect safety.'—Pp. 499, 500.

Among other items of intelligence, Dr. Livingstone learnt by this opportunity, that Sir Roderick Murchison, from the study of Mr. Bain's geological map, and of other materials furnished in part by the discoveries made by our traveller and Mr. Oswald, had arrived at the same conclusion respecting the form of the African Continent as had been reached by himself in June, 1855, while near the Lake Dilolo on this his return journey from Loanda. We cannot state all our author's facts and inferences, but he clearly makes out his theory, if such it may be called, that the central plateau of South Africa (although elevated in its lowest point of depression about 2,500 feet above the level of the sea) is of far less elevation than the ranges flanking it on the east and the west. Thus, on entering this part of Africa from the east or west, there is an ascent more or less gradual or precipitous over sundry ranges which run nearly parallel with the sea, until the highest range is attained, say 5,000 feet, from which the descent is into the central plain. The western ranges were crossed by Dr. Livingstone twice in his journey to Loanda, and on his return: the eastern ranges on his journey to Quilimane. On very reasonable grounds he supposes the whole central valley from the falls of the Zambezi (Victoria Falls) to the ridge beyond Libebe westwards, to Lake Ngami and the Zonga southwards, and beyond Nchokotsa eastward, to have been one large freshwater lake, the valley of the Barotse another, a third lying beyond Masiko, and a fourth near the Orange River.

'The whole of these lakes were let out by means of cracks or fissures made in the subtending sides by the upheaval of the country. The fissure made at the Victoria Falls let out the water of this great valley, and left a small patch in what was probably its deepest portion, and is now called Lake Ngami. The Falls of Gonye furnished an outlet to the lake of the Barotse valley, and so of the other great lakes of remote times. The Congo also finds its way to the sea through a narrow fissure, and so does the Orange River in the west; while other rents made in the eastern ridge, as the Victoria Falls and those to the east of Tanganyenka, allowed the central waters to drain eastward. All the African lakes hitherto discovered are shallow, in consequence of being the mere *residua* of very much larger ancient bodies of water. There can be no doubt that this continent was, in former times, very much more copiously supplied with water than at

present, but a natural process of drainage has been going on for ages.—Pp. 527, 528.

This great lake theory serves to explain the singular network of rivers found in Central South Africa, which are laid down in Dr. Livingstone's map, partly verified by actual observation, and partly established by very respectable native authority.

We now proceed to the narrative of Dr. Livingstone's *fifth* journey, from Linyanti down the Zambezi to Tete, Senna, and Quilimane on the east coast, which appears likely to prove the most important of all his labours. It was obvious that the distance from Linyanti to Loanda, and the great break in the water passage which necessitated so long a land journey through unfriendly tribes, rendered intercourse with the west for the present all but impracticable. The choice lay between an attempt to reach Zanzibar by a route pointed out by a friendly Arab visitant, or to follow the course of the Zambezi to the eastern coast. The prospect of discovering permanent water conveyance by the Zambezi turned the scale in favour of this latter route. Sekeletu, the Makololo Chief, the successor of Sebituane, favoured the scheme, and acted with munificent liberality, for which he deserves to be celebrated among the number of princely and royal patrons of geographical discovery. He had received no return for his previous outlay in the western journey, except certain donkeys that had been brought safe from Loanda,—animals which, as they are not affected by the bite of the *tsetse*, may prove useful agents in the development of the resources of Central Africa. They commenced their residence among the Makololo with a decided public opinion in their favour. Dr. Livingstone's attendants admired their knowledge of the different kinds of plants, which, as they remarked, 'the animals had never before seen in their own country;' and 'when the donkeys indulged in their music, they startled the inhabitants more than if they had been lions.' However, nothing dismayed, Sekeletu furnished our traveller with 114 men, and a large amount of ivory, and sent with these an intelligent Chief named Sekwebu, who was well acquainted with the country along the Zambezi as far as Tete. Leaving Linyanti, on the 3rd of November, accompanied by Sekeletu, Dr. Livingstone turned aside to view the Falls of the Zambezi, (*Mosi oa tunya*, or Victoria Falls,) the position of which was pointed out by 'columns of vapour, appropriately called *smoke*, rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly as when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa.' The river here is about 1,000 yards broad, and this large body of water falls down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank: the fall is at first about 100 feet, and then the stream is suddenly compressed into a space of 15 or 20 yards, and prolonged from the left bank through thirty or forty miles of hills. Here Sekeletu returned to Linyanti, and on the 20th of November

our traveller left the river, and cut across in a north-easterly direction towards the junction of the Kafue with the Zambezi, the country gradually rising. This is the favourite country of the Makololo, consisting of elevated healthy ridges, open and yet woodland, adorned with a sufficient number of shady trees. These high eastern ranges rising 5,000 feet above the level of the sea are an important fact in connexion with future operations in Eastern and Central Africa.

'It is impossible to say how much farther to the N. these subtending ridges may stretch. There is reason to believe that, though the same general form of country obtains, they are not flanked by abrupt hills between the latitude 12° S. and the equator. The inquiry is worthy the attention of travellers. As they are known to be favourable to health, the Makololo, who had been nearly all cut off by fevers in the valley, declaring that here they never had a headache, they may even be recommended as a sanatorium for those whose enterprise leads them into Africa, either for the advancement of scientific knowledge, or for the purposes of trade or benevolence. In the case of the eastern ridge, we have water-carriage, with only one short rapid as an obstruction, right up to its base; and if a quick passage can be effected during the healthy part of the year, there would be no danger of loss of health during a long stay on these high lands afterwards. How much farther do these high ridges extend? The eastern one seems to bend in considerably towards the great falls; and the strike of the rocks indicating that, further to the N.N.E. than my investigations extend, it may not, at a few degrees of latitude beyond, be more than three hundred or three hundred and fifty miles from the coast. They at least merit inquiry; for they afford a prospect to Europeans of situations superior in point of salubrity to any of those on the coast: and so on the western side of the continent; for it is a fact that many parts in the interior of Angola, which were formerly thought to be unhealthy on account of their distance inland, have been found, as population advanced, to be the most healthy spots in the country. Did the great Niger Expedition turn back when near such a desirable position for its stricken and prostrate members?

'The distances from top to top of the ridges may be about 10° of longitude, or six hundred geographical miles. I cannot hear of a hill *on* either ridge, and there are scarcely any in the space enclosed by them. The Monakadze is the highest, but that is not more than a thousand feet above the flat valley. On account of this want of hills in the part of the country which, by gentle undulations, leads one insensibly up to an altitude of five thousand feet above the level of the sea, I have adopted the agricultural term "ridges;" for they partake very much of the character of the oblong mounds with which we are all familiar. And we shall yet see that the mountains which are met with outside these ridges, are only a low fringe, many of which are not of much greater altitude than even the bottom of the great central valley. If we leave out of view the greater breadth of the central basin at other parts, and speak only of the comparatively narrow part formed by the bend to the westward of the eastern ridge, we might say that the form of this region is a broad furrow in the

middle, with an elevated ridge about two hundred miles broad on either side, the land sloping thence, on both sides, to the sea. If I am right in believing the granite to be the cause of the elevation of this ridge, the direction in which the strike of the rocks trends to the N.N.E. may indicate that the same geological structure prevails farther north, and two or three lakes which exist in that direction, may be of exactly the same nature with Lake Ngami; having been diminished to their present size by the same kind of agency as that which formed the Falls of Victoria.—Pp. 543-5.

Half-way between the Falls and the Kafue junction, the descent was gradual to Semalembue, which has about the same elevation as Linyanti. Beyond the Makololo boundary, the population became more numerous, but was equally friendly: at the confluence of the Loangwa with the Zambezi were found the remains of an old Portuguese settlement, called by the natives Zumbo. It seems to have been well chosen as a site for commerce. Our traveller gives a brief history of this station, but our limits forbid us to extract it.

On the 17th of January, 1856, Dr. Livingstone met with a Portuguese black from Tete, and for the first time learned that the settlement was on the other, that is to say the southern, bank of the river, and that the Portuguese had been fighting with the natives for the last two years. A petty Chief named Mpende, mistaking our traveller for a Portuguese, seemed disposed to oppose his progress: convinced of his error, the remark of one of his people was, 'Ah, you must be one of the tribe that loves the black men.' Here the party were assisted to cross to the south side of the Zambezi. The Portuguese are at enmity with all the tribes north of the river as far as the Lake Maravi, but the English character is said to stand high. Some old delusions, which have for two centuries deformed the map of Africa, disappeared before the investigations of our traveller. The famous 'Emperor' of Monomotapa, of whose wealth and power such extravagancies have been written by the Portuguese historians, is a petty Chief of no great consequence among the Banyai. The Monemugi, equally celebrated, are a tribe to the north, no ways different or superior to other African tribes. Among the Banyai who inhabit the southern bank of the Zambezi, west of Tete, the women possess no small influence.

'When a young man takes a liking to a girl of another village, and the parents have no objection to the match, he is obliged to come and live at their village. He has to perform certain services for the mother-in-law, such as keeping her well supplied with firewood; and when he comes into her presence, he is obliged to sit with his knees in a bent position, as putting out his feet towards the old lady would give her great offence. If he becomes tired of living in this state of vassalage, and wishes to return to his own family, he is obliged to leave all his children behind,—they belong to the wife. This is only a more stringent enforcement of the law from which emanates the

practice which prevails so very extensively in Africa, known to Europeans as "buying wives." Such virtually it is; but it does not appear quite in that light to the actors. So many head of cattle or goats are given to the parents of the girl, "to give her up," as it is termed, *i. e.*, to forego all claim on her offspring, and allow an entire transference of her and her seed into another family. If nothing is given, the family from which she has come can claim the children as part of itself: the payment is made to sever this bond. In the case supposed, the young man has not been able to advance anything for that purpose; and, from the temptations placed here before my men, I have no doubt that some prefer to have their daughters married in that way, as it leads to the increase of their own village.'—Pp. 622, 623.

Our traveller arrived at TETE on the 3rd of February, 1856, and was kindly received by the Commandant; and as this was the unhealthy season at Quilimane, he remained with him until the following month. This settlement consists of a fort, 30 European houses, and 1,200 native huts, with a population of about 100 Europeans, chiefly soldiers, and 1,200 natives. Fine seams of coal and iron are found in the neighbourhood. Here Dr. Livingstone left most of his men, and on the 22nd of April proceeded down the Zambezi to SENNA, which he reached on the 27th. This place is 'ten times worse' than Tete; everything is in a state of ruin. The Landines, a native tribe, levy fines on the inhabitants, considering the Portuguese to be a conquered people. The revenues are not equal to the expenditure, and the officers had not been paid for four years. In approaching the delta of the Zambezi, Dr. Livingstone was seized with fever, but reached Quilimane on the 20th of May, 1856, within a few days of four years since he started from Cape Town: having thus accomplished a journey which, taking all the circumstances into account, is one of the most extraordinary ever performed by any man, and which we believe in its proximate and final results will be second in importance to none. Of the value of the Zambezi as a high road into the interior, and of our author's proposals for the rendering his discoveries beneficial to the nation and the world at large, we must allow him to speak for himself.

'If the reader has accompanied me thus far, he may perhaps be disposed to take an interest in the objects I propose to myself, should God mercifully grant me the honour of doing something more for Africa. As the highlands on the borders of the central basin are comparatively healthy, the first object seems to be to secure a permanent path thither, in order that Europeans may pass as quickly as possible through the unhealthy region near the coast. The river has not been surveyed, but at the time I came down there was abundance of water for a large vessel, and this continues to be the case during four or five months of each year. The months of low-water still admit of navigation by launches, and would permit small vessels equal

to the Thames steamers to ply with ease in the deep channel. If a steamer were sent to examine the Zambesi, I would recommend one of the lightest draught, and the months of May, June, and July, for passing through the delta; and this not so much for fear of want of water, as the danger of being grounded on a sand or mud-bank, and the health of the crew being endangered by the delay.

‘In the months referred to, no obstruction would be incurred in the channel below Tete. Twenty or thirty miles above that point we have a small rapid, of which I regret my inability to speak, as (mentioned already) I did not visit it. But taking the distance below this point, we have, in round numbers, three hundred miles of navigable river. Above this rapid we have another reach of three hundred miles, with sand, but no mud-banks in it, which brings us to the foot of the eastern ridge. Let it not, however, be thought that a vessel by going thither would return laden with ivory and gold-dust. The Portuguese of Tete pick up all the merchandise of the tribes in their vicinity; and though I came out by traversing the people with whom the Portuguese have been at war, it does not follow that it will be perfectly safe for others to go in, whose goods may be a stronger temptation to cupidity than anything I possessed. When we get beyond the hostile population mentioned, we reach a very different race. On the latter my chief hopes at present rest. All of them, however, are willing and anxious to engage in trade; and, while eager for this, none have ever been encouraged to cultivate the raw materials of commerce. Their country is well adapted for cotton; and I venture to entertain the hope that by distributing seeds of better kinds than that which is found indigenous, and stimulating the natives to cultivate it by affording them the certainty of a market for all they may produce, we may engender a feeling of mutual dependence between them and ourselves. I have a two-fold object in view; and believe that, by guiding our missionary labours so as to benefit our own country, we shall thereby more effectually and permanently benefit the heathen. Seven years were spent at Kolobeng in instructing my friends there; but the country being incapable of raising materials for exportation, when the Boers made their murderous attack and scattered the tribe for a season, none sympathized except a few Christian friends. Had the people of Kolobeng been in the habit of raising the raw materials of English commerce, the outrage would have been felt in England; or, what is more likely to have been the case, the people would have raised themselves in the scale by barter, and have become, like the Basutos of Mosheesh and people of Kuruman, possessed of fire-arms, and the Boers would never have made the attack at all. We ought to encourage the Africans to cultivate for our markets, as the most effectual means, next to the Gospel, of their elevation.

‘It is in the hope of working out this idea that I propose the formation of stations on the Zambesi beyond the Portuguese territory, but having communication through them with the coast. A chain of stations admitting of easy and speedy intercourse, such as might be formed along the flank of the eastern ridge, would be in a favourable position for carrying out the objects in view. The London Missionary Society has resolved to have a Station among the Makololo on the

north bank, and another on the south among the Matebele. The Church—Wesleyan, Baptist, and that most energetic body, the Free Church—could each find desirable locations among the Batoka and adjacent tribes. The country is so extensive there is no fear of clashing. All classes of Christians find that sectarian rancour soon dies out when they are working together among and for the real heathen. Only let the healthy locality be searched for, and fixed upon, and then there will be free scope to work in the same cause in various directions, without that loss of men which the system of Missions on the unhealthy coast entails. While respectfully submitting the plan to these influential Societies, I can positively state that, when fairly in the interior, there is perfect security for life and property among a people who will at least listen and reason.'—Pp. 674-6.

We regret that Dr. Livingstone is not to remain identified with the noble Society in whose service he has accomplished such great things for Africa: we wish that it had been possible to reconcile his strictly missionary character with the official position he is about to occupy in the grand scheme for opening the Zambezi to Christianity and commerce. His own statement is as follows:—

'While I hope to continue the same cordial co-operation and friendship which have always characterized our intercourse, various reasons induce me to withdraw from pecuniary dependence on any Society. I have done something for the heathen; but for an aged mother, who has still more sacred claims than they, I have been able to do nothing, and a continuance of the connexion would be a perpetuation of my inability to make any provision for her declining years. In addition to "Clergyman's sore throat," which partially disabled me from the work, my father's death imposed new obligations; and a fresh source of income having been opened to me without my asking, I had no hesitation in accepting what would enable me to fulfil my duty to my aged parent as well as to the heathen.'—Page 677.

Some remarks referring to the peculiar relations arising out of the positions which the Missionaries and directors of Missionary Societies occupy towards each other, are in our opinion quite unworthy of our author. Men of great piety and zeal, though perhaps not possessing the extraordinary enterprise and scientific knowledge of Dr. Livingstone, have managed to labour usefully and to spend prolonged lives in the service of the London Missionary Society, without feeling themselves injured by its economical arrangements. The whole case is not given by Dr. Livingstone; for it is not exactly true that the Missionaries of the London Society in South Africa are left to subsist upon a salary of £100 a year: they have additional sums for children, and occasional grants for other purposes. Dr. Livingstone has contemplated the status of a Missionary from his point of view, and the responsible directors of Missionary Societies view the same objects from theirs. It is very natural that some little discrepancy of feeling and opinion should be

found between those who spend the money and those who have to find it. With the details of missionary toil the public are tolerably familiar, but they know comparatively little of the cares and anxieties and labours of the managers of Missionary Societies. So much by way of caution to our readers not to be misled by partial statements, which, even when they are true as far as they go, do not contain the whole truth.

After waiting nearly six weeks at Quilimane, Dr. Livingstone left on the 12th of July, in H.M. brig 'Frolic,' which had been sent to meet him from the Cape, and arrived at the Mauritius on the 12th of August, 1856. Here poor Sekwebu fell a victim to the excitement of a life so strange and of scenes so wonderful. With this painfully interesting fact the volume concludes. Dr. Livingstone arrived in England *via* the Red Sea and Egypt on the 12th of December, 1856.

We have gone through this excellent book with *almost* unalloyed satisfaction: but we are compelled to take exception to the censure cast by our author upon the British colonists on the eastern frontier of the Cape Colony, in connexion with the frequent reference made by our author to the Kaffir wars. These opinions we thought were confined to that class of partisans, who manage, in the course of a long life, neither to learn nor unlearn, and consequently remain *in statu quo*, while all the rest of mankind are progressing. Dr. Livingstone does not appear to have resided in, or even to have visited, Kaffirland, or the eastern frontier of the Cape, and can have no personal acquaintance with the affairs upon which he expresses himself so decidedly; he is merely retailing the opinions of others. We regret that even the headings of the chapters have been subjected to the influence of some pro-Kaffir advocate, who, in the table of contents of chapter iv., has made a ludicrous mistake. We read, '*Safe transit through the Caffre country during hostilities*;' when, on referring to the narrative, we are merely informed that Dr. Livingstone travelled *through the centre of the Colony*, in the twentieth month of a Kaffir war, and that he travelled '*with as little sense or sign of danger*' as if he '*had been in England*.' This is not to be wondered at, since he was not within two hundred miles of the Kaffir frontier. The impression left upon the minds of parties unacquainted with Cape localities is, that the accounts of the misery and distress occasioned by Kaffir inroads are *myths* sung by colonist bards, for the purpose of more easily taxing the credulous generosity of the parent State; and the proof alleged is, that Dr. Livingstone travelled *through the Cape Colony* while the war was raging two hundred miles off! The logic is worthy of the scandal. Had these censures occurred but once or twice, we should not have deemed them deserving a notice; but through

the volume it is repeatedly intimated that Kaffir wars are the result of the insolence and injustice of the colonists on the frontier, and are opportunities longed for by parties who desire to profit by the increased Government expenditure. These charges will be read by thousands who are not aware that they have been refuted in Parliamentary papers, to say nothing of other less bulky productions of the press. In common justice, we feel it right to state, that the frontier colonists of the Cape have been, since 1834, the victims of three Kaffir wars, fearfully destructive of life and property, for which they have received no compensation and little sympathy. We have witnessed one Kaffir inroad upon the Colony, and our heart bleeds at the reminiscence of the wide-spread desolation, misery, and ruin. After twenty years of bootless experiments in systems of frontier policy, as if to ascertain with how little wisdom or manliness a Colony might be governed short of actual ruin, our legislators have at last returned substantially to the admirable arrangements made in 1836 by Sir Benjamin D'Urban, and Colonel (now Sir Harry) Smith. The intermediate experiments have, however, cost the British Government about five millions sterling; and the colonists and the natives have had their fair share of loss of property and life. There is scarcely a family on the frontier which has not lost some of its members in these border wars. We regret that at this time, when even such an intractable thing as a Cape Colonial Government is beginning to learn wisdom, a distinguished traveller like Dr. Livingstone should be betrayed by one-sided representations into censures upon the frontier colonists, who, as a community, are second in intelligence, philanthropy, and moral worth, to none in the world.

We looked for some information respecting the languages spoken by the Balonda, and by the various tribes in and near Angola, and along the Zambezi. Dr. Livingstone passed through the country in which the Bunda language is spoken, a language which evidently belongs to the Kaffir family. We suppose that the Balonda people speak a dialect of this language, or some tongue which may be a connecting link between the Kaffir family and other languages of Central or Western Africa. We are curious to know whether the tribes on the Zambezi and beyond speak languages which, in their grammatical structure, resemble the Kaffir. We know that as far as Mombas, traces of the Kaffir and Sichuana languages are observable in the vocabularies of the various tribes, according to the report of travellers. From Dr. Livingstone we should have had a sensible matter-of-fact statement on these points, which we could have understood; he would have told us what we want to know, namely, how verbs are conjugated, nouns declined, adjectives compared, and sentences arranged:

he would not have attempted to travestie the philosophy of 'Varronianus,' or 'The New Cratylus,' by way of illustrating the accident of a barbarous tribe. We wish he had in this way given a lesson to some recent compilers of first grammars, by showing them how facts, intelligibly classified and unencumbered by speculations foreign to the purpose, are by far the most valuable contributions to philology. The state of Dr. Livingstone's health, we suppose, did not admit of these additional labours.

We cannot over-estimate the importance of Dr. Livingstone's discoveries, a sense of the value of which grows upon us, the more we reflect upon the new light we have received, and the improved position we can now take in advance of the blundering speculations into which our ignorance betrayed us a few years ago. (1.) The fact that within two or three hundred miles of the East and West Coasts of Africa, there are elevated ridges rising five thousand feet, more or less, above the level of the sea, and embracing a large extent of country in which Europeans may live in perfect health and vigour even within the tropics, as in Abyssinia, had long been surmised, but is now placed beyond doubt. Here Mission stations, trading settlements, and even European colonies, may in process of time be formed, all labouring to develop the resources of Central Africa, and to impart to its dark millions the blessings of Christianity and civilization. (2.) The light thrown upon the singular river system of the central plateau of Africa is suggestive of the future use to which this curious network of rivers may be applied. Already it is obvious that by the Zambezi there is a highway into the heart of Africa, notwithstanding the falls which may necessitate occasional portages, as in the Hudson Bay Territory. By the rivers which flow westward or northward, near the Portuguese territory of Angola, there is communication between the West Coast and the interior. The Kasai and Quango are supposed to flow northward into the Zaire, and by occasional portages would open a large extent of country to commerce. Other rivers connected with the Zambezi, or with the Lakes Maravi and Taganyika, far to the north-east, may be navigable at least for canoes as far as the source of the Nile; and it is probable, from the appearance of the central plateau, and the direction taken by its water-course, that rivers which flow farther northward will facilitate access to Soudan and Darfur, and the Lake Tshad. Dr. Barth (in his third volume) describes the country south of the lake as level, abounding in rivers, which at certain seasons overflow their banks, leaving marshes and swamps similar to those on the Chobe, Leeambye, and Leebea. It is probable that from the water-shed near the Lake Dilolo in $11\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ south latitude, as far as the latitude of Lake Tshad, a distance of fifteen hundred miles,

the fall from the level of Lake Dilolo (four thousand five hundred feet) to that of the latter lake (Tshad), which is one thousand feet above the sea, is continuous, and uninterrupted by any lofty mountain ranges. If so, we may expect to find lakes and river systems connected with them, until we reach the Nile and the Niger. These rivers will form the easiest and most natural channels of commerce and civilization; and surely British enterprise, starting from the Niger on the one hand, and from the Zambezi on the other, will supersede the Arab pedlar in the monopoly of the trade of regions as extensive and probably as populous as the whole of Europe. Instead of a barren desert, or a range of lofty inaccessible mountains, we find Central Africa to be a land of rivers and broad streams, fertile beyond belief, and capable of producing the articles we most need, inhabited too by populations born as it were traders, and anxious for the productions of Europe. (3.) The proposal to establish Missions with the Matebele, south of the Zambezi, and with the Makololo to the north, and to open a water communication with them, and with trading marts, from the east coast by the way of the Zambezi, appears to us to be perfectly practicable, from the evidence adduced by Dr. Livingstone as to the state of the Zambezi, and from what is sufficiently obvious, the influence of Dr. Livingstone and of the Rev. Mr. Moffat with the Makololo and Matebele people and Chiefs. Positions on the Zambezi would stand on the dividing line between the Kaffir and Sichuana races and those of Negroland. Beginning with the Balonda, a great Negro power, there is no doubt a series of similar Negro states, as yet free from the influence, political and religious, of the Mahometan Arabs, as far as the neighbourhood of Darfur, Wadai, and Begarmi. What locality in Africa so important for Christian Missions and British traders? It is just half-way between Graham's Town, the capital of South-East Africa, and Abyssinia. One-half of the distance accomplished, how long will it take to pass over what remains? That cotton and other desirable products may be grown by the African tribes at a cheap rate, is beyond doubt: the greatest hinderance is the Slave Trade, and the general insecurity of life and property under barbarous Governments. We may hope that Missions and trading emporiums may exercise an influence which will in due time be felt from the least to the greatest. Sure we are that a line of Mission and commercial establishments planted inland on the healthy ridges, on the East and West Coasts of Africa, which were advocated fourteen years ago by an experienced African Missionary, would do more for the prevention of the Slave Trade, than our cruisers, which cost us half a million annually. They would appeal at once to moral influences and self-interest, the weight of which Africans can understand as well as Europeans. If the destruction of the Slave Trade be a

European object in which our nation represents the moral feeling of Christendom, surely the most effectual means would be for the nation to patronize agencies which will get to the rear of the slaver, and cut off his supplies. Time and patience will be requisite, and much outlay will have to be incurred, before any returns can be reasonably expected from the measures originated by Dr. Livingstone: but then, let it be remembered, the object in view is the development of the resources of a vast continent; and no outlay, however large, is thrown away, if it be the means of introducing us to millions of producers and customers. We consider this movement of Dr. Livingstone's for the opening of the Zambezi, and the similar undertaking of Mr. Laird's with reference to the Niger, as the 'signs of the times' pointing to Africa, and indicating that the set time to favour her is come. We trust that the friends of the Negro races, the patrons of Christian Missions, and the advocates of extended commerce and civilization, will cordially co-operate in any measures which may seem requisite to give efficiency to these noble undertakings.

Our cheerful anticipations are somewhat damped by the remembrance that there are two Dutch Republics to the north of the Cape Colony, the independence of which has been acknowledged by the British Government since the year 1853. We know not which most to lament, the infatuation of the Executive, or the supineness of the Christian public, at the time this miserable blunder was brought before the notice of Parliament. No doubt the exaggerations of misinformed philanthropy, in 1835 and following years, produced a natural reaction in the minds of our statesmen, and among the British people generally: and thus it was that the future interests of the Cape Colony, and of the native tribes beyond, were permitted to be sacrificed to suit a present convenience. The two Republics, consisting of the Orange River Sovereignty and the Trans-Vaal Boers, occupy a splendid territory from the northern frontier of the Cape as far as the ridges which are found at the sources of the streams which feed the Limpopo River, in about 24° south latitude. Free from the control of the British Government, impervious to the public opinion of the civilized world, these men are a law unto themselves, believing the black and coloured races, as the children of Ham, to be destined to perpetual servitude, and consequently hating Missionaries 'for their work's sake.' That this, with some few exceptions, is the feeling of the Boers beyond the Colony, no one can deny. To get rid of a little trouble and expense, the British Government has given up *its allies*, the Griquas, the Borolongs, the Basutus under the great Chief Moshese, and such men as Sebituane and Sechele, who are an honour to our race, to the tender mercies of their avowed enemies. To some of these tribes we were bound by

treaties, which they had faithfully kept, but which we have shamefully broken. We guarantee to the Boers the right to purchase supplies of guns and ammunition, and we bind ourselves to deny this advantage to the native tribes. For this mistake, to call it by no harsher name, the next generation of Cape colonists will suffer; and as to the native tribes, the results will be fatal to their highest interests. We, as a nation, spend half a million annually in counteracting the Slave Trade on the coasts of Africa, and we have legalized the existence of two slave States in South Africa. So much for political consistency! Slavery disguised under the name of 'apprenticeship' is the rule, free labour the exception, so far as the coloured people are concerned in these *pseudo* Dutch Republics: and regular inroads are made, on various pretences, upon the native tribes, for the sake of procuring young children to be trained as slaves. We see no limit to the extent of country over which this curse of Africa may reach, now that all British control is withdrawn; for a population of forty thousand, rapidly increasing, and which can even now muster eight thousand fighting men, all adapted by early training for native warfare, can find nothing in Africa to resist it. No time is to be lost, if we are to secure the heights of the Zambezi, and the navigation of that river, for Christianity and legitimate commerce. In a few years the Boers, unless checked by the introduction of a higher civilization, will gradually occupy the elevated ranges far to the north of their present position, and will lord it over the poor inhabitants of the plains below. They also will grow cotton and tropical productions, but it will be by the labour of slaves; and the next generation may witness a slave cotton-growing field, as extensive as that of the United States of America, established in South-Eastern Africa. If the Portuguese Government understand their interests, they will gladly second Dr. Livingstone's plans, and make use of this opportunity to establish their almost extinct settlements on the sure sound basis of a free labour and free trade policy. If Romish intrigues or other sinister influences should interfere and prevail, and the Portuguese Government prove adverse, we see no reason why the native tribes should not be appealed to, as they are *de facto* independent of Portugal or any foreign power. Without their good-will, the consent of the Portuguese Government would be of no value, and with their co-operation any opposition, from whatever source, may safely be disregarded. It is earnestly to be desired that no obsolete claim of Portugal may be permitted to interfere with the carrying out of one of the most rational and glorious enterprises of the philanthropy of the nineteenth century.

- ART. VI.—1. *Report of the Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, upon the Operation of the Common Lodging Houses Acts, 14th and 15th Vict., c. 28; and 16th and 17th Vict., c. 41.* Presented to Parliament. 1857.
2. *Dwellings of the Labouring Classes in the Metropolis.* By MAJOR-GENERAL TREMENEERE, late Superintending Engineer in the Punjaub, &c. London. 1856.
3. *The Dwellings of the Labouring Classes: their Arrangement and Construction, &c.* By HENRY ROBERTS, F.S.A. Third Edition. London. 1853.
4. *House Reform: Advice to the Labouring Classes on the Improvement of their Dwellings, &c.* By HENRY ROBERTS, F.S.A. London.
5. *The Physical Condition of the Labouring Classes resulting from the State of their Dwellings, &c.* By HENRY ROBERTS, F.S.A., &c. London. 1855.
6. *Reports on the Sanitary Condition of the City of London: being the Eighth and Ninth Reports of Dr. LETHBY.* London. 1857.
7. *The Labourer's Friend.—The Journal of the Society for improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes.* London. 1854–1857.

WE hope that in this country we are gradually doing away with the reproach that one half of the world knows not how the other half are living. By means of the various inquiries that have been set on foot by philanthropic persons, through the reports of the different officers appointed to police and other social duties, and through the agency of the public press, a vast amount of information is acquired and disseminated. The utility, and even the necessity, of such information is beginning to be generally admitted. We have no longer to *prove* that it is incumbent on those in better circumstances to regard the condition of their poorer neighbours with an active sympathy. The principle of the adage, *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*, has gained greater force with a more vital Christianity, which has aroused the few to a keener sense of their responsibility; and their movement has given an impulse to society at large. The influence thus generated has been quickened by selfish motives. Men who cared little for evils which affected others, have learned that disease may be conveyed from the dwellings of the tailor or the washerwoman in the luxurious new suit or seemingly spotless linen. It were impossible to trace out, or even to indicate, the various causes which have awakened a wide-spread interest in the condition of the people: but nevertheless it is a great and cheering fact. Social science is assuming a position worthy of the benefits which it is destined to confer

upon mankind, and a large and influential association has been formed to discuss its elements and record its discoveries.

Of the whole question one of the most interesting branches is that which embraces the consideration of the dwellings of the working classes; and it might have been assumed that this would be the branch that was most fully understood. Every district has its poorer inhabitants. In town and country alike, the abodes of rich and poor stand either in close proximity, or are united by such relations as would presume a thorough acquaintance on the part of the wealthier classes with the homes of their humbler neighbours. We believe the direct reverse to be the truth. Despite the mass of light that has been thrown upon the matter, despite the startling facts occasionally elicited, and which are made the subject of a passing comment by the press, we are persuaded that a large part of well informed persons are less acquainted with the actual condition of the dwellings of the poor, than with the general principles of social science, whether sanitary, reformatory, or educational.

Yet few subjects are more fraught with deep importance or more extensive in their bearings on the whole condition of the people. It is the amiable weakness of all persons who have enthusiastically taken up a special line to imagine that their own object exceeds all others in interest: but in sober, thoughtful reason we can imagine none of greater moment, save that highest of all human concerns, the relation of the soul to its Maker. And with this latter it is intimately connected. It is a mistake, of which we are elsewhere reaping the bitter fruits, to put civilization in the place of Christianity; but second only to this error is the neglect of civilization as the handmaid of religion. We believe that the unwearied efforts of numberless Christian hearts to promote the social and religious well-being of their fellow men are undermined and rendered useless by the condition of the homes of the working classes. The precepts inculcated in our schools are powerless before the practice which our scholars witness at home; the arguments addressed to the reason of adults, though they meet with a response at the moment, are idle in the presence of a home economy, which breaks down of necessity the last barriers of self-respect, and compels men to live like the brutes. No wonder that exhortations to temperance, soberness, and chastity, are burst, like the green withs around the limbs of Samson, before the overpowering strength of an atmosphere which is intolerable save under the use of excessive stimulants, and so induces excess in drinking,—which poisons body and mind alike in their beautiful dependence on one another; and before a system of crowding, which makes all ages and sexes to herd together in so confined a space, that decency and health are alike impossible.

The whole subject is so many-sided, and involves so many points of inquiry, that we shall be compelled to adopt a somewhat formal division. First, let us turn our attention to

I. Existing evils. Overcrowding is certainly the chief of these. Here is the authority of Dr. Simon, the man, perhaps, the best qualified in England to speak on this subject, taken from his Report for 1850.

'Courts and alleys with low, dark, filthy tenements, hemmed in on all sides by higher buildings, having no possibility of any amount of air, and (worst of all) sometimes so constructed, back to back, as to forbid the advantage of double windows, or back doors, and thus to render the house as perfect a *cul-de-sac* out of the court, as the court is a *cul-de-sac* out of the next thoroughfare. I affirmed that this could never be otherwise than a cause of sickness and mortality to those whose necessities allot them such a residence, and assured you of the incontrovertible fact, that subsistence in closed courts is an unhealthy and short-lived subsistence in comparison with dwellers in the open streets. In habitations of this kind the death-rate would necessarily be high, even if the population were thinly distributed in the district. Judge, then, how the mortality of such courts must swell your aggregate death-rate for the city, when I tell you that their population is in many instances so excessive, as in itself, and by its mere density, to breed disease. *Statistics can give you no idea of this crowding.* Instances are innumerable in which a single room is occupied by a whole family, whatever may be its number, and whatever the ages and sexes of the children. It is no uncommon thing in a room of twelve feet square, or less, to find three or four families stied together, (perhaps with infectious disease among them,) filling the same space night and day. Who can wonder at what becomes, morally and physically, of infants born in these bestial crowds?'—*Quoted by Tremeneere, p. 5.*

We are occasionally, however, met with the remark, that the evils to which we refer, having been brought to light, are at once remedied; and that Dr. Simon's Report for 1850 is not applicable to the condition of London in 1857. We would that this were true. We fear that the evil is spreading rather than diminishing; that the increase of population, and the improvement of our streets, are advancing far more rapidly than the erection of the lower class of dwellings; and that, although we have some measure of sanitary improvement resulting from the steps adopted under the 'Health of Towns' Act,' the actual evil under consideration is by no means checked, save under one circumstance, presently to be noted. But we are not left to conjecture on this subject: the Reports of Dr. Letheby to the Commissioners of Sewers of the City of London during the past year afford a painful confirmation of our position.

'2,208 rooms have been most circumstantially inspected, and the result is, that nearly all of them are filthy, or overcrowded, or imper-

fectly drained, or badly ventilated, or out of repair. In 1,989 of these rooms, all in fact that are at present inhabited, there are 5,791 inmates; and to say nothing of the too frequent occurrence of what may be regarded as a necessitous over-crowding, where husband, wife, and four or five children are cramped into a miserably small and ill-conditioned room, there are numerous instances where adults of both sexes, belonging to different families, are lodged in the same room, regardless of the common decencies of life, and where from three to five adults, men and women, besides a train or two of children, are accustomed to herd together like brute beasts or savages, and where every human instinct of propriety and decency is smothered. Like my predecessor, I have seen grown persons of both sexes sleeping in common with their parents; brothers and sisters, and cousins, and even the casual acquaintance of a day's tramp, occupying the same bed of filthy rags or straw; a woman suffering in travail in the midst of different families that tenant the lower room, where birth and death go hand in hand, where the child but newly-born, the patient cast down with fever, and the corpse waiting for interment, have no separation from each other or from the rest of the inmates. Such instances as these, and, I might add, others of even more extreme debasement, are not uncommon within the walls of this city.

'I have notes of three or four localities where 48 men, 73 women, and 59 children, are living in 34 rooms; the rooms are all dirty and ill-furnished, and the rent paid for them varies from 1s. 3d. to 3s. 6d. *per week*, the average being about 2s.

'In the Ward of Bishopsgate, a little above Houndsditch, there is a narrow passage, called Rose Alley, which leads from the main thoroughfare into New Street. This alley contains a row of twelve houses, which are in a shockingly dirty and ruinous condition. Each house contains six or seven rooms, which are inhabited by the very poorest of the poor Irish. In all there are 77 rooms, and of these there are 76 tenanted by 63 families of 252 persons. Eight of the rooms are occupied by 10 men, 17 women, and 12 children,...and when I visited the back room on the ground floor of No. 5, I found it occupied by 1 man, 2 women, and 2 children, and in it was the dead body of a poor girl who had died in child-birth a few days before. The body was stretched on the bare floor, without shroud or coffin. There it lay, in the midst of the living; and one may well ask how it can be otherwise than that the human heart should be deadened to all the gentler feelings of our nature, when such sights as these are of common occurrence.

'These rooms are let at 1s. 3d. to 1s. 9d. *per week*, and they are wretchedly dirty and miserably furnished; in fact, they are infested with that peculiarly fusty and sickening smell which is characteristic of the filthy haunts of poverty. There also lurk the germs of disease, which wait only for one last condition to bring them into frightful activity. The medical attendant of the poor in that neighbourhood informs me that Rose Alley is constantly the abode of disease; and six weeks ago it was infected with fever, which passed from room to room, and attacked almost all the male adults in the colony. So severe was the visitation, that he was obliged to order the removal of every patient, as soon as he was stricken down by the malady. In such

a polluted atmosphere, it is not surprising that epidemics and other infectious diseases should often get the mastery of medical skill, and almost decimate the population.... There stalks, side by side with this pestilence, a yet deadlier presence, blighting the moral existence of a rising population, rendering their hearts hopeless, their acts ruffianly and incestuous, and scattering, while society averts her eye, the retributive seeds of increase for crime, turbulence, and pauperism.'

We regret that our limited space forbids us to quote in full the admirable leader which the *Times* devoted to this Report on the 9th of April, 1857; for willingly we would adopt and endorse the burning words in which it sets forth and stigmatizes such a state of things in the centre of the wealthiest city in the world. It should never be forgotten, as we read such accounts, that those who are thrust aside and crowded into such foul lairs are the life's blood of the country, the cause of its languishing or its prosperity, and the people to whom we are bound by obligations that are shamefully disregarded. With all our boasted civilization, with our appliances for social advancement and for charitable benevolence, 'there is no such utter brutishness, such grovelling and wallowing, as is discovered in the "Ward of Bishopsgate."' The existence of such a state of things 'is not only an evil,—it is a crime; and *the crime is shared by all who can do anything to abate it, and leave that undone.*'

If such is the state of a portion of the city, as revealed by the appointment of a special officer, and in a part of the metropolis which, except in some districts, is not very extensively occupied by the poor, what may we imagine to be the condition of the thousands who dwell in the lowest suburbs that stretch away for miles from the central region? Let any person who is curious on this subject dive into some of the bye-streets of White-chapel or Southwark, and he will learn even on a cursory glance the intolerably wretched condition of the poorer dwellings. The evil is confined to no single locality. But a few steps from our finest squares at the west end, as well as in the eastern districts, among the less pretentious buildings of middle-class houses, every quarter has its courts and alleys, where human beings are packed together in reeking masses, that perpetually generate disease, and cause a constant outlay not merely of the remedies which have to be supplied, but of far more valuable materials in destroyed energies and prematurely wasted lives.

Nor let it be supposed that the evil is confined to the metropolis, or even to our more populous manufacturing towns. Evidence might be adduced to support us in stating that, as a rule, the whole of our country towns are suffering from the same cause, though it may and does vary in degree and intensity. But one of the features of the case, which is most painful and most discreditable, must be noticed,—that of the cottages of our labourers in the rural districts. Now we know that to the

usual aspect of these there are some cheering exceptions, and that in several instances noblemen and gentlemen have expended large sums in improving old dwellings and building new ones; but, as a general rule, their internal arrangement is defective in the extreme. What minister of the Gospel cannot point to houses in his district where all the members of a family, old and young alike, of both sexes, are compelled to sleep in the same room; whilst all the other details of the dwellings are in defiance of every principle of morality and sanitary economy? The poetic dreams of a pure village morality far removed from the vice of towns, sound like a bitter satire in the ears of those to whom the true condition of our rustic poor is known. We speak advisedly, in declaring that, on the contrary, there is a continuous stream of vice flowing into the towns from the rural districts, and that of the lowest and worst of our urban populations a large mass has come in, not pure and spotless, to acquire contamination in a new scene, but already tainted on their arrival. For this form of the evil there is no excuse, as the value of ground cannot be pleaded as an insurmountable barrier to the erection of larger dwellings.

The following description of these abodes, taken from Mr. Michael's paper on 'The Influence of Habitation on the Character of the People,' aptly sets forth their most salient enormities. We ask our readers to compare it with the cottages of their own neighbourhoods, and to see if, *mutatis mutandis*, it be not generally applicable.

'Built of the cheapest materials, upon the smallest possible area, on the most unwholesome sites, and at the smallest cost that will allow them to hang together, they fully carry out the maxim of buying in the cheapest market, to sell in the dearest; their owners quite regardless, though it may involve the traffic in human life. It is notorious that the wretched dwellings of the poor pay better than any other description of house property..... Whilst the average population of a town may be six inhabitants *per* house, these cottages often accommodate from fifteen to seventeen individuals, with frequently the wholesome addition of a pony or a donkey in the back kitchens, which serve as stables by night and as general repositories by day. The limited space is often further curtailed by making a small shop of the front room, in which perishable wares, mostly of the vegetable kind, are exposed..... Knowing what we do of the conditions of healthy existence, is it any matter of surprise that the mortality in streets composed of such houses stands in the proportion of four to one, when compared with districts where the houses are properly constructed, efficiently drained, and not overcrowded? The floors of these houses are generally formed of concrete, nearly on a level with the court in which they are placed, without adequate protection to keep out the surface-

water, especially in heavy rains. Speedily, by the traffic over them, they become worn into holes, and are hardly better than the muddy surface adjoining. The closets are fouler than any description can portray. Their more fluid contents constantly percolate the soil, rendering all wells in the neighbourhood unfit for use as drink for man or cattle; and the open soil, soon surcharged, allows noxious and fatal emanations, without any let or hinderance, to fill the adjacent cottages, the broken and dilapidated floors offering but little opposition to their free diffusion.'

This is a sad picture, with all its disgusting details; but it is not by quietly ignoring its existence that any remedy will be provided. The public mind must be thoroughly informed at once of the enormity and extent of the malady, before it can be brought to bear efficiently either upon statesmen or private individuals. Having thus detailed some of the features of 'existing evils,' we will add a few facts by which our readers may estimate the effects which they actually produce, morally and physically. On the first of these subjects, Mr. Jellinger Symons, in a paper on 'Crime-growing Density of Population,' read before the National Association, showed that the system of crowding is 'the chief proximate cause of the greater criminality of one district over another;' the disparity between different districts, be it observed, being enormous, varying from 1 in 98 in Middlesex to 1 in 1,849 in Merionethshire. 'On arranging the counties of England in the order of their density of population and of their criminality, the correspondence was most striking. The first four, containing 5,000,000 souls, exactly corresponded in density and crime. The criminality also seemed to be greatly determined by the rapidity of increase of the population. After analysing volumes of statistics, and testing all the generally alleged sources of crime, he had arrived at the conclusion, that densely packed communities invariably generated crime in proportion to their density.'

And the physical results are no less striking. It is estimated that the average rate of natural mortality should not exceed 17 in 1,000; but in the less healthy districts it rises to 33 in 1,000, thus involving, in the metropolis alone, an annual *loss of 23,000 lives*, which, humanly speaking, might be *saved* by using the sanitary means with which we are already acquainted. In fact, it has been asserted by Dr. Simon, that 'of the 52,000 deaths which occur annually in London, one half might be averted; whilst the untold amount of acute suffering and lingering disease, caused by neglect, is beyond calculation.' The same truth may be traced through another channel, by considering that when the cholera was raging in 1849, of 18,000 deaths which occurred in London, the following were the proportions:—In every 100—of the gentry, 2·6; of tradesmen, 15·7; of me-

chanics, 81·7; and that whilst the mean age at death is in towns thirty-two, and in the country forty-five, in all England; yet in Manchester the average mortality of males, from 1838 to 1844, was 37 in 1,000, and the mean lifetime twenty-four years, although in the parish of St. Giles' the average age of death is said to be only seventeen.

We will only make one further observation on this head, before we proceed to consider the alleviations which already exist, or have been proposed; and this in anticipation of the objection that, bad as is the condition of a large part of the dwellings of the poor, our working classes are not *compelled* to live in them, and might choose better accommodation. The truth is that they have no choice. Our population increases more rapidly than the erection of our dwellings, and in our larger towns almost every modern improvement is effected by the destruction of a quantity of small tenements, whose former inmates are thus driven to swell the numbers that are already overcrowding the quarters still unassailed. Added to this, the demand for labour greatly varies in different localities, and is liable to be very suddenly increased on the building of a new mill, for instance, or from any like cause, whilst no care is taken at the same time to provide homes for the workmen. If these considerations are taken into account, we may easily believe that 'it frequently happens that the sober and hard-working mechanic, who is striving, by the manly sweat of his brow, to maintain a wife and children, as dear to him as those of the most sensitive among ourselves, and who shrinks from a corrupting contact with the associations of drunkenness and filth, is yet,—such is the general character of the districts and tenements assigned to the occupation of the London poor,—sorely against his will, compelled to "dwell in the tents of ungodliness," and to expose his wife and rear up his offspring within sight and sound of blasphemy, ribaldry, and crime.'*

II. We come now to speak of existing alleviations. It was not to be supposed that the revelation of the evils we have been detailing would fail to stir up some of those who are most eminent for their philanthropy to attempt at least to find a remedy. These attempts have resulted in an important legislative enactment for regulating common lodging-houses, and in several voluntary associated and individual efforts to produce a class of dwellings which might combine all the necessary requirements of a decent home, with a fair return upon the capital invested.

When the attention of the public was first directed to sanitary questions, it was soon discovered that the condition of the common lodging-houses loudly called for some immediate interference. Of the state of these houses, before the passing of the

* Mr. Harwood's Appeal in *Labourer's Friend*, Jan., 1857.

Act, we could quote details far more revolting than anything we have laid before our readers. The Report of the Constabulary Commission described them as 'the hot-beds of crime and moral depravity amongst that class of the population which is obliged to resort to them.' They added, 'that in the metropolis the common lodging-houses are sources of streams of mendicants to all parts of the country; they are a refuge for them, and in many cases are in fact most infamous; yet in these places are to be found industrious emigrant labourers, with their wives and children, driven into them for want of other suitable accommodation.'

The following cases, given in the Report on the Operation of the Lodging-Houses Act, furnish examples of the nature and extent of the evils which arise in lodging-houses not controlled by law :—

'At a house in Lincoln Court, St. Giles', in one room, 10 feet square, wherein 3 persons would be allowed by the regulations now enforced, 7 men, 9 women, and 1 child were found huddled together in a most filthy state; the bedding dirty beyond description, no partitions or ventilation; and a few minutes before the visit of the officer one of the females had been confined.

'In a house, 93, High Street, Shadwell, wherein 25 persons would be allowed, 45 persons, chiefly Lascars, were found. From the filthy and crowded state of the house, and the fumes of opium, the place was intolerable. This house has since been placed on the register, as being in strict conformity with the regulations.

'At a house, 117, Cock Hill, Ratchiff, in a room having space for 5 persons, 15 were found in a most deplorable condition, 11 sleeping on the floor, covered only by a few filthy rags.

'In a house, 31, Farmer Street, Shadwell, containing 6 small rooms, were found 29 persons. In one of the rooms was the dead body of a Lascar, covered with an old rug; and in a room adjoining, another Lascar in a dying state, lying in a cupboard amongst a few rags: this room was destitute of bedding and furniture.

'A house, known as the American Lodging-House, Glasshouse Yard, Whitechapel, chiefly resorted to by emigrants, while awaiting the departure of ships, was, before the enforcement of the provisions of the Act, an example of overcrowding and neglect of health and decency. As many as 250 persons were lodged in it.....The house is now registered, and 99 persons are properly accommodated.'—Page 1.

Horrible as are these cases, they are only samples of what our lodging-houses were before the passing of the Act for their regulation, whilst the number of persons who were affected by their existence is very far greater than we should have supposed. In Wigan there passed 29,665 lodgers through 24 houses in one year. At Wolverhampton the number for a single year rises to 511,000 lodgers, stopping at 200 houses: whilst within the Metropolitan Police District alone, 6,292 houses have been measured and surveyed, in which, at the time of the survey,

it is estimated that 103,444 persons were lodged; 2,355 more, affording adequate accommodation for 42,370 individuals, have been permanently registered; 6,725 houses, or parts of houses, wholly unfit for registration, and in which all the evils of overcrowding and want of decency prevailed, have been given up; and a further list of 5,490 are under strict supervision, as requiring further alteration and improvement, before they can be placed on the register.

The system of registration, to which we have frequently referred, is the most important provision of the Common Lodging-Houses Act, which was introduced into the Commons in 1851, by Lord Ashley; and was carried in the same year through the Lords under the same auspices, on his Lordship's becoming Earl of Shaftesbury. Foremost in this, as in every good work, for a practical alleviation of acknowledged evil, his Lordship brought forward a measure enforcing certain conditions of cleanliness, ventilation, and avoidance of overcrowding, as well as separation of the sexes. The Act was made compulsory in its operation, and the local authorities are bound to carry it into effect. When, in a lodging-house, the conditions of the Act are complied with, it is at once placed by the police on the register; but if it be not put in a proper state, 'registration is refused; a night visit is ordered, and evidence obtained on which to base proceedings before a Magistrate.'

Such is a brief outline of the law. Of course, its introduction was met by a storm of opposition, combining with the usual logical apprehensions of intellectual opponents, the strangely inconsistent objections that it would be both a gross violation of the rights of private dwellings, and utterly inoperative in its results. Both these prophecies have proved equally unfounded. So beneficial has been its working, that 'since the houses have been under regulation, neither they nor their inhabitants could be recognised as the same: the lodgers have been most active in assisting the police to enforce the regulations.' The value of the improvement effected in regard to society generally, and to the parties immediately concerned, is incalculable. Before the passing of the Act,—

'The common lodging-houses in 1849 suffered severely from epidemic cholera; in a single house there were from 15 to 20 cases, and in another house 20 cases of fever originated. In one locality, with a population of 750, the mortality from cholera and diarrhoea alone amounted to 20, being in the proportion of 26 to 100, whilst the mortality from all causes was 44 in 1,000.....In the year 1853, there were common lodging-houses, permanently registered, which accommodated about 30,000 persons, and *only 10 cases of fever occurred amongst them*, 5 of which were removed to hospitals by direction of the police. Before the houses were under regulation, 20 cases of fever have been received into the London Fever Hospital from a single house within a few weeks. In the visitation of cholera in 1844, the police returns

of the deaths from cholera which took place in registered lodging-houses was only 26 out of 32,000 persons, or in the proportion of 8 in 10,000; whereas in one locality, that of the Potteries, Kensington, there were deaths in the proportion of 259 to 10,000, and in the metropolis generally 44 in 10,000.'—*The Physical Condition, &c.*, p. 11.

Who shall say that the Act has proved inoperative? But we have further testimony that it has not proved galling.

'In enforcing,' says the Assistant Commissioner of Police, 'the provisions of the Act, great care has been taken to impress upon the minds of the officers engaged in this duty, the necessity of consideration and forbearance. The result of this system has been highly gratifying. During a period exceeding five years, about 700,655 visits have been made both by day and by night, amongst a class of persons deemed almost incorrigible, *without the occurrence of one assault on any of the officers, and without one just complaint of intrusion into a private dwelling.*'—*Report*, p. 4.

We are not surprised to learn that under such results 'the property registered is improved in every respect, and its value greatly increased.'

It is now twelve years since the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes, and the Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes, obtained their charters, and set themselves in earnest to carry out practically the work which they have undertaken. Of these associations, the first is simply a charity, under the patronage of the Queen, with the Prince Consort for President, and Lord Shaftesbury as Chairman of the Committee, and is supported by voluntary contributions and the proceeds of the property which it has acquired. The object which it has steadily pursued since its formation, has been to present successive models of improved dwellings:—

'A work which at the outset of the Society's labours was characterized by one of the most eminent builders in London as exceedingly complicated, and which could hardly be done well, and so as to make a profit as an investment. Notwithstanding this opinion, and the advice given that the Society should limit itself to offering premiums for plans submitted in competition, and publishing such as might be most approved, it was felt that no description or reasoning, however forcible, no plans or estimates, however suitable or accurate, would be likely to make such an impression on the public as actual experiments, and the demonstration by experience that a fair return might be obtained from an investment judiciously laid out to further their objects.'—*Roberts's Essay*, p. 6.

We think the wisdom of this decision is obvious. The reproach of being mere theorists would have been constantly cast upon the promoters of the Society, and the question could hardly be considered to be solved, until experience had demonstrated that it was really practicable. With this determination the Society had gone on labouring, until it had offered examples of almost

every approved method either of building model new dwellings or of renovating old ones. They began with a set of model dwellings for twenty-three families and thirty aged women in the Lower Road, Pentonville, near Bagnigge Wells; these being completed, they took three houses in Charles Street, Drury Lane, and converted them into one house, as a Model Lodging-House for single men; but their most important buildings are in George Street, and Streatham Street, Bloomsbury, and in Wild Court, Drury Lane.

The first of these was intended to supply a model of what a lodging-house for single men ought to be. The house is arranged to accommodate 104 working men, and in its construction it was endeavoured 'to combine everything deemed essential or valuable in such an establishment;—complete ventilation and drainage, the use of a distinct living-room; a kitchen and wash-house, a bath and an ample supply of water; separation and retirement in the sleeping apartments;—with all those conveniences which, whilst conducing to the health and physical comfort of the inmates, tend to increase their self-respect, and raise them in the scale of moral and intellectual beings.*

Some time ago we paid a visit to this establishment. On entering we were greeted by the Superintendent through the pay window on our left; and on stating our desire to inspect the building, we were courteously bidden welcome. We first went into the pay office, behind which are the Superintendent's apartments, where we found a small, but well selected, library for the use of the inmates. The keys of vacant rooms, or of those from which the lodgers were absent, were here hung on a board, as in the *conciergerie* of a foreign hotel. From thence we were conducted into a large living-room, thirty-three feet by twenty-three, and ten feet nine inches high, paved with white tiles, and supplied on each side with two rows of plain wooden tables, at which several of the lodgers were sitting. We exchanged a few words with some of these, and all expressed their satisfaction with the cleanliness and comfort of the house. After visiting some small offices on the same floor, we ascended to the dormitories, eight in number. The rooms are long and lofty, each bed being secured in private by a wooden partition enclosing a bed, chair, and clothes' box: these partitions are not carried up to the ceiling, so that there is a free current of air from end to end; whilst the ventilation is further secured by means of a shaft which is carried up at the end of each room, into which the gas for lighting the apartments is introduced. A ventilating shaft is also carried up for the staircase for the supply of the dormitories, with a provision for warming it, if required. Each floor is also supplied with washing-closets, fitted up with slate, and having water laid on.

* Essay, p. 9.

After a thorough explanation and inspection of the conveniences up stairs, we descended to the basement floor, where we found a spacious kitchen, bath, and store-rooms, large wash-house and other offices: one place was set apart as a depository for the property of the lodgers, whilst in another was a pantry with secure and well ventilated separate hatches for the food of each inmate.

The pile of buildings in Streatham Street was erected with another object. Strong as is the prejudice, amongst English workpeople, in favour of inhabiting an insulated dwelling, it is practically impossible in crowded localities, where the requirements for labour render the concentration of large numbers necessary in a confined space, and where the value of the land forbids the occupation of any piece of ground, however limited, by a single house. The *desiderata*, consequently, in a model dwelling for families were the combination of several households under one roof, with the preservation of domestic privacy, and such a disconnexion as should prevent the spread of contagious disease. Keeping at the same time the pecuniary results before their eyes, it was essentially necessary that any building, to be worthy of imitation, should be constructed at once with the durability and rigid economy which are indispensable in a permanent investment. All this has been accomplished by the skill of Mr. Roberts, the honorary architect of the Society. In order to effect the object in view, he entirely dispensed 'with separate staircases inside the building, and other internal communication between the different stories, and adopted one common open staircase, leading into galleries or corridors, open on one side to a spacious quadrangle, and on the other side having the outer doors of the several tenements, the rooms of which are protected from draught by a small entrance lobby. The galleries are supported next the quadrangle by a series of arcades, each embracing two stories in height; and the slate floors of the intermediate galleries rest on iron beams, which also carry the enclosure railing.'* In the building there is accommodation for forty-eight families, and a wash-house and a bath are provided for the common use of the tenants, who are also supplied with coals at wholesale prices by the Superintendent under whose care the whole is placed.

We must direct our reader's attention to one more branch of the Society's labours, before we speak of the results which have followed them. Valuable as had been their experience, and satisfactory as were its results, (and both these, we should add, are freely offered to any inquirer who is himself proposing to build,) the Committee felt that these were only available for others in the case of erecting new dwellings, whilst the evils we have to combat are of so pressing a nature as to render a far

* Essay, p. 11.

more speedy remedy most desirable. We might wait till the Greek Kalends before we could expect to see the numerous faulty houses pulled down and new ones supplied. If these already existing buildings could be so altered and renovated as to fulfil the essential requirements of a decent home, a great step would be taken towards a possible solution of this apparently insurmountable difficulty.

The locality selected for their operations was Wild Court, Drury Lane, where the Society secured thirteen houses on an average lease of 27 years at a rental of £198; and for the sum of £2,000 these houses have been rendered habitable for 105 families. The following description of this court, as it was and as it is, is quoted by the *Labourer's Friend* from the *Morning Advertiser*.

‘In the last week of December, 1854, the Society began to pull down those portions of the houses which they had determined on removing; and here they encountered a difficulty which, could it have been anticipated, would have been sufficient to deter the most eager philanthropist. It was not that they had an overwhelming amount of rubbish to cart away; for that would only have been a question of labour and expense. They had 16 cesspools to clear out, and from 140 to 150 loads of soil to remove. Worse even than this, the basement of each house was literally consumed with the accumulated filth of many a year, the refuse of animal and vegetable matter, which lay there rotten and rotting, fermenting into poisonous gases, which makes them wonder how those who ate and drank, and slept and worked, over such sources of infection, could exist. Of these foetid accumulations, 350 loads were carried out of the basement, and carted away. Nor, bad as this was, was this all. When the Society sent their workmen into these dens of filth, to see what could be done to cleanse and renew them, the men literally struck, and were with difficulty persuaded to return to their task; for in some places, where rotten flooring had to be removed, the vermin lay beneath swarming in living masses, in layers from two to three inches thick; and Lord Shaftesbury stated—and we need not say, his statement was not made rashly—that the bugs ejected from the houses amounted to *at least a ton in weight*. With regard to minor inconveniences, there was no such thing as a sound dust-bin: in some of the houses *there was an open sewer in the attic room, through which was made to flow to the yard beneath the accumulated filth of the residents*. The gutters and water-pipes were made to play the part of sewers. Nay, *through the front room, in which people were living and sleeping, ran an open gutter,—a wooden trough,—conveying the filth of the back room to the front gutter on the roof*. Is it any wonder,—when we consider that one of these rooms, tenanted by a man and his wife, was registered to take five lodgers in addition; and that besides those who snatched a night's sleep on the staircase and in the halls, the actual tenants of the thirteen houses amounted to 1,000 individuals,—that the court should be the seat of misery, disease, and crime, and of mental and physical pollution? Yet the rooms in this court were high rented, much higher

than they are now that they have become the property of the Society.

'We have but to reverse all we have said, to arrive at the present condition of Wild Court. The 150 loads of soil having been removed, and the 350 loads of basement filth,—not to forget the ton of bugs,—the Society set to work to exchange solid for rotten flooring; to erect water-closets on each floor; to give to each floor a separate water service, with accommodation for washing; to partition from each apartment a sleeping-chamber; to thoroughly whitewash the whole range of buildings; to build dust-bins, and prescribe to the inhabitants—chiefly costermongers, shoemakers, tailors, hucksters—something like a rule of life. It must be remembered that the inhabitants of this court are of the very lowest class; and the Society's insight into the habits of the various classes of the lower orders forms no small part of its usefulness. We learn, for instance, of a family of four or five persons, making weekly in their united earnings from forty to fifty shillings, refusing any better accommodation than a single room,—to such degradation have our London dwellings reduced our London poor. But on the other hand, it is satisfactory to find that the people who have now become the Society's tenants appreciate the efforts which have been made for them, and are capable of estimating the difference between filth and cleanliness. Eighty-five families are already in occupation; even the children begin to look like children..... Out of the eighty-three tenants, occupying ninety-two rooms, the Society have retained twenty-two of the original tenants of the court; and during the three months that they have been occupying their rooms, they have paid their rents so regularly, that the arrears amount in all to no more than 13s. 6d., of the speedy payment of which there is no doubt.'—*The Labourer's Friend*, pp. 168–171.

Did our space admit of it, we should have gladly inserted the regulations, the observance of which by their tenants is enforced in the Society's houses. It would then appear what an important item of civilization and improvement was here introduced, in addition to the necessary influence of more decent homes. It would be interesting, also, to record the spread of this movement. In addition to the Metropolitan Association, another body, with a like object, called the National Benevolent Society, has been formed. This latter aims at even a higher standard than has been attempted, objecting to any system by which the members of different families are brought into contact with one another; and 'the buildings of this Society will be so arranged, that separate and distinct accommodation in all respects, and for all purposes, will be provided.' H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge is the patron of this institution, which is actively pushing its influence, having already formed branch Committees in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Norwich, Plymouth, Hastings, and other large towns. There is an Association for the like purpose in the parish of Marylebone; and the Windsor Royal Association has become famous for its permanent success: whilst the movement has extended to the

Continent, and the pages of the *Labourer's Friend* give some interesting details of its progress and results in different States of Europe.

Nor would it be just, before we describe the actual results of the experiments tried in the metropolis, to pass over in silence the houses of some private gentlemen, who have most worthily exerted themselves in advancing in this way the condition of the poor. The houses built by Mr. Hilliard at Shadwell, and that erected by Mr. Newson at Grosvenor Mews, tell at once what a poor man's dwelling ought to be, and return a good interest for the money laid out upon them; Mr. Hilliard's property returning more than 7 per cent. upon the sum invested: whilst, of our large landed proprietors, the Duke of Northumberland has extensively repaired, and made equal to new, 250 cottages, at an expense of about £55 each, and erected 210 new ones at a cost of £120 each, making a total outlay upon 460 cottages of the large sum of £52,000; and large works of the kind are still in progress. In a similar spirit, Earl Spencer has erected 87 new cottages, at the cost of £15,220, or £190 each; and has also repaired 143 others at a further cost of £3,000. The Duke of Bedford has constructed 566 new cottages for his labourers, at an entire cost of £62,690, besides a large sum for repairs.

Some twelve years' experience since the opening of the first model dwellings enables us to show by actual results that the principles on which they were established are sound in their practical application. There is abundant evidence to prove that the improvement of their dwellings has greatly conduced to the moral and social advancement of the inmates. 'The intemperate have become sober, and the disorderly well conducted, since their removal from the wretched abodes, devoid of light and air, whose malarious state of atmosphere drove their occupiers to the beer-house or the spirit-shop.' And it is stated by Mr. Roberts, in an Appendix to his *Essay on the Dwellings of the Labouring Classes*, that *no charge of crime nor complaint of disturbance has been lodged at any police-station against a resident in the model houses.* We pass, however, from this part of the question to the consideration of two points which admit of being more definitely decided by statistics, namely, the sanitary and pecuniary results.

The conditions of healthy existence have long been so well determined in theory, although so grossly disregarded in practice, that it was felt to be a matter of certainty that in a well arranged and ventilated home the working man and his family would enjoy a larger measure of health and life than they at present generally possess. Buildings, such as the Barracks at Glasgow, which were the constant haunts of malignant fever, had been rendered almost free from such disease by simple ventilation; and Dr. Wyld instances (besides the case just

quoted) a hospital in Dublin in which infants died by hundreds, until holes were made in the windows. The air, of course, was made much colder, greatly to the anger of the nurses; but the children ceased to be poisoned. But the benefit gained in the model dwellings has far exceeded the most sanguine expectations of their promoters. From statistics laid before Parliament we learn as follows:—

‘In six establishments belonging to the Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes, and containing a population of nearly 900 persons, the deaths within five years have been 36 individuals, of whom 8 were aged females.

CHILDREN.			ADULTS.		Total.
Under 3 Years.	From 3 to 7 Years.	From 7 to 15 Years.	Under 50 Years.	50 Years and upwards.	
11	3	4	7	11	36

‘The annual mortality in three houses has therefore been in the proportion of 8 in 1,000. The average mortality in the metropolis for the year 1854, was 25 in 1,000: in the most healthy districts, 17 in 1,000; and in the least healthy, 33 in 1,000. *In the district in which the larger proportion of the model houses are situated, the mortality was from 27 to 28 in 1,000.*

‘Typhus fever, one of the most constant causes amongst the poor of widowhood, and orphanage, and of frequent pauperism, is unknown in the model houses.

‘During the visitation of cholera in 1849, which carried off 18,423 persons in the metropolis, 81 *per cent.* of whom belonged to the working classes, *there was not a single death in the whole of the houses, and but few cases of diarrhœa*; although, with one exception, the establishments are situated in localities where the mortality was very large. When the same disease raged in 1854, there was but one case of cholera in all the houses; and that could not be said to have originated in the lodging-house, where the man was seized with it after long neglect and great destitution.

‘In the Windsor model houses, the report states: “There has been a degree of healthiness amongst the occupants which is above the general average of the town.”

‘Mr. Glover, Superintending Medical Inspector of the General Board of Health, says, “In the houses built by Mr. Hilliard at Shadwell, some of them having been occupied nearly three years, with an average population for that period of 450, there has not been a single death from cholera or diarrhœa; whilst in regard to epidemic disease, although the inhabitants are congregated in one of the worst localities of the metropolis, there has been a considerable diminution, if not an almost total absence.”’—*Roberts’s Essay*, pp. 67, 68.

It is needless to add any comment on these facts. If the whole case rested upon them, it would be fully supported, and every one must feel that any considerable pecuniary sacrifices

were imperatively called for, to secure so great an increase of health to the largest part of the population. But it is exceedingly curious to consider the prejudice with which any proposal for a large public expenditure in furtherance of such an object would be regarded, when we remember the sums that are actually spent already without any complaint. The principle is admitted, that any parish is bound to relieve the requirements of its destitute sick; and it was stated at Birmingham that when the cholera last raged in South Wales, the cost of every pauper patient was estimated at £100, which was more than the value of the fee-simple of each cottage in the district. The disease was confined to the most wretched cottages; and in consequence the work-people forced the proprietor to erect more commodious dwellings. Had the executive interfered at an earlier stage, a vast sum would have been saved, whilst a much greater expenditure of human lives would have been prevented. But even these results, satisfactory as they are, do not exhaust the claim which can be made for building or renovating after the pattern of 'the Models.'

With regard to the interest produced by the sums invested in these buildings, it must at once be fairly admitted, that as far as the cottages of agricultural labourers are concerned, the revenue directly derived has not been large enough to attract capital. The return on the outlay in the large estates of the noblemen before referred to, does not average more than two-and-a-half *per cent.* And we think that the problem of building such cottages to pay five *per cent.* on the money sunk in them has yet to be solved. But while this is not encouraging, there are other beneficial effects produced, such as a diminution of poor-rates, which, in the case of large proprietors, would fully compensate for the deficiency of direct interest. This consideration would, of course, be comparatively powerless with the small cottage owners, in whose hands is so large a number of these dwellings.

Nor are there wanting certain drawbacks, which have caused the model houses in the metropolis to be less remunerative than any which shall hereafter be erected may fairly be expected to prove. In the first place, their promoters had in everything to earn by experience the knowledge of how best to carry out their object, and some outlay must have been thus occasioned, which in future instances may be saved. Then it is notorious that all such undertakings can be better and more cheaply executed by individuals than by a company. Without attributing any lack of interest or energy to those concerned, we all know that *the master's eye* is quickest when an individual purse is at stake. 'And the first outlay should be curtailed in every way consistent with durability and reasonable space.' A still more serious drawback to the profit, as an investment, has been the

great size of some of the model buildings: one erected in Pancras Square by the Metropolitan Association is adapted for 170 families, and actually contained in 1854 as many as 700 inmates of all ages and sexes. Although the value of ground in London renders the union of several families under one roof unavoidable, yet such an assemblage is quite unnecessary, and it is besides most distasteful to the feelings of the people. The same spirit that makes us shut in our gardens with high walls, and leads us to hate being overlooked, also influences the mechanic; and he only yields to a strict necessity in renting part of a dwelling. But so large a range is a most exaggerated form of the evil.

With all these drawbacks, the revenue derived from most of these establishments has been sufficiently large to make them a fair investment, as the following return will show: it is drawn up from the accounts given in Mr. Roberts's Essay, and from General Tremenhoe's pamphlet,* and other sources. We have indicated which are new structures, and which old ones renovated, that the profits from each may be compared; and we should add, that in the case of the first six buildings named in the table, a further deduction of three-quarters *per cent.* would be required to provide for repairs.

Situation.	Purpose.	Completed since	Cost.	Average Rent.	Average Expenditure.	Character of Building.	Rate of Profit.
George Street, Bloomsbury.	104 men	1847	£. 6,426	£. 614	£. 308	new	5 per cent. on build. 4 per cent. on land.
Bagnigge Wells	23 families 30 women	1845	6,369	391	83	new	4 4-10ths per cent.
Portpool Lane, Gray's Inn.	128 women 20 families	1851	12,002	440	263	new	2½ per cent.
Charles Street, Drury Lane.	84 men	1847	1,163	416	222	old and improved	17 per cent.
Streatham St., Bloomsbury.	54 families	1850	8,916	745	235	new	5½ per cent.
Grosvenor Mews	families	...	6,200	640	280	new	5½ per cent.
Windsor Society	48 families	new	5 per cent.
Shadwell, Mr. Hilliard's.	families	...	480 each block.	52 10	18 7	new	7 per cent.

There can be no question, from the results actually attained, as seen in the above table, that the erection of suitable and decent dwellings for the working classes in large towns will produce a fair return. From the experience of the past, we should conclude that the renovation of old buildings is the most

* This pamphlet is devoted to the consideration of the purely commercial view of this question, which is well treated in it. We have derived much assistance on this part of our subject from its perusal, besides the verbal quotations from it which are acknowledged as they occur.

profitable form of investment, and that new houses, in which several families are gathered under one roof, will be more productive when of moderate size, than of very large dimensions. Thus the Model Lodging-House in Albert Street, Spitalfields, belonging to the Metropolitan Association, intended for 234 men, has realized but $1\frac{1}{10}$ per-centage of profit; whilst the George Street house, for 104 men, produces 4 *per cent.*; and that in Charles Street, for 84 men, 17 *per cent.* Other causes have combined with these, no doubt; but we think the principle is a sound one. So again Pancras Square Buildings, for 170 families, has realized $3\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.*; the pile in Streatham Street for 54 families, $5\frac{1}{2}$ *per cent.*; whilst Mr. Hilliard's cottages at Shadwell, which accommodate but four families in each block, produce more than 7 *per cent.*; indicating that the per-centage will be in an inverse ratio to the number of families collected together in one range. Of course any such investments require the same judgment in their selection and arrangement which is necessary to success in other commercial transactions; and we must admit that the number of cases in which the model dwellings have been carried out, is not large enough to allow, as a *general principle*, of any wide induction from their results. But in this instance the experiments tried may be deemed conclusive. The rents have not been charged on a scale of comparative increase for a greater amount of comfort, but are the same, or even less, than those already paid by the working classes for the most miserable accommodation. To the general success of these attempts there has been one striking exception, to which we advert as casting some light upon a most painful subject. In the model buildings in Portpool Lane, houses were provided for 128 single women, two of whom were to occupy each room, at a rent of one shilling each; a few necessary articles of furniture, such as bedstead, table, chairs, and washing-stands, being also provided for this sum. The sympathies of the public had been attracted to the condition of the poor needle-women, and it was hoped that such an arrangement would meet their peculiar and very difficult circumstances. That expectation is, however, completely disappointed. Where are we to look for the cause? It is not that the locality was unsuitable for the working classes; for no sooner have the rooms been appropriated to single men than they have been filled, and are becoming amply remunerative. It is not that the terms charged are above their straitened means; for we believe it to be impossible to find even the lowest and filthiest accommodation at a lower charge. It is not that the class has disappeared from town; for their poverty and sufferings still excite much active sympathy, and are but too well known to those who are familiar with our poorer districts. Besides all this, the cleanliness of such a dwelling would be an immense advantage to persons so employed. We fear that the true solution will be found in the regulations of the Society for

the management of their property, which are incompatible with the mode of life to which hundreds of these poor creatures are driven by the insufficiency of their earnings to secure for them a bare maintenance. If this be so,—and there is but too much reason to fear that it is,—it will add another proof of the enormity of that greatest of our social evils, which we have so long studiously ignored, which all shrink from touching, but which loudly calls for most energetic and immediate Christian effort to rescue some of the multitude of souls that are perishing under its terrible influence.

III. No view of this subject would be by any means complete, which did not embrace such further measures as appear most desirable to extend the good work that has already been begun. On this point, we are aware, that there is much variety of opinion, and very many of the leading men of the day have recently expressed their opposition to any great increase of legislative interference in the management of private property. We feel the weight of such authority, and are well aware that men like Lord Stanley and Mr. Cowper are sure to be well informed of the state of public feeling on such a question; but we are compelled to dissent from the conclusions at which they have arrived. It seems to us to be imperative on the Government to take the initiative in so important a question. Whilst deprecating the policy of compelling local boards of health to more vigorous action, Lord Stanley admitted that information propagated itself very slowly in this country, and, pending this impression upon the public mind, the moral, physical, and spiritual condition of thousands is imperilled. We are, however, glad to see that the President of the Board of Health has already obtained leave to bring in a Bill to amend former Acts, and we hope that the Session will not pass without some well-pondered and comprehensive schemes for sanitary reform.

For, much as has been done by the agencies we have been describing, their operations affect but a fraction of the whole population. It must ever be remembered in urging for legislation on this subject, that, as a body, the working classes cannot in any way secure better homes for themselves; whilst the buildings already erected, compared with the actual wants of the people, can only be regarded as supplying that which their name implies, namely, models after which future erections may be designed. So far from satisfying the vast necessities of the country, they do but supply the *data* on which such a satisfaction may be based. It would require so vast a machinery to exercise anything like an effectual supervision over our largest cities, that with the existing *impatience of taxation*, and the constant increase in the expenses of our administration, we are not prepared to advocate any measure involving the employment of a large additional body of officials; but other courses are available.

The first of these should be the power to make compulsory purchases of house property, which is kept in condition unfit for human habitation. This plan was long since suggested to the Corporation of the City of London by Dr. Simon. Its principle has been already acknowledged and acted upon with the happiest effects in the sister island; and though we heard at first numerous complaints from families who were trying to maintain a territorial dignity which they had really long forfeited, few measures have had a more powerful influence in producing the present prosperity of Ireland. A proper consideration should be shown to existing interests, and a fitting time allowed to enable the proprietors to carry out the necessary improvements. But, after this, we can discover no principle of law or equity which would oppose the compulsory transfer of property which was held to the injury of others. There are very few places, where any urgent necessity exists for the adoption of such a measure, in which there is not already a machinery which might be made available to carry out the purpose in view; whilst the medical inspectors and other officers of the Boards of Health would report upon the tenements to which the Act would be applicable. For such a measure there is abundant need. 'You would not,' said one of the witnesses before the Committee of the House of Commons, on the appropriation of the site of Smithfield, 'form any conception of the condition of the houses on the left side of the market-place, unless you went to see it. The inhabitants are all paupers, the houses have no frontage.... I think it is a scandal and a shame that such a property should be allowed to be in the City of London.... There is a large space of some three or four acres of ground occupied by houses of three rooms in each house, sometimes four rooms, the rooms being about eight feet high; and there you will see seven or eight people herding together in these rooms, for which they pay 2s. or 2s. 6d. each.'*

Nor is the application of this principle *to such cases* without a precedent. In Mr. Dunlop's Scotch Act for Improving Labourers' Dwellings, these compulsory powers are given. All that is necessary is, that Corporations and other Municipal Boards should have a similar authority placed in their hands.

A further stimulant would be added by Government loans, at a low rate of interest, to further these improvements. We are here again but advocating the extension of a principle that has already been adopted. Those who have a wide acquaintance with our rural districts will testify to the vast benefits that have resulted from advances out of the public funds to the drainage of land: and, as has been well remarked, if the application of public money to such a purpose be justifiable, 'much more so would it be to the cultivation of domestic habits amongst the

* Tremenheere, p. 6.

poor, to the saving of human life, by draining, cleansing, and ventilating the narrow spots where so many thousands of our labouring population actually dwell.' Such a measure must not be confounded with Government aid which is granted for education, and where sums are freely given. In this case the money would be lent on the security of the property on which it was expended, and the sole loss to the country would be the difference between the rate of interest at which the money was advanced, and the rate which the Government was obliged to pay for it. Any such loss would be abundantly compensated by the reduction of poor-rates, and expenses for criminal and other charges, which would most certainly ensue upon a widespread improvement in the dwellings of the poor.

There is one other point which urgently calls for legislation, and which is adverted to in the *Report* of the Commissioner of Police.

'In cases of *single rooms*, the inspecting officers often find considerable difficulty in dealing with the keepers, who often much overcrowd their rooms, and, acting in collusion with their lodgers, represent them to be relations, as brothers-in-law, cousins, and the like: these statements being confirmed by the lodgers, an evasion of the law is the consequence.

'The law officers of the Crown and the Police Magistrates concur in opinion, that houses or rooms occupied by members of one family are exempt from the provisions of the Lodging-Houses Act. I would suggest that powers be given to the Commissioners of Police of the metropolis, similar to those intrusted to the medical officer of health, to prevent overcrowding.

'All houses let in separate rooms to different poor families, the whole family occupying but one single room, should be made subject to sanitary regulations, and brought within the requirements of the Act, as to limitation of numbers, &c.; and previous to the letting of a house in separate tenements, a licence should be obtained from the Commissioners of Police, stating the number of persons which each room is capable of containing.'—Pp. 6, 7.

In accordance with these suggestions, Lord Shaftesbury brought in a Bill last Session to confer the necessary powers; but it was subsequently withdrawn by its promoters in the House of Commons.

We believe that the adoption of these three measures by the Government would almost entirely accomplish a sanitary revolution in the dwellings of the poor. They are all in accordance with principles of legislation which our most able statesmen have long since endorsed. They are all capable of adoption without requiring the formation of a large staff of officials to carry them into effect, and without in any other way involving a large increase in the expenditure of the country. For it must be borne in mind that, practically, the legislative remedy would have to be applied but to a fraction of the cases in which it is at present required. Even the improvement already

effected, although only advancing at a rate which benefits about one hundred families annually, has not been without its effect in exciting a spirit of emulation; and, in many cases, landlords have complained that their tenants would no longer rest content with their former wretched accommodation. If, then, by means of legislative enactment, such an impetus were given to the movement as would secure a considerable increase of improved houses, self-interest would speedily induce owners to set their property in order for themselves, without calling into operation the compulsory hand of the law.

We are, however, obliged to confess, that we are not sanguine as to the speedy adoption of these or similar measures. It is the tendency of our legislation to grapple with what is apparent, rather than with what is real. Plain as truths may be, and long as they may have been understood, it takes some considerable time before they are so generally received, as to render legislation in accordance with them practicable. The evils that resulted from the intermixture of juvenile with adult criminals in our prisons were long admitted, as well as the duty of endeavouring to reform those who were not too hardened to be despaired of, before any practical effort was made; and the latter preceded by some period the passing of a law to promote Reformatories. We fear that the progress of the subject we have been considering will not be more rapid. Of this the last Session of Parliament afforded a painful confirmation. We were not, indeed, surprised to find that the rapacious landlords of the metropolis, who fatten on the misery and wretchedness of their tenants, should find a fitting representative in the new Member for Finsbury, whose ignorance of the best interests of the class whom he especially affects to favour, is only equalled by lack of knowledge on subjects of history that would shame a charity scholar. But when we find a man like Mr. Henley, who has himself been in office, opposing sanitary reform by the old platitudes that have been worked up over and over again to obstruct every social advance, we feel that a strong effort is required to urge upon the public mind the real necessities of the working classes, and that the complaint lately made of the peculiar ignorance of Members of Parliament is not without foundation.

It is with a view to further, in some measure, this process of diffusing information on the subject, that the present article has been written. It does not break new ground; but we only avail ourselves of the different sources of information which are somewhat widely scattered, and which we have endeavoured to gather together and condense. We hope that those who feel the importance of the subject, and sympathize with the efforts which have been made on behalf of our English poor, will not wait for the slow progress of legislative enactment; but will, in their private capacity, exert themselves to forward the good work.

ART. VII.—1. *The Suffering Saviour: or, Meditations on the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ.* By the REV. F. W. KRUMMACHER, D.D., Chaplain to His Majesty the King of Prussia. Third Edition. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1857.

2. *The Words of the Lord Jesus.* By RUDOLPH STIER. Vols. VI. and VII. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1857.

THE fifty-six days which are reckoned from the commencement of the Passion of our Lord to the morning of the day of Pentecost, are marked out by Divine Providence in a peculiar and pre-eminent manner for annual commemoration. Not only are the notes of time preserved in this period with a minuteness which is not found in any other part of the Scriptures, at least of the New Testament; but the precise section of the year which corresponds to it is also defined and fixed for ever by the full moon of the vernal equinox. So that the events which transpired during this space, the most important events of all time, may be located in the spring-time of every year which revolves, with precise exactitude. Their commemoration is commended to us by a higher ordinance than that of man. The law which ruled the time of the ancient typical Passover by the ordinances of heaven, and then made it a fixed though moveable feast 'for all generations,' preserves the date of the death of Christ, our Passover, with a precision which no fluctuations on heaven or earth can affect. That date being universally fixed, and having its sacred place assigned to it in the spring of every year, we find that all the events which revolve around it, beginning three days before, and ending fifty-three days after, are traced in the holy narrative with a precision which bespeaks the will of Providence that this whole period should have a remembrance made of it every year.

It is our Lord Himself who gives us the first chronological note, and authoritatively fixes the beginning of the history of the Passover: *Ye know that after two days is the feast of the Passover, and the Son of man is betrayed to be crucified.* From the evening when these words were spoken, the narrative is regulated by the most exact and continuous notes of time; tracing the hours, days, and weeks, with a specific minuteness which is unknown in any other part of the Lord's history. During the three days which accomplished redemption, the four Evangelists severally assign the place and the hour to every word, and every act, and every woe of the suffering Messiah, never permitting us to lose Him out of our sight. After these are the three days which bring in the Resurrection: during this little while we see Him no more; but when He comes back, His

footsteps are traced with the same precision. Then follow the forty days, measured again by weeks, during which He pauses between this and the other world, His time being not fully come to leave the earth, or to be received by heaven. Then comes the Ascension, and the ten days' silent waiting of heaven and earth which the day of Pentecost ends in glory. All this exact distribution of time in the history of the world's redemption, and the establishment of the Christian Church, is of deep significance. Let it not be said that the object was only to exhibit to the children of the Law the antitype and realization of their ancient reckoning from one feast to the other. This history was not written for Jews alone. The purpose of the Holy Ghost was to secure a perpetual sanctification of this season through all ages of time, and to make it, so to speak, the sacrament of the year. It claims a place in the Christian calendar more sacred and more authoritative than any other; and it enforces its claim by appeals altogether independent of ecclesiastical rubrics. Those who recoil from the dramatic and superstitious accessories of a ritual which desecrates what it pretends to sanctify, must nevertheless acknowledge that the decree of the Nicene Fathers in this point coincides with the will of Heaven. It is not, in fact, the Church, but the Scripture, which commends these weeks of the early year to the meditation of Christian men; and, accordingly, we find that in the earliest ages of the Church, before the ecclesiastical *lectiones* were established, this period was the sole and central holy time of the year. The solemn fast of the Christian day of Atonement was followed by the long fifty days' feast of the Resurrection, and Ascension, and Pentecost.

By the time our readers have reached these later pages of our Journal, the period which is thus marked out will be impending. And we shall do them a not unacceptable service by recommending to them two excellent guides for their reflection, calculated equally to assist both their intellectual and their devotional understanding of the Passion of the Lord.

Dr. Krummacher's *Suffering Saviour* is a work which approaches, much more nearly than any which we have seen for a long time, the ideal of a popular treatise on this sacred subject. The aim is to exhibit the progressive history of the suffering and death of the Redeemer, as the groundwork of a continuous development of its theological import, and its treasures of edifying application. The author has to a very considerable extent accomplished his purpose; though some of the necessary elements of a complete history of the Passion are wanting, and the practical comment upon the history is often clothed in a style which is strangely at variance with the stern simplicity of the scriptural narrative, and the dignity of the subject which it records. But after all the deductions which good taste, and

here and there sound theology, may have to make, the book is an exceedingly instructive and useful addition to our English literature. It contains a large amount of striking exposition tersely expressed, and never loses its hold of our hearts from the beginning to the close. Moreover, the translator has so skilfully performed his task, that we are scarcely ever reminded that we are reading the work of a foreigner: indeed, if the author's peculiarities did not constantly betray the German, the translator would have entirely kept him out of sight.

The volume of Dr. Stier which we have placed by its side is devoted to the same subject, being an exposition not yet complete, (in the translation, that is,) of the words of the suffering Saviour. Nearly two entire volumes of the author's great work will be found to be occupied with the last week of our Lord's ministry; it may be supposed, therefore, that the treatment of the subject is thorough and exhaustive. The exposition which runs through Dr. Krummacher's work, as the theme on which his meditations descend, is in the main the same which had been critically developed from the text and defended by Dr. Stier in these volumes. But the latter work has none of the elements of popularity which distinguish the former. It laboriously unfolds its interpretations of the original; and with such a minute application of criticism as repels the superficial reader, however much it may satisfy the more anxious explorer of God's word. Moreover, there is a polemical vein running through it which is sometimes wearisome, especially as the men and the opinions contended against are for the most part unknown to us. But the exposition is, notwithstanding, never dry or mechanical; on the contrary, the whole work—and especially these volumes of it—is pervaded by a spirit of most reverent and fervent devotion to the Master whose words it expounds. It is not, however, our purpose to enter upon Dr. Stier's merits as an expositor; it is enough on the present occasion to characterize the particular section of his valuable work which runs parallel with the companion volume at the head of this paper.

Such a systematic study of the sacred narrative of the Passion as these writers suggest would tend to bring out more distinctly the unspeakable interest of the *history* of the Atonement, as such and as a whole; while it would also prepare the student to perceive and do justice to the *theological and practical teaching* which is involved in that history itself. The two writers whom we have now introduced have done more to help the reader in these two respects than any others whom we can mention. Taken conjointly, they go far to exhaust the historical, critical, archæological, dogmatic, contemplative, and practical elements which make up the entire study of the sufferings of Christ. They have their errors; and these we may find occasion to point out, without imposing upon ourselves

at present the necessity of combating them. Indeed, their theological views scarcely fall in the way of our present purpose, which is rather to follow a train of observation suggested by their writings, than to criticize those writings themselves.

In the endeavour to isolate and fix our mind upon the actual history of the Passion, it is necessary first accurately to define its commencement. And here, at the outset, we must give up the notion of a Passion-week, commencing with the triumphal entry and ending with the eve of the Resurrection. It is true that from very early times—though not from the earliest—this *holy week* has been sanctified by the Christian Church, as pre-eminently the week of sorrows, deepening into austerer gloom the long previous fast of Lent. It is true that all the events of that awful week come under the shadow of the Cross, and are more or less stamped with its impress. But if we look carefully at the narrative, we shall find that the Lord's hour had not yet come until that week was half over; and that the events and discourses of the former part of it require to be placed outside the innermost circle of the Christian day of Atonement. The 'Announcement' with which Krummacher commences was but one of a series of such pre-intimations, in no sense distinguished from many which had preceded it. The supper at Bethany, to which he assigns so indistinct a place, had more to do with the past than the future; though the mysterious and sublime sympathy of Mary's spirit connected it, in His thought and hers, with His departure; and the awful thoughts of Judas began there to take their final shape. The feast at which the risen Lazarus sat had more to do with resurrection than with death. So the triumphant entrance into Jerusalem was the final declaration of His Messiahship to the Jewish nation; the seal of all His former testimonies, and the prophecy of His future kingdom. Again, as He on that occasion anticipated His kingly dignity, so He continued during successive days to teach, according to His wont, as a Prophet in Jerusalem. 'This is Jesus, the Prophet of Nazareth of Galilee,' was the people's welcome; and never, during the whole course of His ministry, did He utter His discourses, and parables, and solutions of hard questions, and expositions of the law, more freely and unrestrainedly than during the earlier days of the last week of His life. Many of His sayings certainly referred to His coming death; but that had been His never-absent theme during the greater part of the preceding year. All these public discourses in Jerusalem and the temple belong to the life and ministry, not to the death, of our Redeemer. But on the third day before the crucifixion, the Lord upon the Mount of Olives takes His disciples apart, as the transition to His final retirement, and closes His public prophetic ministry by the prediction of the final judgment. This was its appropriate

close ; and, 'when He had finished all these sayings, He said unto His disciples, Ye know that after two days is the feast of the Passover, and the Son of Man is betrayed to be crucified.' At that hour the High Priest began His preparation ; our Deliverer entered the dark Valley of Decision, and the history of the Passion began.

We may observe, therefore, in passing, that Dr. Krummacher's *Three Courts* do not afford us any satisfactory help in the arrangement of the narrative. However graceful as a distribution of the subjects of the volume, it is more than superfluous,—it is misleading. The 'Holiest,' in the sacred record, comes before the 'Holy Place;' for in the sacramental institution, and the high-priestly prayer, the Redeemer has already passed in spirit through the court where the altar of atonement was erected. Thus the proleptical character of the final warning is lost, as the author himself seems to feel. This symbolism might be applied to the entire narrative with good effect, in harmony with the use of it in the Epistle to the Hebrews ; and, in that case, the showing forth of His death by the great Intercessor in heaven, corresponding with the showing forth of His death by His people on earth, would have occupied the 'Holiest' at the close of the work ; the crucifixion occupying the 'Holy Place,' and the 'Outer Court' being devoted to the preparation of the sacrifice. But to make the sacred symbol of the 'Three Courts' subserve merely the arrangement of the sections of the work is an offence, however venial, against both theology and good taste.

But to return to the critical period which commences the Passion. If we have rightly discerned the significance of our Lord's abrupt and unconnected announcement to His disciples, then, on the third day before His crucifixion, He withdrew in spirit from the external world, and gave Himself up entirely to the final sufferings of death which should perfect Himself and His mediatorial work. The three years of His public ministry—which had been prepared for by thirty years of the Father's secret discipline—now terminated in the three perfecting days, for which *they* in turn had been the sublime preparation. There is a sense, indeed, in which the whole of the Redeemer's incarnate history belongs to His passion ; even as St. Peter sums up the entire testimony of the Prophets as borne to the *sufferings* of Christ and the *glory which should follow*. He took suffering humanity in His incarnation. The infant of eight days suffered and bled. He who, according to Isaiah, *had no beauty that He should be desired*, when He appeared and was seen of Israel, had also *grown up* 'a root out of a dry ground, having no form nor comeliness.' The baptism which declared Him to be the beloved Son of God, likewise consecrated Him to a life of vicarious suffering, which was to be consummated in

another and a final baptism of fire. Many elements of grief marred His countenance through life, before He poured out His soul and His agony unto death. But still we must mark out in our thoughts, as the Lord did in His own, the period of His Passion distinctively, when He first entered the cloud which afterwards burst upon Him. This is the 'hour' of the Son of Man, which corresponds to the apostolical 'day of the Lord' in the glorious future. This is the 'third day,' when, after the former days of teaching and miracles, He would be 'perfected,' and during the course of which He could say, *Now is the Son of Man glorified.*

On that last day of His public ministry, and first day of His Passion, we perceive, if we carefully look for them, all the signs of a great crisis of transition and change. In the morning He taught in the temple for the last time, and mingled predictions of His own rejection with denunciations upon His murderers. At midday He left their house unto them desolate, the last sound of His voice within its walls being a sevenfold woe,—sad counterpart of the sevenfold benediction which had begun His public ministry. Then did He finally hide Himself from them. His mission to that generation came to an end. In the afternoon He was found upon the Mount of Olives, discoursing to His disciples concerning the end of the world, and summing up, in a few impressive parables, the whole of their own responsibilities and duties; and although He did not on that day cease to teach them, His teaching was afterwards of an altogether different character, and solely confined to the subject of His Passion. *After having finished all these sayings, He said unto His disciples, Ye know that after two days is the Passion, and the Son of Man is betrayed to be crucified.* This was His appeal to them as the chosen confidants of a mystery which they did not understand:—*Ye know*—'For this crisis I have been long preparing you; enter with Me into My last temptations.' From that hour a marked change is evident in all the expressions by which the Lord referred to His coming death. He speaks of it as come; it is no longer in the future; for the decease—the *exodus*—at Jerusalem, to which He had been always looking forward, and which, since the final view of it which He had obtained upon the Hill of Transfiguration, had been the subject of His constant soliloquy and converse, had now arrived. *The Son of Man is delivered.* The thoughts, and sayings, and works of Christ had been constantly converging to the Cross; from this hour they knew no other object.

That day ended the probation of the Jewish people. Those who were in the habit of going early in the morning to hear Him in the temple, found Him not there the next morning. What He had said, He had said; His pleading with them upon earth was over. He preached no more; taught no more;

wrought no more miracles for their conviction. The healing of the blind and the lame in the temple was His last demonstration of beneficent power,—until He put forth that supernumerary exertion of omnipotence upon the ear of Malchus, the object of which was very different. From this time He opened not His mouth before His enemies, save under the constraint of the determinate counsel of God, that He should die through His own testimony. The Gentile Pilate is the only exception: something in Him caused the Lord to break silence, and return for a moment to His ancient character; but only for a moment, and then in vain. Even to him it was the King who spoke; for the Prophet of Nazareth of Galilee had laid down His burden. No malice, no authority, no indignities of others could shake Him from His awful silence,—save as concerning His cross. Caiaphas, Herod, and all the other chief sinners of that hour sin on with impunity: they hear nothing from Him but the testimony of His mission, the assertion of His Messiahship, and the prediction of His future judgment.

That evening ended the earthly relations of His human life. It was the last night of His rest upon earth. Then did He look back upon His own spotless career, upon the work given Him to do, which He had finished. But the narrative, having given us the account of one such farewell evening scene a few days earlier, and having another far more important in prospect, does not give us any account of our Lord's last night outside Jerusalem. It would not become us to attempt to penetrate by any speculation of ours the reserved secrets of that final evening; but we are always inclined to think that the record of St. John, xii. 37-50, beginning with the lamentation of Isaiah, 'Who hath believed our report?' and ending with the sublime appeal of the Son to the Father, whose words He had spoken faithfully to the end, is a reminiscence of what he and the other sorrowful disciples heard that night in Bethany.

But we have not yet done with this antepenultimate day. It was the critical day which decided the procedure of the Lord's enemies by means of the final resolution of the traitor. According to the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, the hands of the Gentiles were to shed the blood of the Redeemer, but not until He had been judicially rejected and condemned by the people of Israel, as represented by their ecclesiastical rulers in high council. Until this evening the Chief Priests and Elders had been utterly unable to concert any plan which would meet all the exigencies of the case, and secure the accomplishment of their purpose. The history of their schemes begins with the futile commandment that any who might 'know where He was should show it, that they might take Him.' The excited enthusiasm of the populace on His entry, and their own observation that 'the people were attentive to hear Him,' convinced them

of the hopelessness of this device. Then followed the artifice of the spies, who would entangle Him in His talk, and deliver Him up to the Governor with sedition on His lips. But He triumphantly unmasked their wiles in the hearing of multitudes, 'and they could not take hold of His words *before the people.*' Thus the Lord went to Bethany at night, and returned to Jerusalem in the morning, during all these days in perfect safety, defended from the malice of His enemies by the very people who afterwards clamoured for His blood. Should the hundreds of thousands who were pouring daily into Jerusalem take His part, what would be the power of the council, what even the power of the Roman authorities, against their irresistible multitudes? On this night, when the near approach of the feast rendered it necessary that something should be immediately done to insure His death without the people's knowledge, they assembled their final council in dejection and confusion, impotently plotting the destruction of Him who the same hour had voluntarily delivered Himself up finally to the Father's will.

Their miserable consultation was terminated in a manner perfectly unexpected, and to their entire contentment. One joined them, sent by Satan, whom they knew to be a trusted follower of Jesus. His offer to deliver up his Master, at a time when no sudden rescue on the part of the people might be apprehended, was gladly accepted; and the first of the Passion prophecies was fulfilled in their trafficking together over the price of the Redeemer's blood. This was therefore the evening of Judas's decision; his final *entering into* the temptation which had been long threatening his soul, and the issue of which was seen on the following night.

Much more might be said upon these subjects; but this is enough to stamp the critical significance of this part of the three days of the suffering Messiah. It is possible that an over minute examination of the harmony of the Passion history may tend at first to disturb this impression; but it may safely be affirmed that a dispassionate study of all the connected accounts will satisfy the reader that the grounds upon which it is based are valid, and in harmony with the general design of the Evangelists:—from whose minds nothing was further removed than an exact and unimpeachable harmony of all these several accounts. The Holy Spirit fixed their eyes upon the central Object; and so ordered it that, when all the living and precious traditions, of which they were the witnesses and vouchers, were condensed into their four distinct Gospels, the whole should be to the Church for ever a complete and consistent record of the great event, which no one of them singly understood in all its aspects while it was transpiring. Hence their several accounts converge, as we believe, to one point on this day:—the Redeemer finally retires from the external world of preparation, and His

whole Being turns with infinite fixedness of the purpose of love to His *hour*, and the fulfilment of its mysteries; all His sayings to the world and to the disciples, as a public Teacher, were ended; the complots of the rulers assumed their final form, only waiting for the accomplishment of the treachery of Judas; and heaven, earth, and hell united as a triple witness *to see the end*.

The second of these three days of Atonement is introduced by the note that it was 'the first day of the feast of unleavened bread, when the Passover must be killed.' The memorable day had come, on the evening of which the paschal lamb—the greatest, the most significant, and as we believe the most comprehensive, type of the one atoning Sacrifice—*ought* once more, though only once more, to be slain. This sacred obligation was the first morning thought of Jesus in common with His disciples. It dictated His early command, and their question in reply to it: 'Go ye, and prepare us the Passover, that we may eat.—Where wilt Thou that we go and prepare?' His family were around Him complete,—even Judas having returned in body to the home whence his soul was for ever excluded,—and the Master of the household was in their midst. On this last morning the Lord gave His eleven Apostles their high pre-eminence; gathering together those who had been with Him in all His temptations around Him in a family circle, from which the sisters of Bethany, His own mother, and all others were excluded. The feast of the evening must be celebrated in Jerusalem; the paschal number is complete; but where is the guest-chamber for the homeless Redeemer, and where is the last typical lamb?

Jesus Himself knew what He would do. He moved the heart of one who called Him Master, to prepare the large upper room. And here it is refreshing to turn away from the intolerable speculations of the commentators, and contemplate one of the many sublime indications which the history of these days furnishes, of a mysterious power over-ruling the thoughts, and words, and actions of men, and giving hints on matters comparatively slight of that *determinate counsel and foreknowledge* which presided over the world's redemption. It is this which explains the involuntary prophecy of Caiaphas, the last and the worst High Priest, that one must die for the sins of the people. This enforced the despairing confession of Judas, his confederate in iniquity, that he had betrayed *the innocent* blood. This accounts for the provision of the ass for the triumphant entry of the Messiah. This dictated Pilate's superscription, excited Pilate's fear, and gave his wife her dream. This provided Mary with the unguent for the Lord's burial, in which, as in all the other cases, the act went beyond the conscious knowledge. This suggested the High Priest's adjuration,—the

Ecce Homo,—the strange cry in Jewish mouths, 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!'—the Centurion's deep soliloquy. We lose the key to some of the most solemn mysteries of the history of the Passion, if we do not recognise the invisible Hand controlling while it co-operated with human agency.

The four Evangelists themselves plainly wrote under this deep impression. It imposed upon them a sacred restraint, the evidence of which is in every line. They give their narrative as witnesses who dare not yield themselves up for a moment to their own thoughts and feelings. Their own personality retires; if for a moment, as in the history of the last Supper, it is on the point of uttering itself, there is an instant repression. God's presence and God's working were too near to allow the comments of men. Hence they relate with the most bare simplicity a multitude of individual particulars, some of which must have, through life, stirred the passions of their own soul to its depths. The events of these days were raised above human explanation or comment. The Evangelists record them as if the demonstration of God's presence would never need human enforcement. They write as if infidelity would never question the reality of the things they report; or, at least, as if the infidelity which could raise questions on this holy ground, and fail to feel the presence of God in all the events of the Passion, was beyond all argument or appeal.

The silence that reigns over this day intimates that Jesus was alone. Peter and John were sent only as the leaders of the company; and all together went, with sad and foreboding diligence, to make the various preparations for the feast. They found the unknown with his pitcher, took possession of the guest-chamber, marvelling what would transpire there, yet not without the intrusion of those ambitious thoughts which afterwards disturbed the introduction of the paschal meal. For Judas was there, and he was a second tempter to them. The last of the typical lambs was slain and prepared. The feelings of the disciples we might enter into, though it is unnecessary now; but who can tell the feelings of the Master Himself, who began the day with that '*My time is at hand*,' which those who carried the message, and he who received it, alike understood not; and who would no more 'give sleep to His eyes, or slumber to His eyelids, until He had paid His vow to the mighty God of Israel, and found Him a place to dwell in among men?' How marked the contrast between this day and those which had preceded it, and that which followed it, and all other days of the Son of Man! In vain did they say in Jerusalem, 'Where is He?' The house was already left unto them desolate, and its silent stones began already to cry out against them, now that He had finally held His peace. During this silent day, concerning which, if we reckon it from evening, we have only the

brief record of the mission to prepare the Passover, the Lord was alone. While they provided the typical lamb, He was preparing its sacred antitype. But how the day was spent,—in what communion with the Father, and what with His own soul,—whether the Mount of Olives was another Mount of Transfiguration, or He already descended to the Gethsemane below,—or whether the glory of the one and the gloom of the other alternated and blended,—we have no record. For ourselves we should assign Psalm xi. to this day, in verses 7–10, which we cannot trust ourselves to quote.

But in the evening the narrative of the Passion flows on, to be interrupted no more for the space of twenty-four hours. The history of this *night of the Lord*—of which that former ‘night of the Lord’ to be observed of all the children of Israel in their generations’ was but a distant type—is given with such marvellous minuteness as to show the design of the Holy Spirit, that not an act and not a word which had direct reference to the Passion should be lost to the Church. So also nothing is recorded which has not direct reference to the Passion: a seemingly trite observation this, which, however, is of considerable importance to the right understanding of many words spoken and many incidents recorded. Those twenty-four hours are sacred to the redemption of the world. The Saviour Himself keeps perfect and sometimes awful silence on every subject which did not bear directly upon the death which He should die. But upon that one subject how much did He say! How abundant was the outpouring of His soul concerning the import, and consequences to Himself and to His Church, of the sufferings which He was about to endure. The Christian Church holds no doctrine concerning the death of Christ which His own words that night do not teach.

Jesus retired with *His own whom He loved to the end*, into the guest-chamber, where He would for the last time sit with them at the table of the God of Israel, and for the first time make them His own guests at the new table of the kingdom of heaven. But *His hour* reigns over the scene; His Passion begins in the contention of His disciples. He marked their unholy emulation, as he had often marked it before; but his rebuke was of a different character from any previous rebuke. He arose from the table to administer that rebuke by the silent act of the feet-washing, afterwards explained in words. But that act cannot be fully understood unless we regard it in all its wide significance as occurring at the very threshold of the history of the atonement, and as having a symbolical meaning far more profound than the lesson of humility which it included. This St. John’s sublime introduction to it shows, as well as the words in St. Luke, ‘I appoint unto you a kingdom,’—the true exposition of which unites the event with the Supper, as that again unites it with

the atoning offering. We know not what form the solemn symbol would have assumed, had not the contention preceded it, and Simon Peter's interruption diverted the current of the Lord's words. But it was an action by which the Redeemer had purposed to begin the night of His perfect self-humiliation. The Lord's girding Himself was His self-sacrifice upon the cross. The washing was the regeneration and gradual sanctification of those who have their part with Him for ever; and the lesson taught to the disciples was the perfect imitation of Christ, not only in the spirit of humility, but in perfect self-sacrifice for the good of others.

This preliminary being over, and the minds of all the disciples, save one, humbled in amazement, our Lord commenced the paschal feast by opening to them His own heart, and its joy in the coming of His hour. His joy had a threefold element. It was a human joy in communion for one last hour with the companions of all His temptations. It was the joy of the servant of God, born under the law, in His final celebration of the paschal feast, before He glorified it into the Christian sacrament of His own body and blood. It was finally the joy of the Redeemer in the coming of the hour of His own oblation as the Lamb of God. This last paschal feast, which the Lord celebrated with His disciples, as we must insist, in harmony with the existing regulations as to time, place, and all circumstantials, had thus a threefold reference. It ended in sanctified observance the long series of typical feasts, which the Jews ended, before the day was over, in infinite desecration. It was itself consummated in the Christian sacrament, and it pointed, as our Lord twice most emphatically declared, to its own final realization and last fulfilment in the perfected kingdom of God.

The transition from the Passover to the sacrament is imperceptible in the narrative. An interval elapsed which all the Evangelists unite in filling up with the Lord's first fearful allusion to the traitor. The fervent desire with which He entered upon the celebration of the final feast was exchanged at the close of it for profound sorrow. He was troubled in spirit a second time, though for a far deeper reason. One of the twelve men who had been with Him in His temptations was about to become the instrument of the last and greatest of them all. This man had to a great extent disguised himself from his brethren: hence, when the awful intimation was given that one of those whose hands were with Him at the table would betray Him, they all asked of each other, *Who is it?* and of the Lord, *Is it I?* The traitor held his peace; and yet the humility of the disciples after the lesson just received was so deep, that the eyes of each were still fixed upon himself alone. The tremendous doom pronounced upon the silent traitor entered his soul, but did not move him from his purpose. It would be pleasant to the instinct of all hearts

to suppose that the question of John—that memorable question which seems to have been so well known, from its consequences, to the early Church (John xxi. 20)—immediately followed, and that the bread of apostasy was given to Judas from the paschal table instead of the sacramental, and that he went out into his night at once. But it was not so: it is in vain that the harmonists use their subtilty; they cannot rid the Lord's Supper of his presence. The sacrament had been instituted when the question was renewed by the disciple John; Judas, emboldened since the profanation of the holy mystery, could then add his own, *Master, is it I?* and receive the sop. When the Lord surrendered him up, by the words, *What thou art doing, do quickly*, to the evil of his own heart, and to Satan, who had entered into him even at the holy table, the disciples understood not the full significance of those words. The Lord was almost ready to leave the place; the departure of this human representative of Satan removed the last restraint; and when Judas went hastily out, only Jesus and John knew how swiftly his purpose would be put in execution.

But this is anticipating. Between the ejaculation of anguish in which the Lord first betrayed His sense of the traitor's presence, and the words which finally dismissed him, we must interpose the institution of the Supper. Concerning this only a very few remarks may be made here, bearing simply upon its connexion with the history of the Redeemer's sufferings. Its place in the process of the Passion is a very important element in the right understanding of its meaning as an ordinance. It was altogether proleptical as an institution, whether as it respects the Apostles' participation, or the sacrament of which they partook. Its prospective significance on this evening was three-fold. It brought the death of the morrow into the present, and founded a commemoration of the death of Christ, as a fact, to continue through all generations, until the Lord's coming should abolish it. It exhibited, secondly, in new and sanctified symbols, the perpetual communication of Himself, as alive from the dead, to His believing people; being a sign of that communication generally, and a seal of that communication on every particular occasion. The third reference in the glorious perspective was to the eternal Supper, when the Lord and all His disciples should rejoice together in the fruition of the finished history of redemption. What the first institution prospectively exhibited, its constant celebration now realizes. We commemorate the Passion of our Saviour; we receive the benefits of His life; and we anticipate together the coming of our Lord, and the final Passover.

The close of the sacramental institution is marked in St. John's account, and in his own peculiar style, by two most affecting notes: Judas goes out into his *night*, to prepare for the

actual shedding of the sacramental blood; and Jesus, having passed through the anguish of His Passion over the traitor, connects his going out with His own *glorification*. Then begins the long and sublime farewell discourse; but it is almost immediately interrupted by the outburst of Simon Peter's presumption; and the Lord suspends His discourse,—which was afterwards more than once less sinfully interrupted,—to taste a third element of bitterness in the preparatory Passion of this evening. It is His grief to tell Simon that the night of Judas's betrayal will be the night of his own triple denial. This first announcement was made to him in unmingled sorrow: the second, as we shall see, was preceded by a gracious assurance of his recovery. And in this respect the contrast with the twofold indication of the traitor to himself is most emphatic and instructive.

Two of the other Evangelists mention the Psalm which the Redeemer and His disciples sang together. This, like every incident of the eve of man's redemption, has its deep significance, and deserves all the attention which it receives from our expositors. Stier is more faithful than Krummacher and most others to the symbolical significance of this hymn, when he places it after the Supper, and before the final prayer. The Evangelists do not specify its place: they simply tell us that the great Hallel was sung by the Redeemer and the disciples for the last time, as the song of accomplished redemption; the song which closed the Old Testament hymns of anticipation; the inaugural song of Christianity; the earnest of the new song of eternity. Its exposition is one of the most beautiful pages in the *Suffering Saviour*.

After this Old Testament hymn of the sufferings and glory of the Messiah, follows the Lord's own New Testament song in the night; the new Psalms of consolation, prophecy, and prayer, which the Son of David poured forth from His full heart in the midst of His brethren, and the Church of all ages which they represented. The absence of these final discourses, and the high-priestly prayer, leaves a chasm in Dr. Krummacher's delineation of the Passion which is fatal to its completeness. Dr. Stier has thrown his exposition of them into a previous volume, which is devoted to St. John's Gospel. This, as a mere matter of arrangement, seems to us an unhappy circumstance; though nothing can be more exhaustive and perfect than his exposition of these farewell sayings in their connexion with the glorifying death of the Son of man. His interpretation of the great intercessory prayer, especially, may be pointed to as a masterpiece of reverent, profound, and comprehensive exposition. The application of analysis may be carried too far, as is frequently the case in the expository writings of this author; but no one can trace the current of our Lord's fluctuating thoughts and feelings by the light of his comment, without feeling that his

apprehension of the redeeming work of the incarnate Son of God is enlarged, hallowed, and cleared of some obscurities which gather around it in many popular treatises, and from which Dr. Krummacher's is far from being entirely exempt. These final discourses of our Lord, as they were afterwards expounded by the Spirit whose coming they predict, are His own final explanations of the meaning of His death as a revelation of the Father's love, and of all the benefits and blessings which flow from it. The prayer to the Father, into which these discourses rise, is the final expression of the oneness of the Triune God in the work of human salvation, and of the Redeemer's infinite desire for its eternal consummation in His believing people. Those who wonder that the history of the Crucifixion should be exhibited so nakedly in the Gospels as a historical fact, must remember that every dogmatic truth connected with it had been already exhibited in the Supper, and the words which followed.

The next scene in His passion which awaited the Lord was Gethsemane. Between Jerusalem and the garden lay the ravine of the brook Cedron, over which David had long ago fled in sorrow from before his son, and over which the Son of David now goes to meet His Father with His griefs. There would He finally surrender up His will to God, before He surrendered up His body to the hands of sinners. But He goes slowly; the song has died away; and His own glorious anticipations have given place to grief and oppression such as man cannot conceive. That journey would be the last which He should take with the companions of all His temptations, and therefore all His uttered thoughts are spent upon them, their present and future danger and defence.

In our conviction, the Lord thrice at intervals spoke to the excited disciples during the gloomy walk to Gethsemane. The first time He opened His lips it was to warn them that they would all, at the demand of the accuser, and by the permission of God, be that night in the sifting sieve of Satan. Judas was already sifted out; the rest were all wheat. The severest sufferer in this sifting process would be Simon Peter; and to him the Lord gave the unheeded assurance of His own specific sympathy and intercession. 'Lord, I am ready,' said the self-deceiving disciple, 'to go with Thee to prison and to death. I shall need no *return*, for Satan shall never separate me from Thee.' Then followed, after a while, the words recorded by another ear-witness, which revealed the presence of another Passion prediction in the Saviour's thoughts. 'All ye shall be offended because of Me this night.' 'Thus was it foretold; and thus I foresee it. If ye do not wilfully abandon My person, yet My cause and My humiliation will drive you away. When it shall please God to bruise Me, when I am smitten from above, ye will be all scattered abroad. But we will meet again, after these

sorrows are over, in Galilee.' Once more did Simon Peter repel this humbling prediction, as if it had been rather a warning than a prophecy. All His disciples caught his enthusiasm: what he *spoke vehemently*, they almost mechanically *said*, though there was but one among them who in any sense redeemed his pledge. Last comes the contrast which our Lord predicts between their position in the world *now*, and their position when He had sent them forth on their preliminary mission. And every word of this little colloquy between the Master and the disciples derives its dearest and most affecting illustration from the time and the place. In a few moments their earthly relations would cease for ever, and He asks them if He had ever suffered them to lack anything *in His service*? How full of meaning the brief reply, —*Nothing!* Then follows the much-contested command touching the purse and the scrip and the indispensable sword. At that moment the swords and the staves of those who should 'number Him with the transgressors,' were being provided. Our Lord saw them in spirit; moreover, He saw that His disciples also would be treated as enemies and evil-doers; and, still continuing the highly figurative strains of all these midnight words, He bade them make every provision for defence, and silently promised, what our expositors do not perceive, that they should *lack nothing* still.

These were the last free and spontaneous words of the Redeemer to His disciples as a body. Three of them heard Him again in the garden; and one of those three was spoken to from the cross; but this was the last utterance to them all in common: *The things concerning Me have an end.* 'It is night in your understandings now: but ye shall see the end of all these woes accomplished.' *It is enough*, explains itself to our minds, as meaning, '*I have done*, and ye shall better understand in due time.'

Having reached Gethsemane, our reverence would incline us rather to remain with the eight without than to enter with the three within. The innermost mystery of the Lord's agony will be for ever unfathomable to man. Yet the very fact that our Lord so closely unites His sufferings with the sympathies of His disciples, and His words so explicitly recorded, invite the careful attention of all right-minded expositors. Such, we are bound to say, are both the authors before us; and we cannot direct the reader to a better exposition of this profound anticipation of the Passion than is to be found in Dr. Stier, and in the more popular pages of Dr. Krummacher. We have only to assign its place in the history of this night of atonement. In that night it is the counterpart of the sacramental institution. In the Supper and the discourses which follow, the death is accomplished, and the Sufferer glorified, and His people glorified through the Spirit with Him: in Gethsemane the Redeemer returns; endures the agony

which was *unto death* submits His human will to the endurance of *death itself*; and at the same time shows His disciples their essential weakness, as *in the flesh*, not yet glorified in the Spirit.

The Lord, having delivered Himself up without reserve to His Father's will, and having tasted the bitterness of the internal passion of death, went forth to deliver Himself up to the hands of sinners. Here, again, a careful comparison of the four Evangelists is essential to a clear apprehension of the whole scene. Judas *knew the place*; and that he made this garden the scene of his treachery is an element in his wickedness which is not generally considered as it deserves. Jesus came forth to meet the host of His captors. The whole description keeps this in view,—that He was not sought out with lanterns and torches, and wrested from His adherents by the violence of swords and staves, but that He surrendered Himself in the fulness of conscious power, and in the fulness of absolute submission. His first calm question; His anticipation of the concerted sign by the *I am He*; His command that they take Himself, and let His disciples go their way; all declare the former. His acceptance of the kiss, the deepest humiliation He ever received from man; His repression of the disciples' false zeal; His meek question, *Shall I not drink it?* His submission to be bound; His request for a moment's liberty, to heal the effects of Peter's intemperate rashness, accompanied by the declaration that all who needlessly draw the sword must to the end of time die by the sword; His allusion to the legion of angels which He might summon, but did not, to defend Him and each of His adherents; His solemn acknowledgment of the transitory 'hour of darkness'; His suffering all His disciples to forsake Him and fly; and, finally, His permitting the 'certain young man' who would have followed Him to be separated from Him by violence; all declare the latter. His voluntary submission marks the whole scene.

Judas had now fulfilled his part of the compact, and retires. But the council and the rulers have their part to do; and a careful comparison of all the accounts will show that there was no confusion, though much haste, in all their proceedings during the morning hours of this final day of the Passion. By the sequel, we may interpret their plan to have been this: Jesus was to be first taken before Annas, the titular High Priest, the aged father of the priesthood, that he might give his important sanction to the official examination for which Caiaphas, the real High Priest of the year, would prepare the council. Before the council witnesses would prove the guilt of the blasphemer; and being found guilty of death, He was to be delivered up to Pilate, for trial on the charge of sedition, if necessary,—for immediate execution, if they could work upon the Governor's fears. The failure

of the witnesses led Caiaphas, overruled by a higher hand, as he had been before when he prophesied, to the adjuration, which extorted from Christ all that the council wished. But it was not yet day, and, that no formality might be unobserved, the council sat again afterwards, and the Lord's repeated confession sealed His doom.

Our Lord's demeanour is the best interpreter of the character of the various examinations to which He was subjected. He does not treat Annas as His judge; of His 'disciples' He condescends to say nothing; touching His 'doctrine' He appeals to the whole world of His hearers, among whom Annas might have been. Jesus speaks to him as one who had closed his ears during the day of his probation; and when He is smitten for so answering the 'High Priest,' He speaks to the conscience of the smiter. It is most evident that He pays no honour to this tribunal.

Before Caiaphas and the council He acts otherwise. To the witnesses He answers nothing; for they were brought as false witnesses, their testimony was known by all to be *unequal* to the occasion, as well as contradictory. Moreover, there was but one accusation to which the Lord would plead, and on the confession of which He would die. For that He waited; no adjuration was necessary: '*I am the Son of God—thy soul hath said it*; and when the Son of man sits upon the right hand of power, thou and ye all shall remember that I said it.' In the second examination, the two questions are separated. It is observable that to the former, *Art Thou the Christ?* Jesus refuses the answer which He had often given before throughout His life; for *that* was not the charge on the confession of which He would die. But when He is asked by *all* with one voice, as if it were the unanimous question of the whole people of Israel, *Art thou the Son of God?* He once more replied, in His last confession before the tribunal of man. Thus the crime for which He was judged guilty of death, and formally condemned by the council of the Jews, was that of declaring Himself to be the Son of God,—more than the Christ merely,—equal with God, and *God Himself*. They heard His 'blasphemy,' which the assumption of the Messiahship was *not*. And here it is very observable that St. Luke, after stating how they put His omniscience to the test, states that they spake many other things 'blasphemously' against Him. It is almost his only personal comment upon what he narrates; but how emphatic is that comment!

At this point we must interpose the two most impressive interludes which record the sequel of Peter's presumption, and of the treachery of Judas. The account of the triple denial of Simon runs affectingly parallel with the triple confession of his Master; and therefore the narratives are so carefully interwoven together. But the narrative which records the exact

fulfilment of the Lord's prophetic *warnings*, also records the glance which his forgiving Master, at the most solemn crisis of His own trial, turned upon the disciple, to assure him that His great *promise* was also fulfilled. What an eternal contrast is the end of Judas in the evangelical narrative! His remorse, his despair, his confession without hope, his extorted testimony to the innocent blood, his self-destruction, with the glance and the few words of infinite pathos which he also received from his betrayed Master, are recorded in few words by the first Evangelist, evidently for the sole purpose of introducing one more Passion fulfilment of Scripture. The others, as they follow, omit the scene, until, in the Acts of the Apostles, necessity is laid upon St. Luke to refer to it once more. It may be added that the fall of Simon Peter, and the apostasy of Judas, are most exhaustively treated by these two writers, who both seem too darkly to paint the significance of the symbolical character of Judas.

The Jews have now delivered Him up to the Gentiles,—from Caiaphas, it is said, to Pontius Pilate,—in order that He might suffer a Roman punishment, for a crime confessed and condemned in a Jewish court. It is important here to mark the relation in which our Lord stands to the two great judicatures of the land, and of the world. The trial in the former was over; Jesus had confessed Himself the Son of Man, and accepted the sentence of death. From that moment He never opened His lips to the people who had rejected and condemned Him. All His words are addressed to the representative of the Gentile world. Before him He does not plead His cause, or declare His innocence. All His words are now testimonies, not so much to Pilate, as to all future ages, that the death which He was about to suffer was a voluntary death, the infinite meaning of which would be seen in the time to come.

The narrative of our Lord's confession before Pilate, or rather of His conversations with him, is written with most affecting minuteness. After reading the elaborate exposition of them which our authors give, we are convinced that the best comment on this part of the history is to be found in a calm and devout comparison of the four Evangelists in their harmony. There is the evolution of a process in the mind of Pilate which, we cannot but feel, is lost to the reader in the mazes of such long disquisitions. It commences with Pilate's endeavours to rid himself of the responsibility altogether. But he could not do this: for, on the one hand, the Jews could not put any man to death; and, on the other, there was a necessity that 'the saying of Jesus should be fulfilled, which He spake, signifying *what death* He should die.'—Then follows the private colloquy with Jesus, in which it is plain that Pilate would hear from Himself what He had done, in order that he might have the means of baffling the

Jews. But the prompting question, 'Art thou the King of the Jews?' was answered in a way he did not expect. It was not as the King of the Jews that our Lord was condemned, but as the Founder of a higher and wider kingdom, the establishment of which would not allow of His deliverance. As the eternal King of the Truth He bears witness to Pilate's conscience; but in vain: for the only reply was, *What is truth?* given in a tone which rejected any such answer as a Jew could give. That testimony, however, had pricked him to the heart. Hence his constant endeavours to release the prisoner; commencing with his humbling himself to beg the Jews to receive the life of Jesus as his gift at the feast. This was the secret reason of the indignities to which he subjected Him; for he strove to persuade himself that He was no other than the King of the Jews, and, by loading Him with contumely as such, he hoped also to appease His enemies. 'Take ye Him and crucify Him: for I find no fault in Him,' he says, knowing full well that that would be impossible. Then were the Jews constrained to declare His real crime; and the mention of the *Son of God* deepened the fear of Pilate, and impelled him to another secret colloquy with Jesus. His question, *Whence art Thou?* and the silence of Jesus, sufficiently explain themselves at this point in His probation. But the mention of *release* opened the Redeemer's lips once more, and Pilate is amazed to hear that he himself is working out the will of a higher power, and only less guilty than the ringleader of the Jews. Pilate then decided to release the Lord; but the new accusation of sedition, and the subtle appeal to Cæsar, weakened, if it did not overcome, the protest of his conscience. The mission to the mocking Herod was a fatal suggestion of the enemy; for now Herod's blandishments introduced a new element of danger to Pilate's soul. The enemies of Christ silence every objection which he could make: they have Barabbas ready for his favour at the feast; they have the mode of execution ready upon their lips; they enforce their cries by a semblance of a tumult; they take the blood-guiltiness which he washes from his hands upon themselves and on their children. They give him no time to reflect upon his own enormous wickedness, or the intervention of Providence in his wife's dream. They *prevail* against him; and he first delivers his own integrity, and then Jesus, to *their will*.

The Prætorium, or common hall, was the place of His preparation for death; where the Romans echoed the mockery of the Jews without, and offered Him the scornful parody of His future mediatorial honour. In the wild tumult of their excitement they hurry Him along His way of sorrows, and compel another Simon to give the Lord that aid which none of His disciples was there to offer. How did Simon Peter afterwards feel at the sound of Simon the Cyrenian's sacred service!—But amid the

sounds of ribaldry and violence were suddenly heard the wails and lamentations of women; and the Lord opened His lips once more, and for the last time, to preach to the sinners whose burden weighs Him down. It was the suffering Redeemer's own Passion sermon, and as such only can it be understood. Interpreted as spoken from the cross as well as under it, the words have a deep significance for all men to the end of time. The idle sympathy of the daughters of Jerusalem was rejected; they and their whole people were bidden to bewail themselves, and not Him, during the interval of mercy which would precede the avenging of His death. To all sinners the Lord preached that His cross must be made their own; and that all who are crucified *with* Him, will do far otherwise than weep *for* Him. Finally, He warned all who should refuse to make the fiery discipline of His cross their own—and submit to the purging of the green and fruitful tree—of the everlasting burning that awaited the dry and barren branches.

On Golgotha, or Calvary,—the name more familiar and sacred to us,—they crucified Him, with the malefactors, but without the malefactor's stupefying potion. He was numbered with the transgressors; but of no other cup would He drink than that which His Father gave Him. This cup was refused that the other might be drunk to the dregs.

The six hours of light and darkness which followed should have no other record or memorial than that which the Holy Spirit has given. The sacred scene itself admits of no human description. From the pages of Krummacher, and from those of all other writers who attempt to expound and heighten the dramatic effect of the crucifixion, our minds immediately recoil. The scene is written upon the heart of every true Christian; he desires to see it with his own eyes, and not another's.

Words, however, were spoken, in the exposition of which the authors before us render us invaluable service. Those words interpret the death of Christ, as far as it may be interpreted, to every mind which is taught of the Spirit. They are recorded, indeed, not so much to describe the death, as to expound it; the sacred writers divert all fruitless speculation from the unfathomable mysteries of the agony upon the cross, to the profound and symbolical words which were spoken from it and around it.

Around it were many and various voices of men. The first sounds which are heard in the narrative are from the representatives of the Jewish people,—for all their titles are given,—who seal the great act of rejection by their formal words. Now that they are sure that no intervention from above will save Him, they satisfy themselves that He is smitten of God. They lie to their own consciences, and to the Holy Ghost, when they end all their mockery by crying, *He said, I am the Son of God!* This

has been their language to the present day.*—Pilate and his soldiers also join in this formal rejection: he, by the wilful untruth of the superscription; they, by making that the theme of their ridicule, in which they are joined by one of the male-factors. The infidel world has clung to that superscription to this day.—The Centurion and his company cried out in fear, 'Truly this was the Son of God!' and their language, too, has never failed to be extorted from the secret convictions of multitudes who act not up to their convictions.—And, finally, the wailings of those who returned, smiting upon their breasts, showed that virtue was already going forth from the cross. They were the earnest of the Pentecostal cry; and the first-fruits of the penitential sorrow which in all ages has resulted from rightly beholding the things which were that day done.

The Father uttered no voice audible to man: but the darkness which shrouded the later hours of the Redeemer's sufferings from all observation, explained that silence. Meanwhile, the Seven Words marked the process of the redeeming agony, while they at the same time interpret it to all ages. These words from the cross receive, as might be expected, most ample treatment from Dr. Stier; but, though we are disposed to go to the utmost lengths in our estimate of their sublime significance, we cannot accept all his symbolical development of their meaning. On the whole, the reader will be better contented with the more cursory disquisitions upon these words which are found in the *Suffering Saviour*. We must, however, except the exposition of 'It is finished,' in which Stier's whole strength is felt in its highest excellence. With those ever memorable words the history of the Passion ends; for the committal of His spirit into the hands of the Father was only the tribute to death of One who had already expiated the sins of the world. So also the symbolical treatment and disposal of the sacred body of the Victim belongs rather to the history of the Resurrection.

Here we must, for the time at least, leave our authors, commending them very earnestly to our readers' careful study. Their exhibition of Passion theology we are compelled to pass by at present, and be satisfied with what we have designed as only an introduction and an incentive to a deeper study of the *history of the Passion*.

* We are far from joining in the strain of complacency with which some of our periodicals receive Dr. Jost's remarks (in his *History of Judaism*) upon the character of Jesus, and the injustice of His execution. These concessions of a Jew betray, to our minds, anything rather than a weakening of Jewish prejudice. The condemnation of Christ was the official, deliberate act of the supreme council of the Jewish people.

ART. VIII.—*The Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer.*
By SAMUEL SMILES. Third Edition. Murray. 1857.

WE hail the appearance of this biography, not as furnishing another object for the hero-worship of the age, but because it affords an opportunity of doing justice to a large and neglected class of men. It is well, indeed, for literature to celebrate the favourite sons of genius, and there is little danger that it will ever cease to do so. The high thoughts, rare deeds, and chequered fortunes of the great make up the interest as well as the bulk of our libraries, and claim almost exclusive memory and homage. What is far more likely to fail of due honour and special illustration, is the common working talent of mankind,—that talent which is most widely and most equally diffused, and which is therefore only too apt to be undervalued or forgotten, and somewhat scornfully left to the enjoyment of its practical rewards. When we see its vast results in national enterprise, prosperity, and power, we make, no doubt, some general acknowledgment of the existence of this useful talent; but the merit of the human unit, of the simple artisan or man of business, is still ignored,—we give all the honour to some sublime reformer or inventor, whose genius is supposed to be the source and spring of this material greatness. Yet, no such thing! The better half of every eminent success is achieved by more vulgar attributes. Common sense in union with uncommon industry, and practical judgment supported by a powerful will—these are the homely but efficient qualities which really enact the wonders of civilization. To the hints and theories of a higher genius how much is due! and how gladly is it paid! but let us not forget the men of practical resource and ready talent,—the men who realize greater marvels of science than the sons of speculation ever dreamed of, or desired.

No better illustration of these remarks could be required than that afforded by the present volume. It is the history of one who was essentially a working man, in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase; of one who had, as it seems to us, but little of originating genius; but also of one who may justly be considered the chief instrument of the greatest revolution of our time,—a revolution more silent and pacific, it is true, but one infinitely more permanent and complete, than the genius of statesman or warrior ever effected, and which has altered the face of Europe and the world to an extent which makes the traces of Timour and Napoleon appear contemptibly limited and faint. We say that George Stephenson was the chief instrument in effecting this remarkable result; and that he was so, not by virtue of any heaven-born genius, but by the exercise of qualities more valuable than rare, and by the favour of concurrent

circumstances. He is eminently a representative man ; selected for honour, not because of superior endowments, but because it pleased Providence to succeed his manly labours with results of the greatest magnitude and importance ; and in his person we pay a tribute to the merits of the large and powerful class from which he sprung,—the body of upright, intelligent, and industrious artisans of England. If he stood foremost of them all, it was only as the first among equals.

George Stephenson was born on the 9th of June, 1781, at the colliery village of Wylam, on the banks of the Tyne, about eight miles from Newcastle. His father, Robert Stephenson, was employed as fireman to an old pumping engine, and had to support his wife and six children on the slender income of twelve shillings a week. As it was with extreme difficulty that he could provide them with food and clothing, education was out of the question, and neither George nor any of his brothers and sisters were sent to school. About the year 1787, Robert Stephenson removed with his family to another colliery, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, situated at Dewley Burn. It was here that George Stephenson commenced his career of labour. Being a sharp, active lad of eight years of age, he attracted the attention of Grace Ainslie, who engaged him to herd coys at two-pence a day. Shortly afterwards he was employed as 'corf-bitter' or picker, in clearing the coal of stones and dross, and subsequently as driver of the gin-horse, when his wages were raised to eight-pence a day. At length, in 1794, being now fourteen years of age, he was appointed assistant fireman at a shilling a day : this was soon followed by his promotion to the post of fireman ; and when only seventeen years of age, he was elevated to the office of engineman, at a new pit sunk at Water Row, near Wylam. The zeal and intelligence that he had exhibited in the subordinate capacity of fireman had induced his employer to place him in this more responsible position. He had now fairly outstripped his father, who acted under him as fireman to the same engine. From Water Row, George was removed to Newburn. He was now eighteen years of age, and could neither read nor write. He did not even know the letters of the alphabet. Though only earning twelve shillings per week, George's career had been a successful one ; and the ambition of the colliery engineman was fairly roused. He had the sense to see that without some rudimental education, his chance of further promotion was very distant, and decided with characteristic resolution to remove the difficulty. He placed himself in the hands of Robin Cowens, who kept a night school at Walbottle, and who, for three-pence a week, put him through a vigorous course of pot-hooks, so that at the age of nineteen George Stephenson succeeded for the first time in writing his own name. In the following winter, a Scotsman,

of the name of Andrew Robertson, started a night school in the village of Newburn, and here we find, on the testimony of one of his schoolfellows, that 'he took to figures so wonderful, that by the end of the winter he mastered "reduction."' When shortly afterwards the pit was closed, and the hands removed to Black Callerton, Andrew Robertson followed his pupils, and George continued his education.

For some time before leaving Newburn, Bill Coe, who was brakesman at the Water Row Pit, had been initiating his friend George into the art and mystery of braking, and so successfully, that George was appointed brakesman at the Dolly Pit, Black Callerton; and as this was a post requiring great care and considerable dexterity, his wages were raised to about seventeen shillings *per* week. For some time, however, George had been employing his leisure hours in making and mending his fellow workmen's shoes. By this humble employment he was enabled to save his first guinea, and, being intrusted by his sweetheart, Fanny Henderson, to sole a pair of her shoes, he executed this labour of love in a style worthy a professional cordwainer. He was justly proud of this achievement, and carried about the little shoes in his pocket, pulling them out and exhibiting them to his friends with honest exultation. Fanny was in every way worthy his attentions. Young, comely, and amiable, she was beloved by all who knew her, and, though filling the modest situation of servant in a farmhouse, was a woman of superior intelligence.

The young couple were married at the village church of Newburn, on the 28th of November, 1802, and commenced their modest *ménage* in a very small cottage at Willington Quay, about six miles from Newcastle, to which place George had now removed. It is about this time that we find George Stephenson first giving any evidence of that taste for mechanical pursuits, and that spirit of investigation, which were destined at a later period to exercise such a powerful influence on his own fortunes, and on the fortunes of his country. He was still employed as brakesman to a colliery engine, and his leisure hours were still partially occupied in making and mending shoes; but other and more important pursuits began to interest him.

Those who have given any attention to the early struggles of mechanical engineers, must have been struck with the fact, that a large proportion of them commence their career with an impression that they have discovered a plan of perpetual motion. Perhaps every science has some alluring promise of this kind,—some intimation of a perfect theory which may be perfectly realized in practice,—to flatter the hopes and stimulate the genius of its young professors. What the transmutation of metals was to the mediæval chemist, and the quadrature of the circle to the enthusiastic mathematician, such is the secret of perpetual motion to the ardent student of mechanics.

George Stephenson was no exception to this rule. The idea having once seized him, he commenced with characteristic energy the attempt to carry it out. He made experiments, he constructed models. As successive difficulties presented themselves, he met them by successive alterations in his machinery. He fought long and fought bravely, but, like all his predecessors, he fought in vain: not altogether in vain, however; for, though the phantom had escaped him, the pursuit had been of incalculable benefit. In attempting an impossibility, he had acquired habits of investigation, had strengthened his reasoning faculties, and laid up a store of mechanical facts and principles, which rendered discoveries in other directions more than possible. Disappointment, like adversity, has its uses; and many a man can trace his subsequent success in life to an early failure. George Stephenson had never any occasion to regret the time spent in his endeavour after perpetual motion.

In 1804, George Stephenson removed to Killingworth, still in the capacity of brakesman. Here he had the misfortune to lose his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. A son, the present Sir Robert Stephenson, was the only issue of this short but happy union. In order to escape from the scene of his sorrow, he accepted a situation as engineman in Montrose, and for the first time in his life left the neighbourhood of Newcastle. In 1807, we again find him at his old post as brakesman at Killingworth. While here, a fire broke out in his cottage during his absence, and, in extinguishing it, his eight-day clock was damaged with the water. George was too poor and too enterprising to send it to a clockmaker; so he set to work, and taking it to pieces, he repaired, cleaned, and put it together again. The clock now kept better time than ever, and George was, for the future, as much in request as a clockmender, as he had ever been as a maker and mender of boots and shoes. For three more years he plodded on, performing his routine duties to the satisfaction of his employers, and still eking out his scanty wages by clockmending and shoemaking, to which employment he had now, however, added that of tailoring. But he had given no indication as yet of superior abilities; he was an industrious and intelligent workman, and nothing more. It was in 1810, when George Stephenson was at the mature age of twenty-nine, that an accidental circumstance occurred, which afforded him an opportunity of exhibiting his mechanical skill in so striking a manner as to attract the attention of his employers. A new pit had been sunk at Killingworth, and an atmospheric engine had been erected for the purpose of pumping out the water by which the works were flooded. It entirely failed, however; and after incessantly pumping for nearly twelve months, the proprietors of the pit, despairing of success, had nearly resolved to abandon the

undertaking, when George Stephenson came to their rescue. Having watched the progress of the works with great interest, and considered well the causes of failure, George one day told the baffled workmen that, if they put the engine in his hands, he would drain the pit, and send them to the bottom, in one week. This having been reported to Ralph Dods, the colliery surveyor, (or viewer, as he is called in the north,) who was now fairly at his wits' end, he determined to give him a trial. We give the results in Mr. Smiles's own words :—

'The engine was taken entirely to pieces. The injection cap, being considered too small, was enlarged to nearly double its former size, the opening being increased to about twice the area. The cylinder, having been found too long, was packed at the bottom with pieces of timber; these and other alterations were necessarily performed in a rough way, but, as the result proved, on true principles. The repairs occupied about four days; and by the following Wednesday the engine was carefully put together again, and set to work. It was kept pumping all Thursday, and by Friday afternoon the pit was cleared of water; and the workmen were "sent to the bottom," as Stephenson had promised. The alterations thus effected in the engine and in the pumping apparatus proved completely successful; and Stephenson's skill as a pump-curer became the marvel of the neighbourhood.'—Page 43.

For this feat George received a present of £10, and, what was of infinitely more importance to him, impressed his employers and the other Killingworth colliery owners with the conviction, that the poor brakesman at the High Pit possessed greater mechanical skill, and was more to be depended upon in an emergency, than the men upon whom they had formerly relied, and who had been regularly trained to the manufacture and repairing of machinery. Other opportunities of distinguishing himself soon presented themselves, all of which George contrived to turn to good account; and in 1812 he was appointed colliery engineer to the 'Grand Allies,'—a company of gentlemen who owned or leased a great number of collieries in the neighbourhood of Killingworth. His salary was now £100 a year; and though for many a long year afterward, almost to the close of his life, he was a laborious worker, he was now relieved from the necessity of manual labour.

Until thirty-one years of age, George Stephenson had earned his living by the sweat of his brow. He commenced life at the very foot of the social ladder. While yet a child, miserably poor, destitute of the mere rudiments of education, and surrounded by coarse and ignorant companions, he daily struggled for his daily bread. Slowly and patiently, but with a resolution that never faltered, and a perseverance that never flagged, he won his upward way; and under conditions that would have repressed the zeal and dulled the ambition of ordinary men, he commenced a career that ultimately led him to fame and fortune.

The uneventful story of a working man's life is soon told; and the sketch we have given of George Stephenson's history up to his thirty-first year embraces all that is necessary to be known. Mr. Smiles, however, has expanded the scanty materials at his disposal over fifty or sixty octavo pages. In doing so he has committed an error too common to biographers. Many a man whose career might have furnished an interesting and instructive record, has been condemned to a premature oblivion by the injudicious zeal of his biographer; and though such a fate cannot be expected to be the lot of the great railway engineer, yet Mr. Smiles has unnecessarily increased the bulk and diminished the value of his work, by dwelling on trifling details, and by the relation of events that have only a secondary bearing upon the subject. The life of England's greatest naval commander has been compressed by Southey within the limits of a small duodecimo volume. This admirable and judicious biography is consequently not confined to the libraries of the middle and upper classes, but has found its way into the cottages of our artisans and peasantry. If ever there were a career calculated to interest and improve the working population of this country and America, it is that of George Stephenson. Sprung from their own ranks, not more favoured by opportunities than the humblest among them, he rose to eminence by the steady, persistent, and energetic exercise of qualities which are possessed by a large proportion of our countrymen, though few, very few, have the resolution, the strength of will, and the untiring patience fully to develop the powers with which they are gifted. It is much to be regretted, then, that a work so eminently calculated to interest and elevate the masses should be practically placed beyond their reach; and Mr. Smiles will best consult his own reputation, and at the same time confer a boon upon the public, by issuing an abridged edition of his work, which, by the omission of all extraneous matter, will enable the moral of George Stephenson's life to influence the character and improve the condition of that large portion of society which earns its living by the work of its hands. In the welfare of this class George Stephenson, to the close of his life, felt the deepest interest. At various meetings of Mechanics' Institutions, and on every other occasion when he had an opportunity of addressing working men, he told them, in his own simple and impressive manner, the means by which he had risen, and encouraged and exhorted them to follow in his steps.

Before proceeding to lay before our readers an account of the great services of Mr. Stephenson in connexion with the development of the railway system, we must emphatically express our dissent from Mr. Smiles's estimate of his merits as an engineer. Mr. Smiles everywhere claims for Mr. Stephenson

the character of an inventor; and even goes so far as on more than one occasion to rank him in this respect with James Watt. This we think to be a great mistake. * Mr. Stephenson did not possess, in any eminent degree, the inventive or creative faculty. Inventors, as a rule, are deficient in those practical qualities which are necessary for the full development of their ideas. It is true that at distant intervals men make their appearance who are alike gifted with the power of originating mechanical ideas, and the practical skill and sagacity to make them available. Of this James Watt was a memorable instance. The importance and originality of his discoveries were scarcely less remarkable than the almost perfect manner in which he turned them to account; and the condensing steam-engine, as it came from his hands, was so perfect and complete in all essential particulars, that the efforts of subsequent engineers have failed materially to increase its power and efficiency. James Watt has done more to increase the wealth and material happiness of his fellow men than any human being of whom history has given a record. Next, perhaps, to James Watt, no man has more largely contributed to the welfare of his fellows than George Stephenson. This result, however, we repeat, was not due to any discoveries or inventions on his part, but to the unerring sagacity with which he estimated the value of the inventions of others, and the practical skill and untiring energy by which he turned them to profitable uses.

One of the remarkable circumstances in connexion with the development of the railway system, is the length of time during which tram-roads, as they are now called, were in use in certain districts for the conveyance of coal and minerals, before the immense saving, which this mode of transit effected, began to be generally appreciated. So far back as the year 1630, a wooden railway was laid down by one Master Beaumont, from his colliery near Newcastle to the river side, on which the loaded waggons were drawn by horses; but in all probability they were in use at a still earlier date. The wretched state of the roads in this country two or three hundred years ago, and the extreme ignorance of the people with respect to the means to be employed in their construction and repair, rendered it a work of almost insuperable difficulty to conduct a heavy traffic like that in coal, from the pit's-mouth to the place of shipment. And it is perhaps a reasonable conjecture, that the temporary expedients employed in getting the carts and waggons over portions of the road, otherwise impassable, gave the first idea of a tram-road. The deep hollows and ruts were bridged over by beams or planks of wood; and the waggons having passed over, the pieces of wood were taken up and relaid wherever the state of the road made such an expedient necessary. The ease with which the traffic rolled over the wood, as contrasted with the difficulty expe-

rienced in forcing it over the common road, gradually led to its more extensive adoption, until ultimately the whole distance was laid with two parallel lines of planks. For a long time these wooden railways were confined to the collieries of the North of England: during the course of the eighteenth century, however, they were gradually brought into use in the mining districts of England and Scotland. At the same time that tram-roads were becoming more extensively used, they were constructed in a more substantial manner. Iron plates were nailed on the wooden rails, to protect them from the action of the waggon wheels; and ultimately the wooded rails were in many instances taken up, and light cast-iron rails, supported at the ends upon stone blocks or wooden sleepers, were used in their stead. This was the state of things at the commencement of the present century. But while the advantages of the railway over the common road, as a means of transit, were fully established, nothing had as yet been done towards applying the wonderful powers of the steam-engine to locomotive purposes.

Previous to the year 1802 the work performed by the steam-engine was due, not so much to the direct presence of steam, as to the power of the vacuum caused by its condensation. Steam was employed to follow the piston, as it moved from one end of the cylinder to the other. It was then withdrawn into the condenser, leaving a vacuum which exerted a pressure of twelve or fourteen pounds on every square inch of the piston's area. This pressure forced the piston back to the opposite end of the cylinder; and having been followed again by steam, which was again condensed, a fresh vacuum was formed, and the piston again set in motion. Now, though the steam employed in this operation was of sufficient force to exert some pressure on the piston, it was so much inferior to that produced by the vacuum, that it has frequently been suggested that the master-piece of Watt would have been more correctly designated as a vacuum engine. But powerful and beautiful as was the engine, and admirably as it was adapted for mining and manufacturing purposes, it was costly, of great weight, required considerable space for its erection, and, moreover, could only be used in situations where there was an abundant supply of water.

It will be apparent, therefore, that such an engine was ill fitted for the purposes of locomotion. Indeed, supposing a locomotive engine to have been constructed on the principle of Watt's engines, and placed on one of our railways, the quantity of water that it would have required to have carried with it on a journey, for the purpose of condensing the steam, would alone have far exceeded in weight an ordinary passenger-train. It was doubtless a consideration of these difficulties that induced Watt to abandon the attempt to apply his engine to moving carriages, although his attention was frequently directed to this subject by

his friend Dr. Robison, and although he went so far as to include, in taking out one of his numerous patents, a plan for moving carriages on common roads. During the latter half of the last century, the possibility and probability of constructing carriages to be moved by steam was a favourite subject of speculation among engineers. Many prophecies were uttered, patents taken out, and models constructed. Among the prophets, poor prosy Darwin was conspicuous. He anticipated the success of railways and steam-boats in the lines which include all that readers of the present day know of his writings :—

‘Soon shall thine arm, unconquer’d Steam, afar :
Drag the slow barge, and drive the rapid car ;
And on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.’

Though various models had been constructed of steam-carriages, the first by a Frenchman, Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, in 1763 ; then by an ingenious American mechanic, Oliver Evans, in 1787 ; and subsequently in Scotland by Mr. Symington ; and in England by William Murdock, in 1784 ; no attempt was made to embody the principle in a practical form until the beginning of the present century. Fortunately, about that time, Mr. Richard Trevethick, an engineer residing at Camborne in Cornwall, began to direct his attention to this subject. Hitherto all attempts to apply steam to the purposes of locomotion had been directed with a view to place the steam-engine, as it then existed, on wheels ; and it is not surprising, therefore, that the difficulties before which Watt recoiled, were such as to render abortive the efforts of inferior men.

Richard Trevethick, however, was not a man of the common stamp. He was gifted with the inventive faculty in a degree scarcely inferior to Watt himself, and to this he joined the utmost activity and enterprise. But he was restless and changeable, and totally devoid of that steady, resolute, and incessant application which enabled Watt to make his ideas as available in practice as they were brilliant in conception. Much as it is to be regretted, however, that Trevethick did not do full justice to his remarkable powers, he has done sufficient to entitle him to the second place among the inventors of the steam-engine ; and while he nearly approaches Watt, he places all other competitors at an immeasurable distance behind him.

On turning his attention to the moving of carriages by steam, Trevethick comprehended at once the utter impracticability of adapting the steam-engine, as it then existed, to such a purpose. He boldly deviated therefore from the beaten track, and, dismissing the condenser, with all its accompanying apparatus, from his consideration, he proceeded to construct an engine which should be worked by the direct action of steam alone. His

cousin, Mr. Andrew Vivian, supplied him with the necessary funds: and the patent that was subsequently taken out was in the joint names of Trevethick and Vivian. The engine, when finished, had the most complete success. It was the first high-pressure engine that had ever been made, and was the type of the thousands and tens of thousands of high-pressure engines which are now working in every part of the civilized world. A drawing and description of this engine will be found in Mr. Stuart's *History of the Steam Engine*. After a detailed description of the apparatus, Mr. Stuart says, 'Such is the simple and powerful machine of Trevethick and Vivian; which exhibits in construction the most beautiful simplicity of parts, the most sagacious selection of appropriate forms, their most convenient and effective arrangement and connexion, uniting strength with elegance, the necessary solidity with the greatest portability, possessing unlimited power, with a wonderful plasticity to accommodate it to a varying resistance. It may, indeed, be called by way of distinction, THE STEAM ENGINE.' Subsequently, Mr. Stuart goes on to say, that 'this engine may now be considered a rival so formidable as to justify the opinion that, at no remote period, it may claim to divide the palm of merit with the condensing engine.' This was written several years previous to the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Since that period, engines constructed on Trevethick's principle of high-pressure steam have been multiplied in a most wonderful manner. Every locomotive engine in every part of the world, and nearly all the engines in America, whether in steam-boats or on the land, have been constructed on this principle. In this country, the condensing engine is still largely employed in the mining and manufacturing districts; its greater original cost being compensated by the greater economy of its working. The large proportion of stationary engines, however, especially those under twenty or thirty horse power, are now made on the high-pressure principle.

Immediately after Trevethick had finished his engine, and satisfied himself of its power and efficiency, he attached it to a carriage, and set it to work. The form of the carriage resembled the common stage-coach of the period, and a drawing of it may be seen in the *Repertory of Arts*, vol. iv. of the second series, p. 241. Mr. Nicholas Wood gives the following description of its general construction:—

'A square iron case, containing the boiler and cylinder, is placed behind the large, or hinder, wheels of the carriage, and is attached to a frame, supported from the axles of those wheels. The cylinder was in a horizontal position, and the piston-rod was projected backwards and forwards, in the line of the road toward the front of the carriage. Across the square frame, supported by the wheel of the carriage, an axle was extended, reaching a little beyond the frame on each side:

this axle was cranked in the middle, in a line with the centre of the cylinder, and a connecting rod, passing from the end of the piston, turned this axle round, and produced a continual rotatory motion of it, when the piston was moved backwards and forwards by the cylinder. Upon both ends of this axle cog-wheels were fixed, which worked into similar cog-wheels upon the axle of the wheels of the carriages, so that, when a rotatory motion was produced in the cranked axle by the piston-rod, the rotatory motion was communicated to the axle of the larger, or hinder, wheels of the carriage; and these wheels being fixed upon and turning round with the axle, gave a progressive motion to the carriage. Upon one end of this axle was fixed a fly-wheel, to secure a rotatory motion in the axle at the termination of each stroke.

‘Upon the periphery of the fly-wheel a break was attached, to regulate the descent of the carriage down steep hills. The contrivances, to effect the requisite motions of the various parts of this machine, are extremely ingenious; and, considering it as the first which directed public attention to the subject, it is entitled to great commendation.’—*Nicholas Wood on Railroads*, pp. 125, 126.

In the year 1802 the carriage was completed, and commenced moving about the common roads near the Land’s End in Cornwall. As Trevethick was naturally anxious, however, that his discovery should be brought under the notice of men of science, and others capable of appreciating its importance, he decided to take it to London. Having made his preparations, therefore, he got up steam, and, mounting his engine with his friend and partner Vivian by his side, he proceeded along the turnpike road to Plymouth. After terrifying a toll-gate keeper out of his wits, and occasionally carrying away a corner of a gentleman’s garden, the travellers arrived in safety at Plymouth, when the engine was placed on board ship and conveyed to London, and shortly after was exhibited in an enclosed piece of ground on the site of the present Railway Station at Euston Square. Here, in the presence of thousands of spectators, the novel spectacle was witnessed of a carriage, filled with passengers, being drawn about by steam power. On the second day the people flocked in greater numbers to witness the interesting experiments, when, for some unaccountable reason, Trevethick refused to exhibit his engine. Mr. Smiles, referring to this circumstance, says, ‘But Trevethick, in one of his odd freaks, shut up the place, and shortly afterward removed the engine.’ Inventors are generally only too anxious to bring their works under the notice of the public, and we have no doubt that Trevethick had some more substantial reason for this proceeding, than the indulgence of an ‘odd freak.’ It is more than probable, that some part of his apparatus had become deranged, from the jolting, caused by the uneven nature of the ground; and as he saw that such an objection would be fatal to any other attempt that he might make, he gradually abandoned

the project, and directed his attention to the construction of a locomotive engine to work on a railway. In 1804 his second engine was completed, and was immediately set to work on the Merthyr Tydvil Railway in South Wales. On its very first trial 'it travelled at the rate of five miles an hour, and drew as many carriages as carried ten tons of iron for a distance of nine miles, without requiring any water to be introduced into the boiler from the period of its starting until it had reached the end of its journey.' This was a wonderful performance; and when we reflect that the difficulties of the undertaking were such as to deter the resolute spirit of James Watt from attempting their removal, we cannot give too much honour to the man to whose genius and skill we are indebted for the discovery of the principle by which locomotion by steam is alone possible. Richard Trevethick, then, is the father of the locomotive engine; and though the efforts of successive inventors and engineers have immensely increased its speed and power, there has been no attempt to alter the fundamental principle on which it was founded in 1804. The railway or tram-road upon which the engine was placed, having been constructed with a view to the traffic being conducted by horses, was found inadequate to sustain the shocks produced by the passing of a locomotive engine and train at the rate of five miles an hour. The concussion, moreover, was aggravated by a contrivance that Trevethick employed in order to overcome a supposed want of adhesion between the rail and the driving-wheels of the engine. In order to prevent the wheels slipping round on the rail, he placed a series of bolts on the external rim of the driving-wheels; so that by their unequal surface he might obtain a better grip of the rail, and thus secure the advance of his engine. This want of adhesion was purely imaginary; and the jolting produced by the uneven surface of the driving-wheels, caused such damage to the rails, that the engine was obliged to be removed, and was subsequently employed as a pumping engine at the mine.

Had the railway at Merthyr Tydvil been of sufficient strength to support the weight of his engine, it is probable that Trevethick might have had the honour, not only of inventing the locomotive, but of anticipating some of those improvements by which, twenty-five years later, its power and efficiency were so immensely increased. Had George Stephenson been in his place, he would never have rested until he had found some colliery or mining company who would have laid down rails sufficiently strong to bear the weight of his engine; and, having convinced himself of the soundness of the principle on which he was acting, no labour or anxiety would have been spared in developing it to the utmost of his power. But Trevethick was a wayward genius. The ardour with which he entered upon any pursuit was not

more remarkable than the levity with which he forsook it for another. He was 'everything by turns, and nothing long.' When his engine was removed from the Merthyr Tydvil line, he appears to have thought little more of steam locomotion; and a few years later we find him attempting to drive a tunnel under the Thames, at Rotherhithe, which he succeeded in carrying a thousand feet under the river, when the water broke in, and the project was abandoned. In 1814 he was employed by the Peruvian Government to construct nine powerful engines on his high-pressure principle, to drain some of their best gold mines which were flooded. The engines answered to a marvel. He now supplied the same authorities with coining apparatus and furnaces for purifying the ore, and in 1816 followed them to Lima, where he was received with 'public honours and rejoicings,'—the official Gazette announcing the arrival of '*Don Ricardo Trevethick*, an eminent professor of mechanics, machinery, and mineralogy, inventor and constructor of engines of the last patent, and who directed in England the execution of the machinery now at work at Pasco.' The Viceroy ordered the Lord Warden of the mines to escort him with a guard of honour, and the same Lord Warden subsequently proposed to erect his statue in '*massy silver*.'* His earnings at this time were supposed to be fabulous in amount. But Dame Fortune was as fickle as Trevethick himself; and a few years later he was found by the present Sir Robert Stephenson at a wretched inn at Cartagena, almost reduced to beggary, and unable to reach home without assistance. It is needless to add that, after the arrival of Sir Robert, he was enabled to resume his journey. The long list of patents taken out by Trevethick affords striking evidence of the versatile powers of this remarkable man; and though, after the construction of his first locomotive, he took little interest in railway matters, he deserves a much higher place in public estimation than has hitherto been accorded to him.

Between 1804 and 1811 no attempt appears to have been made to employ the steam-engine for locomotive purposes. In the latter year, however, Mr. Blenkinsop, of Leeds, took out a patent for a locomotive engine, and in the following year it was set to work on the railway running from the Middleton collieries to the town of Leeds. This engine was, of course, constructed on Trevethick's high-pressure principle; but instead of one cylinder he had two, which, working into cranks at right angles to each other, imparted greater regularity to its action, and enabled him to dispense with a fly-wheel.

But the bugbear of want of adhesion between the driving-wheel and the rail, which caused Trevethick to give a rough or jagged surface to the rim of his wheel, haunted Blenkinsop, and led him to the expensive contrivance of laying down a rack-rail

* See Stuart's *History of the Steam Engine*.

the whole length of the line,—three and a half miles,—into which a cog-wheel attached to the engine was made to work. This engine was regularly worked for several years, drawing heavy trains of coals at little more than three miles an hour. Messrs. Chapman and Co., of Newcastle, and Mr. Brunton, of Derbyshire, constructed locomotives in 1812 and 1813, with ingenious contrivances for overcoming the same imaginary difficulty.

It is to Mr. Blackett, a colliery owner at Wylam, that we are indebted for the discovery that there is sufficient adhesion between the smooth surfaces of the driving-wheels and the rail to enable a locomotive engine to draw a heavy load after it without slipping.

For some years George Stephenson had been deeply interested in the various attempts to supersede horse-power by the steam-engine on colliery railways. He had been to see Blenkinsop's engine at work at Leeds, and had carefully watched all Mr. Blackett's experiments in his own neighbourhood; and thinking he could improve upon anything that had been yet done, he requested and obtained permission from his employers to construct a locomotive for the Killingworth colliery railway. Mr. Smiles, at this point in the history of the locomotive, says, 'There was still wanting the man who should accomplish for the locomotive what James Watt had done for the steam-engine, and combine in a complete form the separate plans of others, embodying with them such original inventions and adaptations of his own as to entitle him to the merit of inventing the working locomotive, *in the same manner as James Watt is regarded as the inventor of the working condensing engine.*' This is simply preposterous. That Mr. Stephenson skilfully 'combined in a complete form the separate plans of others,' is perfectly true; but that he embodied with them 'such original inventions' as entitle him to the merit of '*inventing* the locomotive,' is the reverse of truth. But when Mr. Smiles proceeds to institute a comparison between the originality of Stephenson and Watt, he exhibits an ignorance of his subject that is unpardonable. It was not by 'combining in a complete form,' but by *discarding* the 'separate plans' of others, and substituting his own 'original inventions,' that Watt won his fame. We have no wish to depreciate the talents of Mr. Stephenson; they were very great, and the country owes him a deep debt of gratitude for his services; but the interests of truth, and the claims of the 'inventors' of the locomotive, require that there should be no illusion in this respect. As we proceed, we will point out the important inventions—and they are few in number—which have made the locomotive engine of the present day so wonderful and powerful a machine, and will at the same time endeavour to show that the eminent abilities of Mr. Stephenson were such as render it unnecessary on the part of the biographer to add to his repu-

tation by detracting from that of his less fortunate competitors. Inventors, like poets, are generally an unlucky race of men; and, while adding to the material and intellectual wealth of the world, they comparatively seldom reap any substantial benefits for themselves. Fame is their usual, in many cases their most coveted, reward; and as they are contented with such an unsubstantial return for their services, it is at least our duty to see that it is impartially bestowed.

In 1813 George Stephenson commenced the construction of his first locomotive, which was completed and set to work on the Killingworth railway in July, 1814. In all essential particulars it resembled Blenkinsop's adaptation of Trevethick's engine, its main point of difference being the discarding of any device for procuring the adhesion between the driving-wheel and the rail; the experiments of Mr. Blackett having satisfied him that the contact between their smooth surfaces was sufficient. Its performances were not remarkable. 'On an ascending gradient of one in four hundred and fifty the engine succeeded in drawing after it eight loaded carriages of thirty tons' weight at about four miles an hour; and for some time after it continued regularly at work.' When we consider that in 1804 Trevethick's small engine, with only one cylinder, had drawn five waggons containing ten tons of iron, at the rate of five miles an hour, it will be clear that no considerable advance had yet been made. In the year following, Mr. Stephenson constructed his second locomotive, which, though generally resembling his first, had been much improved in its details. We have no exact account of its performances; but as Mr. Smiles observes, 'There was not, however, so marked a saving in the expense of working, when compared with the cost of horse traction, as to induce the northern colliery masters to adopt it as a substitute for horses,'* it is clear that the advance had not been great. Having taken up the subject of steam locomotion, Mr. Stephenson was not the man to relinquish it without a struggle. We find him, therefore, in 1816, constructing other engines, in which the simplification of the working parts is still further carried out. In these engines, moreover, Mr. Stephenson employed a very ingenious and effective contrivance for protecting them from the shocks to which they were subjected in passing over the unequal surface of the rails, at that time most imperfectly laid down. Instead of resting his engines as formerly on the axles of the wheels, they were placed on four small cylinders, the upper portions of which were connected with the boiler. Piston-rods passed through the lower end of the cylinder and rested on the axles, while the steam, acting upon the upper surface of the piston, raised the engine and supported it, as it were, upon four cushions

* Page 133.

of steam. This plan, though original and ingenious, was not adapted to meet the unequal shocks to which a locomotive is subject, and was subsequently abandoned for ordinary springs, which meet every variety of pressure with a corresponding resistance. These engines continued regularly at work for several years at Killingworth, and some of them are dragging coals even to this day. The neighbouring colliery owners were very slow in following the example set them at Killingworth; but in 1819, the Hetton coal company decided to construct a railway from a point 'two miles south of Houghton-le-Spring, in the county of Durham, to the shipping place on the banks of the Wear, near Sunderland.' Mr. Stephenson, having first obtained permission from his employers, was engaged as engineer of the line, which runs through a hilly district; but as the means of the company were restricted, he was compelled to allow the railway to follow the undulating surface of the district through which it passed. The railway was opened in November, 1822. Fixed engines drew the loads up the inclines, and 'five of Stephenson's locomotives were at work upon the railway, under the direction of his brother Robert; and the first shipment of coal was then made by the Hetton company at their new staiths on the Wear. The speed at which the locomotives travelled was about four miles an hour; and each engine dragged after it a train of seventeen waggons, weighing about sixty-four tons.* As the number of locomotive engines in use was now increasing, Mr. Stephenson, with characteristic energy, determined to make arrangements for constructing them in a more wholesale manner, in anticipation of a demand that was rapidly increasing. With this view, in 1823, he entered into partnership with Mr. Edward Pease, the enterprising projector of the Stockton and Darlington Railway, which resulted shortly afterwards in the erection of the celebrated locomotive engine works at Newcastle. Mr. Stephenson had made the acquaintance of Mr. Pease in 1821, after the passing of the Stockton and Darlington Railway Bill. He had long felt that if he had but the chance, he could wonderfully develop the powers of the railway system. All he wanted was a man to 'take him by the hand.' Mr. Edward Pease, a colliery owner near Darlington, a man of high character, of great sagacity, and indomitable resolution, had succeeded in securing the passing of the Act authorizing the construction of the Stockton and Darlington Railway through Parliament, in spite of a most formidable opposition of peers and landed proprietors, when 'one day, about the end of the year 1821, two strangers knocked at the door of Mr. Pease's house in Darlington, and the message was brought to him that some persons from Killingworth wanted to speak with him. They were invited in, on which one of the visitors

* *Life*, p. 172.

introduced himself as Nicholas Wood, viewer at Killingworth; and then turning to his companion, he introduced him to Mr. Pease as George Stephenson, of the same place. Mr. Stephenson then came forward, and handed to Mr. Pease a letter from Mr. Lambert, the manager at Killingworth, in which it was stated that the bearer was the engine-wright at the pit, and that he had had experience in the laying out of railways, and had given satisfaction to his employers, and that he would therefore recommend him to the notice of Mr. Pease, if he stood in need of the services of such a person.* Both Mr. Pease and Mr. Stephenson were admirable judges of character; and before the introduction had lasted many minutes, the former became convinced that the burly, bashful engine-wright was the man to carry his project to a successful issue; and the latter became convinced that he had found the man who had the foresight, energy, and means required to contend with the difficulties of so novel an undertaking. As the conversation proceeds, George warms up, and says, in his strong Northumbrian dialect, 'I feel sure, if you will fairly *buckle to* this railway, you are the man successfully to carry it through.'† 'I think so too,' rejoined Mr. Pease; 'and I may observe to thee, that if thou succeed in making this a good railway, thou may consider thy fortune as good as made.' This interview resulted in the appointment of Mr. Stephenson as engineer of the line, and laid the foundation of his fortunes.

In order to pursue our history of the locomotive as distinct from the railroad, we pass on to the 27th of September, 1825, when the Stockton and Darlington Railway was opened for traffic. The first engines employed on this line were constructed after the Killingworth model; and though no important alteration had been made, a somewhat increased speed was obtained; and though they did not travel at more than an average speed of six miles an hour, they occasionally, under favourable circumstances, reached seven or eight. It was intended by the directors of this line that horse-power should work in conjunction with the locomotive engine; but the superiority of the latter, as far as the heavy traffic was concerned, soon became apparent. The contest for the passenger traffic, however, was more equal. Light carriages, capable of holding a considerable number of passengers, were placed on the rails, and, when drawn by one or more horses, could successfully compete with the engine, both as regards speed and economy. The stage-coach on the common road, also, was beating the locomotive every day; and it was only after the line had been opened some time that in a race that took place between the locomotive and the stage-coach from Stockton to Darlington, the former was

* Life, p. 183.

† Life, p. 185.

enabled to win by a hundred yards. This feat made a great sensation in the neighbourhood; and the public began to look forward with more confidence to the ultimate success of the locomotive. The Company had been fortunate in the choice of their locomotive engineer. Mr. Timothy Hackworth, who had now the management of this department, was an able and original man; and in his hands the locomotive was rapidly increasing both in speed and power. Mr. Stephenson, though he continued to supply some of the engines for this line from his manufactory at Newcastle, was now personally engaged in the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. The improvements of Mr. Hackworth in the details of the locomotive were numerous and valuable. He was the first to design the six-wheel coupled engines for the heavy goods traffic; and in 1827 converted the waste-steam pipes in the chimney into a blast-pipe, by a contrivance so simple and obvious that it is a matter of astonishment that it could have escaped men like Trevethick and Stephenson. This invention consisted in combining the two waste steam-pipes in the chimney in one eduction-pipe, and contracting or coning the orifice. This pipe was bent upwards, so that the orifice or exit end was level with the foot of the chimney, and in the centre of its circumference. Simple as this seems, its effects were magical. Any increase in the power or speed of the engine, in the twenty-three years that had elapsed since Trevethick's engine in 1804, had been mainly due to increased size, to the simplification of the details, and improved workmanship. But now a novel element was introduced, which seemed to infuse new life-blood into the engine; and the locomotive that by the most active stoking could scarcely be made to travel at seven or eight miles an hour, by the application of this simple contrivance could with ease run at the rate of twenty. The principle of the arrangement is so obvious as scarcely to require explanation. Mr. Hackworth noticing, as Trevethick and Stephenson had done before him, that the waste steam passing up the chimney improved the draft, and that it was owing to the superior velocity of the waste steam over the rarefied air in the chimney, saw at once that by combining the eduction pipes and contracting the orifice, he could double, treble, or multiply to any desired extent the velocity of the current of air in the chimney, and by this means so excite combustion that the evaporative power of the boiler might be immensely increased. Experiment justified his expectation; and a great increase of power and speed was obtained without adding an ounce to the weight of the engine. Mr. Hackworth applied his discovery to the 'Royal George,' a powerful goods engine, with the most marked success. We shall shortly show the important part the *blast-pipe* played in the great competitive trial that took place at Rainhill, in

October, 1829, previous to the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

In 1826, soon after Mr. Stephenson had finished the Stockton and Darlington line, he was engaged by the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company—who had succeeded after a severe parliamentary contest in gaining their Act—to construct their line. This appointment created great disgust among the professional engineers, who affected to despise the colliery brakesman; but the directors had found out the sterling qualities of the man, whose shrewd sense and remarkable sagacity, combined with his knowledge of the subject, had been of such great service to them in the parliamentary committees. They thought, and thought rightly, that the man who was not to be put down by the interminable cross-examination of counsel, or overruled by the most eminent surveyors and engineers in the kingdom, was the man best fitted to carry their railroad across Chat-Moss, and contend with the numerous other difficulties besetting so novel an undertaking. He set to work with his usual earnestness; and though the difficulties were greater than he had anticipated, particularly in the construction of the line across Chat-Moss, they gradually yielded before the steady perseverance and practical skill which were brought to bear upon them. When the line was completed, however, notwithstanding the earnest solicitations of Mr. Stephenson, the directors of the railway hesitated to adopt the locomotive engine, and contemplated working the line with stationary engines placed at regular intervals along the line. These engines were to draw the train by means of ropes from station to station. Ultimately the directors decided to give the locomotive a *trial*, and accordingly offered a prize of £500, to be awarded to the maker of the best locomotive engine that would draw about three times its own weight, at a rate of not less than ten miles an hour. The day appointed for the trial was the 1st of October, 1829, and on that day three engines made their appearance on the trial ground at Rainhill,—the *Rocket* by Mr. Stephenson, the *Sanspareil* by Hackworth, and the *Novelty* by Braithwaite and Ericsson. The trial having been postponed until the 6th, the engines were for a few days engaged in a series of little trials and experiments. To get sufficient steam in a short time, and with a comparatively small boiler, was the problem required to be solved; and when the *Rocket* and the *Sanspareil* made their appearance, it was evident that the solution was at hand. The *Rocket* was a well-made compact engine, resting upon four wheels, which were not coupled. But its most striking feature was the boiler. Instead of a single flue passing through the boiler, twenty-five small flues or tubes were employed; so that an immensely increased area of surface was exposed to the action of the heated air. This beautiful and ingenious con-

trivance was suggested to Mr. Stephenson by Mr. Henry Booth; and though M. Sequin had anticipated the invention, and patented it, the previous year in France, it is generally understood to be an original and independent invention on the part of Mr. Booth. Mr. Stephenson, whose sagacity was almost unerring as to whether a new scheme would answer or not, saw its importance, and, adding it to his engine, introduced one of the two essential features of the modern locomotive.

The Sanspareil was also a well-made engine, resting upon four wheels, which were, however, in this case coupled. The boiler had a single tube with one bend which returned it to the chimney, the grate being at the chimney end. The grand feature of this engine was the blast-pipe. Mr. Hackworth was bringing his experience of the 'Royal George' to bear on the contest. On the eve of the trial, however, Mr. Stephenson, who had discovered the cause of the superiority of the Sanspareil, added the blast-pipe to his engine. The result was no longer doubtful. The Rocket, that, up to the evening of the 5th of October, never exceeded fifteen miles an hour,* on the following day ran at the great velocity of twenty-nine miles an hour!

The Sanspareil could not get beyond twenty-two miles an hour. But as the premium was to be given to the engine that ran backwards and forwards a distance of seventy miles at the greatest *average velocity*, it is probable that the prize would still have been won by Mr. Hackworth; but after running twenty-seven miles at a greater average velocity than the Rocket, one of the cylinders gave way. The contest was therefore abandoned, and Mr. Stephenson acknowledged the victor. In several of the engineering journals Mr. Stephenson has been charged with sending men in the night to discover and carry away the secret of Mr. Hackworth's contrivance for stimulating the blast. There is, of course, not a word of truth in this story. In fact, there was no necessity to resort to any such device; for Mr. Stephenson rode frequently with Mr. Hackworth on his engine during the trials; and in answer to Mr. Stephenson's questions, Mr. Hackworth explained the secret of his blast-pipe † without reserve. Since the period of this memorable trial, the locomotive engine has been much improved; scores of talented engineers have added improvements in the details and working parts of the engine, by which greater economy of fuel has been effected, and the speed of the engine greatly increased. But in its leading principles the locomotive of to-day is the same as the locomotive of 1829. Before leaving this subject, we must enter our energetic protest against the claim that Mr. Smiles has made, on behalf of Mr. Stephenson, to the invention of the steam

* Letter of John Dowerance in the *Engineer* for September 25th, 1857.

† See the letter of Mr. John Hackworth in the *Engineer* for August 14th, 1857.

blast. As the subject is an important one, we will state the grounds on which we object to this claim, and justify our assertion that the inventor was Timothy Hackworth.

In 1804, when Trevethick introduced his locomotive on the Merthyr Tydvil line, the waste steam, after it had done its work in the cylinder, was allowed to escape direct into the air. But as the steam frightened horses, and gave great annoyance to passers by, a prosecution was threatened; to avoid which, Trevethick turned the waste steam into the chimney. The steam by this measure caused less annoyance, and it was also found that the draft of the chimney was slightly improved. It is very surprising that the significance of this last-named circumstance should have escaped the attention of a man of Trevethick's calibre. A locomotive engine could not carry about with it a tall chimney; but as a good draft was necessary, and as the employment of waste steam partially effected this object, it is unaccountable that this circumstance should not have caused inquiry, or led to a series of experiments. It was neglected, however, and a glorious opportunity was lost. In the first engine that Mr. Stephenson constructed for the Killingworth Railway, he allowed the waste steam to escape into the air; and having two cylinders, and therefore two waste-steam pipes, the nuisance was greater in his case than in that of Trevethick. Mr. Smiles says, 'In his (Stephenson's) first locomotive, the education steam was allowed to escape into the open atmosphere with a loud and hissing blast, which was the terror of horses and cattle, and was generally complained of as a nuisance. A neighbouring squire even threatened an action against the colliery lessees, if it were not put an end to.'* He adds, however, that Mr. Stephenson had previously been thinking about turning the steam into the chimney for the purpose of obtaining a greater draft. How far this may be the case, we are unable to judge, as Mr. Smiles has not given to us his authority for the statement. But in any case it is immaterial.

In turning his education pipes into the chimney, Mr. Stephenson did no more than Trevethick had done before him; and though in both cases a partial increase of draft was perceptible, in neither case was the speed of the engine materially affected, neither engine having ever travelled more than four or five miles an hour. Mr. Smiles admits that Trevethick sent his waste steam up the chimney, but he denies that he did so for the purpose of stimulating the draft; and states that it is clear he was ignorant of the use to which the blast might be applied, inasmuch as in the year 1815 we find him taking out a patent for stimulating the draft in locomotive engines by means

* *Life*, p. 88.

of revolving vanes or fanners. On the other hand, Mr. Smiles states that Mr. Stephenson turned his waste-steam pipe into the chimney with the *intention* of stimulating combustion; and that the result was the discovery of the blast-pipe. What Mr. Stephenson's *intentions* were we know not; but that he did not turn the steam into the chimney until the same pressure was brought to bear upon him, as had previously been brought to bear upon Trevethick, is clear from Mr. Smiles's own account, which we have quoted.* That Mr. Stephenson found the draft improved by this change, we readily admit. But so had Trevethick before him; for, in the twelfth volume of *Nicholson's Journal*, published in 1805, it is distinctly recorded that the draft in the chimney of Trevethick's engine was improved by the introduction of the waste steam. But Mr. Smiles says that Trevethick could not have understood the value of the blast-pipe; or why take out a patent for producing an artificial blast in 1815? We quite agree with him. Trevethick did not understand it. But we retort upon Mr. Smiles, that Mr. Stephenson did not understand the value of the blast-pipe in 1814; for, so long after as 1828, the year before the great contest at Rainhill, we find from a letter under Mr. Stephenson's own hand, that he was assisting the blast in one of his engines by two pairs of smith's bellows. We quote an extract from the letter in question, which was dated 'July 25th, 1828: 'We have tried the new locomotive (the Lancashire Witch) at Bolton, which works beautifully; there is not the least noise about it. We have tried the blast to it for burning coke, and I believe it will answer; there are two bellows worked by eccentrics underneath the tender.'† Is it necessary to pursue this further? If either Trevethick or Stephenson understood the value of the blast-pipe, how is it that in their hands the steam-engine could never be made to travel at ten miles an hour up to the time of the Rainhill contest? And how is it that, with an engine in no important particular differing from engines that had been in use for years, save in the addition of his blast-pipe, Hackworth obtained a speed of twenty-two miles an hour? The answer is simple. Trevethick and Stephenson did not understand it. Hackworth did. The two former took such advantage of the discharge of the waste steam up the chimney as it happened to give. But the latter turned the waste-steam pipe into a blast-pipe; and, by decreasing its diameter at will, derived from it all the advantage that he required, or of which it was capable. We conclude this account of the progress of the locomotive, by stating that the marvellous power and speed of this wonderful machine are mainly due to the application of HACKWORTH'S BLAST-PIPE, and SEGUIN'S OR BOOTH'S MULTI-TUBULAR BOILER, to TREVETHICK'S HIGH-PRESSURE ENGINE.

* Life, p. 86.

† The *Engineer*, August 14th, 1857.

Though George Stephenson did not contribute any important inventions to the locomotive engine, he is entitled to a large share of the merit due to its ultimate success. He arranged and simplified the machinery with admirable skill, and his practical knowledge of mechanics enabled him to train up a band of artificers, and thus to turn out engines from his manufactory at Newcastle which were remarkable for the solidity of their construction and the accuracy of their workmanship. But it was as an advocate of the locomotive and railways that Stephenson served his country best. His faith in the 'travelling engine,' as he used to call it, was unbounded. When at Killingworth, he used to plead the cause of the engine, whenever he could get a colliery owner to listen to him. When he heard of the Stockton and Darlington scheme, we have told how he posted off to Mr. Pease, to encourage him. When the Liverpool and Manchester line was completed, it was mainly owing to his earnest and incessant expostulations that the directors were induced to delay the fixed engine scheme until the locomotive had a trial. But his enthusiasm was not confined to the engine. He advocated the construction and extension of railroads with an ardour and a perseverance that were irresistible. And it is in his double character of railway promoter and railway engineer that Mr. Stephenson claims our admiration and gratitude. When the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was completed, Mr. Stephenson's work was done; for, though for many years afterwards, assisted by his accomplished son, and aided by a band of youthful engineers whom he had trained up, he was engaged in the construction of many of the principal railways in the kingdom, these different projects involved little more than a repetition of plans that had already been successfully carried out. It is therefore unnecessary for us to follow his career further.

Like most men who have risen from obscurity to eminence by their own unaided talents and energy, Stephenson was an admirable judge of character. He read men with greater ease and with greater profit than he read books. In consequence of this faculty he was enabled to surround himself with agents exactly suited to carry out and give practical effect to his plans. He discerned merit, when concealed from the eyes of others; and many an awkward north-country lad was dragged from his obscurity, because Stephenson saw that he was made of the right stuff. Among the number we may mention Mr. John Gray. When engaged in the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester line, Mr. Stephenson's attention was drawn to an inquisitive youth, the son of one of his foremen, William Gray; and finding that the lad was always prying into the construction of every machine that came under his notice, he took him by the hand, placed him in his workshops, and, before he was twenty-one years of age, made him foreman of the works erected

at Crown Street, Liverpool. Mr. Gray amply justified Mr. Stephenson's choice; and, next to the men whom we have already enumerated, no man has done more for the locomotive and railway machinery than John Gray. Our space will not permit us to give any lengthened account of his services; but we may mention that he was the inventor of the expansive valve motion, 'a principle of primary importance in the present day,'* and which is now used on every engine. Mr. Gray took out a patent for this invention; but for want of explicitness in his specification, or some other cause, he was not able to sustain his claim. Had it been otherwise, he would have made an immense fortune; for the principle of the invention is indispensable, though the details have been much simplified. We may add, that Mr. Gray was the inventor of the spring-buffer apparatus under railway carriages; small leather buffers, stuffed with horse-hair, being the only arrangement originally adopted to soften the effects of concussions. He was also the first to screw one carriage up to its neighbour in the train, by which simple plan the comfort and safety of travellers has been immensely increased. Mr. Gray subsequently became engineer of the Hull and Selby, and Brighton, lines. He died a few years ago of cholera; and we are glad of this opportunity of recording the merits of one to whom the travelling public are indebted: the more so that he scarcely reaped in his life-time the reward of his labours, and that Mr. Smiles has not so much as mentioned his name.

We have stated that Mr. Stephenson did not possess in any eminent degree the inventive faculty; and we have proved that, as far as the locomotive is concerned, his original contributions were small. The contrivance that showed the most originality on the part of Mr. Stephenson was his construction of a safety-lamp at Killingworth in the year 1818. By a strange coincidence, during the time that he was experimenting in the collieries at Killingworth, Sir Humphry Davy was elsewhere engaged in similar investigations; and though the discovery of the 'Davy' lamp was first published to the world, the 'Geordie' lamp, as it was called at Killingworth, was constructed as nearly as possible at the same time. The more perfect and beautiful lamp of Davy was the result of profound knowledge of the chemical properties of the gases with which he had to contend, and that force of imagination which is the characteristic of the true inventor. The ruder but comparatively effective contrivance of Stephenson was the result of a series of experiments made by a shrewd, intelligent man; and though his biographer admits that he was ignorant of the nature of the gases, and that the theory by which he explained his success was absurd, yet great credit is due to him for the independent discovery of a contrivance by which so many lives have been saved.

* D. L. Clarke, vol. i., p. 26.

After all, it was the moral qualities of Mr. Stephenson which mainly contributed to his success. His courage, his honesty, and his perseverance were all remarkable. From the hour when he humbled Nelson, the bully of his native village, to his last Parliamentary contest, in which he had fought, and fought successfully, the battle of intelligence and progress against half the wealth, and influence, and talent of the kingdom, he showed on all occasions the utmost confidence and resolution. With nature he contended in the same determined spirit. No natural difficulties could stand before these powerful attributes. The man who is able to vanquish the rooted prejudices of society, and, still more, to resist its banded efforts, may be expected to remove all obstructions,—to lift up the valleys, and to sink the mountains to a plain. It was literally so in the case of this indomitable engineer. When he formed his first railway, he met with solid rock at the outset, and found a yawning swamp awaiting him in the latter half. He boldly cut his way through Olive Mount, and patiently filled up the marshes of Chat Moss. Then he drove his fiery but beneficent monster across the solid plain; and though the huge snorting Centaur startled the villagers on every hand, he was presently found duly tamed and trained, and became thenceforth the chief beast of burthen to mankind.

Mr. Stephenson spent the last years of his life at Tapton, ‘amongst his dogs, his rabbits, and his birds.’ He continued proud of his flowers, his fruits, and his crops; and the old spirit of competition still lived strong within him. He died on the 12th of August, 1848, in the 67th year of his age, full of honours as well as years, and was not least fortunate in this,—that he left a son to inherit his peculiar talents, and augment the reputation of his name.

ART. IX.—1. *Parliamentary Papers.*

2. *Speech of the Earl of Shaftesbury, delivered at Wimborne.* Nisbets.
3. *The Letters of Indophilus to the Times.* Longmans.
4. *A Glance at the Past and Future, in Connexion with the Indian Revolt.* By MAJOR-GENERAL TUCKER. Effingham Wilson.
5. *A few Remarks earnestly addressed to the Men of England, Political and Mercantile, upon the present Crisis in Indian Affairs.* Darton and Co.
6. *Papers on the Application of Roman Letters to the Languages of Asia.* Longmans.
7. *Reconstruction of our Indian Empire.* By ROBERT LUARD. Effingham Wilson.
8. *What shall we do at Delhi?* By EDMUND WHEELER.
9. *India and Europe compared.* By LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOHN BRIGGS. W. H. Allen and Co.

ONE of the most natural questions at the present time is,—What is the value of India to England? If it costs us so much to retain it, to what extent are we repaid? The Bishop of Oxford, in his speech at Chester, replies that, apart from all considerations of cost or gain, we are under an obligation to hold India for the physical and moral benefit of its immense population, providentially committed to our care. This is a noble answer, and will satisfy those who, in taking their views of national duty, wish to stand on the highest level. Others are always ready with the obvious remark, that we want an outlet for our young men, and that there is none in the world like India. This also satisfies many, especially those who have family relations with the country. Another class replies that the *prestige* derived from the possession of so grand an Asiatic Empire adds incalculably to our weight and dignity in the council of European nations. Others point to the fact that, from the very earliest periods, the commerce of India has raised whatever country has for the time possessed it, to the head of the commercial world; instancing Tyre, Alexandria, Venice, Portugal, the Dutch, and ourselves.

Any one of these answers is sufficient to show that India is at least worth the trouble we take in retaining it; yet many minds are never satisfied without some positive and tangible profit, and would feel great satisfaction in being able to say to themselves that we have made so much a year, more or less, by our possessions in the East. These often feel disappointed from the fact that England derives no direct tribute from India, our imperial exchequer never having received a penny from all our territories beyond the Cape,—a circumstance to which our con-

tinental neighbours, who observe our proceedings in the East with more interest than candour, would do well to direct their attention. Notwithstanding the absence of tribute, however, it is easy to give the positive man of profit and loss an answer as to how much India is worth to England. It would not, indeed, be worth while to do so, did the answer affect only such as he; but it is of a nature to impress nobler minds with a sense of the manifold debts we owe, individually and nationally, to the very land on which we are now shedding so much precious blood.

Among the recent parliamentary papers is one curious document, of eleven folio pages, entitled *The Home Accounts of the East India Company*. This return shows that the outlay of the Company in England for the last year has been nearly seven millions of money; but about two millions and a quarter of this, being railway funds, may be taken as raised in England, leaving more than four millions and a half laid out among us by the East India Company, out of moneys brought from India.* This is paid away in a great number of items, the chief of which are, the dividends on East India stock, and the Company's debt; the charges of the Court of Directors and the Board of Control, with military stores and transport, and the support of Colleges. If we add the remittances annually sent, through other channels than the East India House, for support and education of families, the fortunes brought home, and other sources of income easily enumerated, it is certain that the estimate lately made by Mr. Montgomery Martin (in the Introduction to the new issue of his work on India) of five millions a year, is by no means too high. This accruing for sixty years gives us a total money gain of three hundred millions, or at least ten pounds a head for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom.†

This, however, is but a small part of our actual yearly gain. The Indian trade, excluding the Singapore branch, is *fifty-five millions*; and some sixty thousand of our own population are always maintained in India, of whom say fifty thousand are withdrawn from the overcrowded labour market, and ten thousand from the poorer gentry. Families enriched by Indian fortunes are settled in every county: residences for 'Indians,' which caused much outlay in their erection, and require much for their maintenance, have risen from Devonshire to Inverness.

These facts are sufficient to show the most sordid that the struggle in India is not for shadows, if looked at only from a

* The exact sum is,—

Total home outlay	£6,899,977
Deduct payments on account of railways.....	2,248,852

Balance.....£4,651,125

† A writer in the *Times*, (August 12th, 1857,) who evidently possesses authoritative information, makes these items six millions a year, or £300,000,000 in fifty years.

financial point of view. Yet the less our attention dwells on that view the better in every respect, even as affects wealth itself; for we shall reap more benefit from the blessings of Providence upon a policy which postpones the interests of the moment to the welfare of the people whom we have to form anew, and considers less our gains than our duty to the Supreme Ruler of nations, than will ever accrue from one which cannot see either farther or higher than profit or loss of the current year. Every generous man will feel that the fact of his country being largely enriched by another, gives the latter a strong claim upon our best efforts for the welfare of its people; while every Christian will feel that those from whom we receive temporal benefits, ought to be specially remembered in the diffusion of our spiritual blessings.

It is remarkable how little additional light the lapse of three months has thrown on the causes of the mutiny. The great events with which the interval has been crowded have not brought to view proof of a concerted scheme for a general rising previous to the outbreak at Meerut; and therefore the position of those who uniformly maintained that none ever existed is strengthened. This side is ably represented by 'Indophilus,' whose studies, talents, and opportunities of knowledge give him a title to be heard second to no man in the kingdom. He even maintains that the Hindus were the first movers in the rising, and that the Mohammedans only joined as taking advantage of their excitement. It is, however, increasingly manifest,—in fact, now beyond doubt,—that those who treated the affair of the cartridges as a trifle, or a feint, were totally wrong. Lord Shaftesbury has called attention to the fact,—a fact of memorable, not to say of amazing, significance,—that the mutineers have never, in any of their communications or proclamations, alleged a single grievance suffered at our hand. The only exception to this which we can recall, was an allusion to the treatment of 'the ruler of Oude,' made in the Delhi proclamation, and implied in the overtures of Nana Sahib to the garrison of Cawnpore. But, this one point excepted, let it be told to the wide world, that the men who stood up in Satanic frenzy to destroy us, laid no charge of wrong or cruelty against us. But equally notable with the absence of this is the constant reference to the intended outrage on caste by the unclean cartridge, whether in the evidence at Barrackpore, in the protests on parade, in intercepted letters, or in the proclamations. The resentment felt against this by the Sepoy is not to be set down to so refined a feeling as reverence for religion; but to the horror felt by all men against outlawry, of which loss of caste is the most dreadful form to every Hindu.

Whether there was a concerted rising fixed to take place on a

given day, is at least doubtful; the arguments of Indophilus and the evidence of facts being strong against that supposition, though not, we think, conclusive. But certainly there was active conspiracy and mutual excitement to insurrection going on long before the outbreak. We have not yet, it is true, seen facts alleged prior to the cartridge shock; unless in the case of a writer in *Blackwood*, who says that the Fifty-fifth at Peshawur were holding treasonable correspondence with a hill chief five months before the fighting began. But even this may only be a misstatement of a month; for all the other symptoms appeared after January.* One point, however, has become tolerably clear,—that the mutiny had no connexion with Missions or Missionaries. The candour with which the press, at first disposed to the other view, has come round to the one which facts supported, is greatly to its credit; and among the tokens of encouragement which those who have long desired to see India Christianized may discern amid the present sorrows, none is more hopeful, or more unexpected, than the tone taken by most of our journals and political speakers. Let us hope that the same overruling power which is manifest in this bending of thought into right directions, will dispose the British press and Government to a steady and courageous support of Christianity; then we should soon see the natives regarding it with more attention and candour than they have ever done.†

* The chief were a refusal of ammunition, declining to take furloughs, active correspondence of Sepoys, circulating cakes among the villages, and lotuses among the troops; appearance of a Fakir at Lucknow, preaching death to the European, writing on the walls of the palace of Delhi, 'Kill the Europeans;' and the well-known events at Barrackpore.

† Some of them have taken the pains to reply to the nonsense which one or two noble Lords talked upon the subject; and one native gentleman, who speaks very good English, though his name is Baboo Duckinarunjun Mookerjee, in addressing an influential native body, the British Indian Association, thus refers to Lord Ellenborough's notions:—

"Aware of the weight that would be attached by the British public to the views expressed by that personage, I feel it incumbent on me to point out his Lordship's mistake. Then, as to the Missionaries, a man must be a total stranger to the thoughts, habits, and character of the Hindu population, who could fancy that because the Missionaries are the apostles of another religion, the Hindus entertain an inveterate hatred towards them. Ackbar, of blessed memory, whose policy Lord Ellenborough pronounces as peculiarly adapted to the government of these dominions, (and which no doubt is so,) gave encouragement to the followers of all sects, religions, and modes of worship. *Jageers* and *Allumghas* bearing his imperial seal are yet extant, to show that he endowed lands and buildings for Mohammedan musjids, Christian churches, and Hindu devals. The Hindus are essentially a tolerant people, a fact which that sagacious Prince did fully comprehend, appreciate, and act upon; and the remark of Lord Ellenborough that Ackbar's policy should be the invariable rule of guidance for British Indian Governors, is most correct, but in the sense I have just explained, and should be recorded in golden characters on the walls of the Council Chamber. When discussing an Indian subject, it should always be remembered, that this country is not inhabited by savages and barbarians, but by those whose language and literature are the oldest in the world, and whose progenitors were engaged in the contemplation of the sublimest doctrines of religion and philosophy at a time when their Anglo-Saxon and Gallic contemporaries were deeply immersed in darkness and ignorance; and if, owing to nine hundred years of

One of the most singular episodes of the whole rebellion occurred on the banks of the great central river Nerbudda, far south and east of Delhi, at Jubbulpore. The Commissioner, Major Erskine, had the singular happiness to retain the fealty of his regiment, the Fifty-second, stationed at that place. Month after month, they resisted temptation, and fulfilled their duties.

In the mean time a certain Shunker, a small Rajah of the wild Ghonds, had conspired with his son to murder the Europeans, and had probably secured the partial assent of the Sepoys. He was surprised, tried, and blown away from the cannon's mouth. But evidence was not wanting that he intended to set about his slaughtering devoutly; for the following poetical invocation to Devi, or Kali, the goddess of all cut-throats, was found:—

'Close up the mouths of tale-bearers,
Having chewed the tale-bearers, eat them,
Grind to pieces the enemies,
Kill the enemies:
Having killed the English, scatter them,
O Mat Chundu, (O mother Deveen,) let none escape.
Kill the enemy and their families,
Protect Sunkur Mahades and preserve your disciples,
Listen to the calling of the poor,
Make haste, O Mat Hachbuka, (Deveen,)
Eat the unclean race,
Do not delay, and devour them quickly,
O Ghar Mat Kalika (O terrible mother Deveen).'

This effusion has excited amusement in England, but, with poor Shunker, it was as serious as invocation can be. Kali was to him a true, a terrible, and a present power, whose favour would give him success, and to whom the blood he should shed would be sweeter than nectar. Yet his verses hardly reach the height of orthodox ferocity; as any reader may learn for himself,

Mohammedan tyranny and misrule, this great nation has sunk in sloth and lethargy, it has, thank God, not lost its reason, and is able to make a difference between the followers of a religion which inculcates the doctrine that it should be propagated at the point of the sword, and that which offers compulsion to none, but simply invites inquiry. *However we may differ with the Christian Missionaries in religion, I speak the minds of this Society, and generally of those of the people, when I say that as regards their learning, purity of morals, and disinterestedness of intention to promote our weal, no doubt is entertained throughout the land; nay, they are held by us in the highest esteem.* European history does not bear on its record the mention of a class of men who suffered so many sacrifices in the cause of humanity and education as the Christian Missionaries in India; and though the native community differ with them in the opinion that Hindustan will one day be included in Christendom,—for the worship of Almighty God in His Unity, as laid down in the Holy Veds, is and has been our religion for thousands of years, and is enough to satisfy all our spiritual wants: yet we cannot forbear doing justice to the venerable Ministers of a religion who, I do here most solemnly asseverate, in piety and righteousness, alone are fit to be classed with those Rishies and Mohatmas of antiquity who derived their support and those of their charitable boarding-schools from voluntary subscriptions, and consecrated their lives to the cause of God and knowledge.'

who will turn to the translation of the 'Sanguinary Chapter of the Kalika Purana,' given in the *Asiatic Researches*; * from which we give the following prayer :—

'Let the sacrificer say, *Hrang, Hring, Kali, Kali!* O horrid toothed goddess, eat, cut, destroy all the malignant; cut with this axe; bind, bind; seize, seize; drink blood; spheng, spheng; secure, secure. Salutations to Kali.'

The execution of Kali's sincere worshipper Shunker was too great a trial for the long-tested loyalty of the Fifty-second. That night they quietly deserted, leaving their officers unharmed; and one detached company let two stationed with it escape, while another carried Lieutenant Macgregor away. But this exceptional corps, hankering still after its reputation, sent a letter addressed to its Colonel :—'To his Excellency, the Lord of Clemency, the bountiful of the age, his Excellency Colonel Sahib Bahadoor: may his power be perpetual.' In this they propose that he shall send them six weeks' pay, and also ten of their comrades who had remained loyal; and they, in return, will send back Lieutenant Macgregor, whom otherwise they 'will not kill, but, having bound him, will take him to Delhi.'

It need not be said that their companions were retained, and means taken for their dispersion. A Madras column, intended to relieve Saugor, where seven hundred persons were shut up without a European soldier within 250 miles, was recalled, fell in with the mutineers in a jungle, and defeated them with severe loss. Thus at the very time when the decided turn of affairs at the head quarters of rebellion began to point out to the Madras Sepoys that their interest clearly lay on the side of loyalty, this victory over Bengalees came to excite their martial spirit; and may possibly prove of some consequence in its results. Yet Saugor still remained in its critical position. And after the defeat of the Fifty-second, the mangled corpse of poor Macgregor proved that even they could not rise above the murder level of their nation. Had it not been for this atrocity, one must have felt considerable kindness to the Fifty-second.

That a station should be found 250 miles distant from the nearest European soldiers, is one out of many illustrations of the fact, that our system in India was not a strictly military Government, but stood in vivid contrast with that of our continental neighbours, even in their domestic territory. At the time of the outbreak we had only twenty thousand British bayonets in the Bengal Presidency, among 136,000,000 of people, many of whom have Princes and armies of their own; or about half of what is considered a good garrison for Paris, among a population nearly four times that of all France. Only

* Vol. v., p. 371, translated by W. C. Blaquiere, Esq.

three thousand British troops were in the whole of the Agra Presidency, twice as populous as Prussia. You might find kingdoms equal to Bavaria with one station of European troops, and some equal to Hanover with none at all. For a population equal to that of all continental Europe, we have about two hundred military stations; certainly less than France alone. Indeed, on the Continent one seems to be always among a conquered people; for soldiers swarm everywhere, and, in some German towns, you may count every third man you meet in uniform.

When, therefore, either home reformers or foreign critics tell us that our dominion has been one of brute force, we may smile at their innocence of facts; and, as to the latter, wonder at their modesty in provoking a comparison with the Governments they live under. Our French neighbours pity the Hindus; and one of their public bodies, *Conseil*, spoke of the mutiny as the rising of an *oppressed people, un peuple comprimé*. Now how do the two people compare? Not one editor or councillor in France can take a journey without leave of his Government; every Hindu could go where, when, and how he pleased. No Frenchman can call a public meeting of his fellow-citizens; every Hindu British subject could. No Frenchman can begin a journal without many Government formalities, sums deposited, and censorship perpetual; every Hindu could, without any of these, before the outbreak. And so we might go on, showing that in all points of real liberty the Hindu was raised far higher than the French citizen stands.

As to taxes, the Hindu pays upon salt, so does the Frenchman; and we condemn both Governments, but our own most. Yet the following comparison, taken from General Briggs' admirable little book,* tells not unfavourably:—

AVERAGE PER HEAD OF TAXATION YEARLY.	
In England, 1852	£1 19 5
In France	1 12 0
In Prussia	0 19 3
In India.....	0 3 8½

We may add, that in the city of New York the *municipal* taxes alone are about six millions of dollars a year, or some two pounds a head for all the population.

It is certain that the fearful troubles which have overtaken us have not been permitted by the King of Nations, without faults to be punished and repented of; but, on the other hand, it seems to us equally certain that those faults have not chiefly lain in severity or injuries to the people: for though our rule has been blameworthy in several respects, even as to temporal affairs, it has, on the whole, done more to save human life, and improve the opportunities of wealth and happiness, than any political

* *India and Europe Compared.* By Lieutenant-General Briggs.

change ever rapidly effected among mankind. To heated politicians this may seem a random assertion; with us it is a conviction, the result of years of study, and based on facts which we are ready at any time to produce. Yet in the midst of a mild and beneficent reign, on a soil which we have purged of traditional blood-stains, and guarded from habitual devastation; from a people to whom we had given security of life and property, freedom of conscience, person, and opinion, and from a class which we especially indulged; we are suddenly overwhelmed with all the humiliations which can be heaped on a people who eventually conquer. It seems the stroke of God: He, our King, is rebuking us; and this is pointedly declared in the fact that the calamity springs from ignorance of the religion we hold; for, had they only possessed a moderate knowledge of what our God and His service were, they could never have been deluded into the belief that we were going to convert them by hogs'-lard.

Ignorance of Christianity alone exposed the Sepoy to panic. That ignorance was not accidental, but the result of a studied procedure on our part; a procedure calculated on the principle of keeping Christianity in the background for fear of offending idolaters. It was done with open eyes, on purpose for a definite reward; and, as by a rebuke from Omnipotence, it is made the means of bringing down what only Divine mercy has prevented from being destruction. And just here is the manifest error of the only outspoken and masterly apology for the East India Company with which we have met among the recent issues of the press. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, who defends the Company with talent and knowledge worthy of a great cause, takes the ground, that they must have done their duty even in a religious point of view, because the motive of the Sepoys in rising was to resist forced conversion. But the very fact that they feared conversion by grease is an eternal infamy to the East India Company and to the British nation, which tolerated its trading in religion, by which our very army was kept so ignorant of our Christian institutions, not to speak of the spirit and power of our holy religion, as to be seriously disturbed by such bugbears. The constantly avowed policy was to introduce inventions, science, all material improvements openly, and Christianity by stealth. To this day many persons of experience think themselves profound and far-seeing in advocating the continuance of this course; though their stealth is the parent of the distrust which has exposed the Sepoys to the seduction of conspirators. Stealth is not English; stealth is not Christian, and that is enough. Stealth begets ignorance and suspicion; and we want knowledge and confidence. For knowledge of Christianity, of its toleration, its demand for conversion of heart and life, its precepts, spirit, and

rites, will thoroughly assure any British subject, that from it he has only to anticipate protection in all things not contrary to law and order.

On the point of neglecting to Christianize our subjects in India, the reproaches of French and other continental writers are strong and better founded. No Englishman would advocate Government efforts at conversion, or inducements of office or public favour to converts; for that would only bring over crowds of hypocrites. But we do demand perfect equality for the converted native with the unconverted, and indications that the spread of true religion is not a cause of uneasiness but of pleasure to the authorities. These can only be given in the pervading spirit of administration; but in that they must appear.

Our amiable friend the *Univers*, who loves us as dearly as a Jesuit is ever likely to love a powerful Protestant nation, tells us that our only hope of governing India well lies in sending out plenty of Missionaries of his own particular hue. We are not here in the region of mere conjecture; his recipe has been tried, not by us, but by Portugal and France; and with what signal advantage to those nations! In a curious work of Voltaire's, little known, his *Fragmens Historiques sur l'Inde et le Général Lalli*, we have some light on this question. After Lally's battle at Wandewash, his soldiers mutinied,—not his Sepoys only, but his French troops,—and threatened to desert to the English, if not paid. He borrowed, he gave, and he laid his hand on a Jesuit named Lavour, from whom he got thirty-six thousand silver livres, which he had reserved 'for himself, or for his Missions.' Certainly a few Missionaries of this calibre might be of use in straits. Then came a great defeat, and a second outcry of the French soldiers, that they would go over to the conquering English, who could pay them well; but again one of the Missionaries, 'who was dignified with the title of Bishop of Halicarnassus,' brought in two thousand Mahrattas. This also looks useful; but what follows is not encouraging: 'They' (the Bishop's Mahrattas) 'did not fight at the battle; but, to perform some warlike exploit, they pillaged all the villages which still remained to the French, and divided the booty with the Bishop.' He adds, in a note, that the name of this worthy Prelate was Norogna, a Portuguese; and that poor Lally sometimes said to him, 'My dear Bishop, how have you managed to be neither burned nor hanged?''* The history of Portugal and France in India gives no great encouragement to try a contingent of Jesuits.

As our last article on the Sepoy Rebellion went to press, the

* 'Cet homme s'appelait Norogna; c'était un Cordelier de Goa, qui s'était enfui à Rome, où il avait obtenu un titre d'évêque Missionnaire. M. de Lalli lui disait quelquefois : *Mon cher prelat, comment as-tu fait pour n'être pas brûlé ou pendu ?*' Orme also names this Bishop.

telegraph announced the disaster at Dinapore. Then followed the darkest moment since the commencement of the outbreak. The force sent to relieve the beleaguered garrison of Arrah was greatly mismanaged, and miserably defeated. Disturbance rapidly overspread Behar; Havelock was menaced on three sides at once; and, for a moment, it seemed doubtful whether he might not be cut off, and the rebellion spread in one unbroken tide from Delhi to Calcutta. Hearts which never before quailed for an instant, did almost quail then; and, now that the danger is overpast, we may devoutly thank Providence that the worst was not realized. The bad effects of that Dinapore affair have been great: the province next to the metropolitan one overrun with rebels; Koor Sing emboldened; the supports to Havelock delayed; the safety of Rewa, Jubbulpore, and Saugor desperately risked; and the garrison of Lucknow, even after relief, plunged again into danger,—are enough of bitter fruit. We should blame poor General Lloyd for these disasters, only as we should a nurse at a boarding-school for the death of boys who had been placed under her care when suffering from a cold, and had been continued under it after the affection turned to scarlet-fever. He naturally thought that, notwithstanding his 'gouty feet,' which prevented him from acting with his troops, he was 'in mind and judgment equal, if not superior,' to the younger commanders at the station, and, therefore, quite fit to treat scarlet-fever, or any other disease. On the other hand, we should no more exempt Lord Canning from blame, the whole blame, of what then occurred, and of the consequences which followed, than we should exonerate the master of the school for leaving boys to the nurse, because she thought she could manage as well as a doctor. General Tucker, in his pamphlet, gives the following statement as to the difficulties caused to the military authorities in removing incapable men from positions of responsibility: he speaks of the period when he was himself Adjutant-General of Bengal.

'Vacancies existed on the Divisional and Brigade Staff, and at once some half-a-dozen incapables were set aside; and the Commander-in-Chief, thus secure, as he imagined, of the support of the Indian Government, nominated junior officers, considered more equal to the performance of such responsible duties. But the affair did not thus terminate; Colonel Stuart fell sick, and was succeeded, though he was known earnestly to deprecate such an appointment, by the present Military Secretary; and at an interval of some two years, the Commander-in-Chief was called upon by this officer, in the name of the Government, to state more specifically the reasons for passing over one of these worn out, used-up, old Generals, a man who, in his best days, had been notoriously inefficient.'—*Tucker*, p. 17.

Such conduct as this in profound peace might be tolerated, were it not for the certainty that evil habits perpetuate them-

selves into critical times; but that any officer of doubtful physical or mental qualities should be left in charge when such an epidemic was abroad, is beyond the ordinary limits of folly.

The first relief from this gloom was given by the noble little band at Arrah. Mr. Wake and his comrades, surrounded by thousands, 'in a billiard-room, with open arches, which had been closed with loose bricks, whitewashed, to look like a wall,' sustained not only a siege, but the terrible news that the force sent for their relief had been cut off:—

'They tried to smoke them out by burning large quantities of chillies (red pepper) to windward; to stink them out by driving Mr. Wake's horses (he had a valuable stud) up to the building, and shooting them there; and to blow them out, by a mine, which was countermined, and when the ground was afterwards examined, hardly a foot of earth was found between. The Sikhs were repeatedly offered 500 rupees (£50) each, besides other advantages, if they would give up the Europeans; but the faithful and merry fellows, several of whom bore honourable scars which they had received in their wars with us, only called out, "Come a little nearer, we can't hear;" and when their tempters had been drawn from behind their cover, they were saluted with a shower of bullets. Mr. Wake, knowing that he and his English comrades would be skinned alive if they were taken, arranged with one of them to shoot each other at the same moment, if it came to that.'—*Letters of Indophilus*, p. 39.

In the meantime, Major Eyre, with 200 men, all Europeans, and three guns, was advancing from a direction opposite to that taken by the unfortunate Dinapore detachment, and the annals of English gallantry contain nothing more memorable than the action at Beebeegunge. Attacking about 2,500 Sepoys posted in a wood, they drew that whole force upon them in a succession of encounters, until at last, surrounded on almost every side, they were apparently about to be hemmed in, and cut to pieces, as of old the much larger brigade of Colonel Baillie had been by Tipu. But, instead of waiting for the attack, Major Eyre, at the critical moment, gave his handful of Englishmen the word; and then came the cheer, the charge, and the victory. This first triumph was nobly followed up: Major Eyre, pursuing a sort of Rajah, Koor Sing, whom the Dinapore mutineers had joined, and who besides had raised a force of his own, bravely attacked, and brilliantly carried successive positions, till he dated a manly and cheering dispatch from Koor Sing's house. This hopeful intelligence had hardly begun to reassure us before we learned that Havelock, instead of allowing himself to be hemmed in at Cawnpore, had taken the first opportunity of an enemy coming within reach, to march out and attack him. It was against Bithoor that he led his incomparable men to his ninth victory. Suffering as they did from the terrible heat of the march,—more than sufficient in itself to exhaust any men,—they

nevertheless promptly and terribly defeated the enemy, capturing two guns. The letter of a soldier of the Highlanders recounts, with natural pride, that when the General rode up, and they received him with a cheer, he said, 'Don't cheer me, Highlanders; you have done it all yourselves.' On hearing which, Old England gave a hearty cheer both for Havelock and the Highlanders. The horrors of the mid-day marches under an Indian sun will be appreciated by those who remember the fact, that when the Seventy-third—one of the first, if not the first kilted regiment that ever landed in India—was marching against Hyder Ali, as Innes Munro tells us, 'two hundred of the best men in the corps dropped down on the road, overpowered by its vertical and scorching rays.'*

Whilst Havelock kept the organized forces of the enemy at bay, his gallant coadjutor, Neill, was vigorously administering military government and restoring order in the vicinity of Cawnpore. We have seen nothing to give us the impression that this brave officer, strong and stern as he was, ever inflicted cruelties. He knew, so far as we are able to judge, how to distinguish between vengeance and punishment; and, whenever the latter was deserved, administered it with an energy arising from the conviction that he did right, and did not cause, but prevent, misery. He made the proud Brahmins sweep the British blood which they had murderously shed; but so far have those wretched men contrived to imbue some of us with their own prejudices, that even Englishmen have been found to reproach him for this. How they would have felt had they stood with him in those human shambles where the delicate limbs of English ladies and infants were strewn around,—where a room was discovered with large heaps of childrens' hands and feet, evidently chopped off during life,—where some twelve or twenty women had lain for a night under or amidst the corpses of their slaughtered companions, and then at morning been themselves slaughtered; and where the walls were scratched with such words as 'Remember us!' 'Revenge us!'—we will not say; but if they had thought then that to make the men who had shed that blood under the inspiration of a caste frenzy, wipe it up, as a humiliation of caste pride, was anything but a wise and appropriate punishment, we should leave them to their opinion. General Neill has now passed beyond the censures and the praise of men; but he will be ever remembered as one of those who most signally contributed to maintain the spirit of our countrymen in India, at a time when, had it been broken, even for a day, no one can foresee the consequences; and when much done by the highest authorities tended to break it.

* *A Narrative of the Military Operations on the Coromandel Coast.* By Innes Munro, Esq., Captain in the late Seventy-third, or Lord MacLeod's Regiment of Highlanders. 1798.

We will not enter into any detail of the horrors of Cawnpore, —of that awful scene when treacherous destruction was poured upon the boats; or the further scene, when the captured fugitives having been dragged back, the husbands kneeling down to be shot, the wives clinging round their waists, and the chaplain reading a few hurried prayers, the dark murderers stood around, till the order was given to drag the women away, and when, all but one, who would not be separated from her husband, having been removed, the murderous volley, and then the slaughtering bayonet, concluded the second but not most tragic of the scenes. We will hardly allude to the last, when women and children only were the victims; but there is something so awful, so uncommon, in what is related of the effect produced by its traces upon the Seventy-eighth Highlanders, that we cannot pass it without mention. Finding the hair of Miss Wheeler, the daughter of Sir Hugh, the men separated it from the head, laid aside the greater part to send home to her relatives, and distributed the rest in locks among themselves. They then sat down and soberly counted, each man, how many hairs he had; 'and, when this task was accomplished, they one and all swore most solemnly by Heaven and the God that made them, that for as many hairs as they held in their fingers, so many of the cruel and treacherous mutineers should die by their hands.' This story, given by the *Bombay Telegraph*, has in it something of the wild Highland chivalry of vengeance, which seems both to give it a tinge of authenticity, and to throw us back three centuries. We almost feel as if we were in the clan and haunts of Roderick Dhu.

Such terrible episodes in the struggle may go far to show where the difference in point of ferocity lies between the Englishman and the Hindu. It is not that the nature of the latter is in itself more imbued with fury than our own; for in many respects it may be taken as milder; but that, in it, the cruelty natural to all races of men is not only unchecked by religion, which in Christian countries so exalts mercy and chides every unnecessary or malignant injury to the human person, but on the contrary is cherished at once by sacred rites and the history of the gods. Such facts as those we have above alluded to, of the heaps of children's hands and feet found at Cawnpore, are nothing new in the history of the heathen; but only tell us how mournfully uniform the crimes and miseries of humanity have been through a long course of years. Visitors to the ruins of Thebes will remember, amid the halls of Medinet Habu, that the great Rameses, the Egyptian god-king, sits in those fine old sculptures with heaps of his enemies' hands piled before him, regularly numbered by the thousand, and other proofs of mutilation so barbarous as to be unmentionable. These melancholy stone witnesses of three thousand years ago only tell us that the splendid heathen

Monarch of Thebes, and the polished heathen Rajah of Bithoor, the one on the ancient Nile, the other on the modern Ganges, are children of the same stock, with the same savage passions, destitute of the only training which has ever succeeded in humanizing men.

Among the many gloomy feelings induced by late atrocities, there is one which somewhat relieves us. The English press generally has taken every cruelty as if it was something especially studied to dishonour us nationally; whereas, in fact, nothing has been done to us that may not be paralleled in dacoity, or the robbing of villages, much more in the greater shocks of war. The account given of a slaughter of Bengalee women in Agra, and the attempts even upon religious pilgrims on the Jumna, show that when once the old spirit of disorder was set free, by the momentary paralysis of our authority, the natives were as ready to *loot*, violate, and kill Hindus as English. It has ever been so, as we have said above. Innes Munro, stationed within a few miles of Madras when Hyder's army suddenly announced its approach by volumes of flame and smoke, thus describes what remained after the hurricane had passed:— 'Villages all found reduced to ashes, and the streets strewed with slaughtered infants and decrepit old people who had been unable to make their escape.' This not upon Europeans, but upon natives! At the great battle of Paniput 40,000 Mahrattas remained prisoners in the hands of the Moslems, nearly all of whom were massacred, the Affghans 'alleging in jest, as an excuse, that when they left their own country, their mothers, sisters, and wives desired that when they defeated the unbelievers, they would kill a few of them on their account, that they might also possess a merit in the sight of the prophet.'*

Lord Shaftesbury, in his noble speech at Wimborne, a speech as the *Times* said, 'worthy of the patriotism, the religion, the warm sympathies, and the sterling zeal which have always been connected with his name,' and which we are glad to see separately printed, gives us the following:—

'Where have you heard of such cruelties perpetrated in cold blood, when I tell you I myself heard a letter the other day, from the highest lady now in India, describing that day by day ladies were coming into Calcutta, their ears and their noses cut off, and their eyes put out; when I tell you that children of the tenderest years have been reserved to be put to death in cold blood under circumstances of the most exquisite torture,—not in the moment of excitement, as you may read in the pages of history, as when the town of Magdeburg was sacked by the Imperialists,—but here, reserved in calculating ferocity, to be tortured with circumstances of the utmost refinement and imagination before the eyes of their parents, who were not only

* Hamilton.

made to witness the cruelties inflicted, but forced to swallow portions of the flesh cut from the limbs of their children, and themselves afterwards burned upon a slow fire to gratify the malignity and the hellish temperament of creatures bearing the human form ?

His Lordship had before said, 'These atrocities ought to be known as marking a period in the history of our race, marking that at this time, in the nineteenth century, men should be found in any nation capable of such prodigious crime;' and perhaps his auditors thought that his courage had stood him so far in stead as to enable him to tell all he knew. But no, he could not; for he knew what, if told, would have made every woman there shriek, and every man stamp with rage. We dare not write, and no Englishman dare publicly speak, what Satan inspired the Sepoys to do, and Providence permitted to fall upon some of our national kinsfolk.

While, however, the natives are incomparably more cruel than Englishmen, the avenging oath at Cawnpore, and the fearful charge of our troops in every encounter, show that fury is stronger in our race than in them; and that the national influence of Christianity in keeping down cruelty and revenge is not to destroy passion, but to make it sleep till Justice calls, when it wakes up, strengthened by repose: and hence there is nothing human so terrible as the boiling of British blood. But in such conflict as we have been dragged into, we run great danger of degenerating from just resentment to habitual fierceness. Since government began, there never was a case where stern punishment was more loudly called for by every Divine law and human interest; and, therefore, none in which more care should be taken to make punishment tell with full moral effect, by separating it from all indiscriminate or heedless severities.

When Havelock's second capture of Bithoor, and Eyre's two swift-succeeding victories, had relieved the public mind, the aspect of affairs at Delhi began steadily to improve. From the moment when the command fell into the hands of General Wilson, a change of tone was observable in communications from the camp. The men were much less exposed to loss from the enemy, without inflicting less upon them; and it was an encouraging recollection that the new Commander was the first who had struck a blow. Marching out from Meerut on the 30th of May, some days before General Barnard reached Delhi, Brigadier Wilson, with 1,000 men, was attacked by 6,000 of the mutineers in the first confidence of their strength, flushed with their double triumph at Meerut and Delhi, and doubtless certain of destroying him and his little band. They were speedily defeated, with the loss of several guns; the General at the same time showing remarkable care for his own men. He had not

been long in command at Delhi before he was joined by Brigadier Nicholson, fresh from his victories on the banks of the Ravee, and backed by a siege-train and a strong column. He had been only a few days in camp when opportunity occurred to test his value. The rebels marched out with a view to gain our rear, and intercept the siege-train which was approaching. Nicholson soon overtook them at Nujffghur, and gained a brilliant victory, capturing much of their baggage, and waiting to blow up a bridge, which effectually cut them off from our rear. The siege-train reached the camp, the hour of doom was hastening, and a white flag came from within the walls. The rebels were willing now to submit, and to give up all actual murderers. 'The British Government,' General Wilson replied, 'holds no terms with murderers and mutineers. We accept nothing but unconditional surrender. Any other rebel coming to propose terms will be hung. All future negotiation will be carried on at the cannon's mouth.' And presently fifty mouths of fire were vomiting destruction upon the devoted city. A few days sufficed, the breaches were practicable, the columns ready, and Nicholson was to lead the storm. The first men to move that day were the 'precious remains' of that wonderful Sixtieth Regiment of Rifles, who all through the siege had been performing feats of heroism, and of one of whom the record has been written,—'J. Macpherson fought with nine bullets in him; the tenth killed him.' The Rifles sprang to the front as skirmishers; the columns knew the signal, and in a moment were rushing to the breaches. One moved, not for a breach, but for the Cashmere Gate, and, as it approached, twelve men, leaving the head of the column, walked forward, carrying powder-bags. A hail of bullets was immediately poured upon them from the walls and through the open wicket, but Lieutenant Home succeeded in fixing the bags, Sergeant Carmichael and a native being shot beside him, and then Lieutenant Salkeld advanced to light the match, was twice wounded, and tumbled into the ditch, yet holding up the port-fire as he fell. Serjeant Burgess succeeded in igniting the match; but, doubting of his own success, said to Salkeld, 'I am afraid the match has not lighted, *Sir*.' At the word '*Sir*,' he too fell dead. This instance of the habit of military respect in such circumstances is quite as striking and more affecting than the well-known one of the man on board the 'Kent' East Indiaman, who, when the ship was burning and leaking, took time to go to ask an officer if he might use the rope of his hammock. But Burgess had not lost his life in vain. His comrade, Serjeant Smith, rushing forward to see if the match had caught, found it was lighted, just in time to shelter himself in the ditch. Then came the blast, and then bugler Hawthorne, who had stood beside the little party through the whole, sounded the charge, and repeated it thrice, and, as

the other columns reached the top of the breaches, the one so heroically called dashed through the gate.

Within the walls Nicholson formed his men in that main-guard which was so often mentioned in the terrible narratives of the day of the massacre; and, moving forward, thence cleared the northern part of the ramparts as far as the Cabul Gate. Delhi was entered, but Nicholson fell. One-third of the whole storming force had suffered from the fire of the enemy,—a proportion of which we do not recollect any example in Indian warfare, except at the Duke of Wellington's great battle of Assaye.

The siege was now turned into a street fight, which lasted for six days; and the fact that in this time the loss on our side, additional to that sustained in the first assault, has been comparatively slight, reflects great credit on the judgment of the General. Our recent European history furnishes an instance of a street fight lasting four days in Paris, in which the insurgents had not the benefit of a strong fort, such as that within which the palace of the Moguls stood, or of a great magazine, or of a detached fort like Selimghur; and yet, of General Cavaignac's army, five Generals were killed, and the loss of his troops was so great as never to be fairly published. At the storming of the magazine in Delhi, the terrible British cheer, and the accompanying rush, scared away opposition, and its immense stores were ours again without loss. But the rebels afterwards made a fierce onset for its recovery. In the struggle, a Serjeant of artillery, mounting upon the roof, got a number of shells, and, deliberately lighting the fuses, pitched them with his own hands among the assailants, who very soon took to flight. We should like to hear that this man was added to the distinguished four, Home, Salkeld, Smith, and Hawthorne, on whom General Wilson promptly bestowed the Victoria Cross: proud badge, with a beautiful name. At last, the 'red fort,' of which the palace is part, was found evacuated, and Delhi was our own.

We have no clear statement as yet of the measures taken with regard to the townspeople. General Wilson's Order, delivered to the troops before the storm, has been much praised, but we were struck with one significant omission. He told the men to give the mutineers no quarter,—a direction which all would have counted upon,—and to spare women and children,—another point on which there could not be a doubt; but on the only point where difference of opinion, or anxiety, could arise, he was silent, namely, what was to be done with the non-combatant male population. Considering the extent to which the soldiers might identify the men of Delhi with the proceedings of the mutineers, and the certainty that many of them had participated in the crimes with which the city had been stained, one could easily foresee that, in the rage of the onslaught, the troops, and

especially the Ghoorkas and Punjabees, would be likely to deal death with an indiscriminating hand. Yet multitudes of the townspeople had no share in the rebellion but as sufferers. We, therefore, do not think that General Wilson's Order deserves any of the praise it has received on this point. He ought to have marked out a line for his men. From the private accounts of the proceedings, it is evident, that in different parts, and perhaps at different times, the troops acted in very dissimilar ways. Streams of townspeople, including both men and women, passed out through our camp unhurt. One young officer, writing, says, that 'when he saw men, who perhaps were the very ones who had taken part in the atrocities passing along, he almost felt inclined to say that the soldiers ought to drive their bayonets through them; but that he took care not to say it aloud, lest they should take him at his word.' Others state that all who sought quarter, not being Sepoys, received it; and there seems an entire agreement that no woman or child was sacrificed, except by accident in one case. One says, 'Our camp is swarming with old men, women, and children, without food or money. They have lost everything, and are obliged to be fed by our Commissariat.' On the other hand, one writer says, that 'all the men were killed, and that forty or fifty, being found hiding in one house, were put to death.' Others say that those who were found with articles of European plunder in their houses, or who were suspected of having taken part in the cruelties, were shot. From all these statements we may infer that some portion of the forces exercised the greatest humanity and forbearance, whilst others indulged in sanguinary licence; and it remains to be seen whether the latter were English, or some of our native auxiliaries. We are ashamed to say that one writer, evidently an officer, expresses a strong wish that the General's Order had not exempted women from slaughter, because he thinks the women of Delhi had sufficiently shared in the practices of the Sepoys, and had shown such a disposition to plunder, as to deprive them of all right to protection. If it be true, that Europeans were found inside crucified, and a poor girl naked, and covered with sores, a raving maniac chained to a bastion amid a cannonade, and even children with their feet nailed to rafters, and their heads down; that men left wounded were soon after found with their heads cut off; we do not wonder at the men being wild. Yet, we think there is indication in the accounts that only they suffered who, by concealing themselves, made the men believe that they were guilty; and that all who sought quarter, not being Sepoys, found it. The current events of history constantly bear witness to the shortness of human foresight, and the presence of an overruling power. We all regarded the first delay in the capture of Delhi as a great calamity; and it did involve sufferings, and encourage outbreaks, which would not

otherwise have occurred. But the continuance of our force there held the rebels to the one point where they could do least harm ; allured fresh brigades to ultimate ruin ; and, what perhaps is the most momentous advantage, brought the disaffection of the Sepoys fully into action, and thus forced the battle to be fought out once for all, on a grand scale. The prolongation of the struggle also secured the attention of the English people to India, and enlisted their interest in it, so that those who before scarcely knew 'whether Sanscrit was a language or a province,' begin now to have some glimmering of information ; and those who had scarcely observed whether India was governed on atheistic or Christian principles, provided the politics of their own party were ascendant at home, now begin to feel shame and regret for the past, and to resolve to do their duty as citizens, and as members of the Christian Church. Our seemingly calamitous delays before Sebastopol led to the exhaustion of Russia ; and thus at Delhi the same unseen hand which humbled us by toilsome months of impotence, was at the same time mysteriously advancing our interests and those of India. It now proves that General Barnard ordered the assault, and that only a miscarriage in the arrangements prevented it : a result which we may now hold to be providential.

About ten miles from the city of Delhi stands one of the most celebrated architectural monuments of the Mussulmans,—the Kottub Minar, a magnificent circular tower, 240 feet high, built for the greater part of polished red granite, for the remainder of white marble, skilfully fluted, and surrounded by four galleries. It appears to have been intended for one of the minarets for a grand mosque which has never been completed. This is precisely one of those impressive works of which declaimers are fond of telling the British Government that they would leave none behind them if their reign in India were terminated. Here, the aged representative of the Great Moguls, with his Zenut Mahal, (the Ornament of the Palace,) his chief Queen, surrendered to a British officer ; the heir of a great line yielding up the last gasp of power at the foot of a proud monument. Two of his sons and a grandson, discovered by the same officer hiding in another spot of dynastic celebrity, the tomb of the Emperor Humayun, were seized and shot. The poor old man, ninety years of age, and his captive Queen, were carried back to the city which had so lately been filled with bloodshed in their name, carried into the palace that once was their own. On the same night, September 21st, that the palace of the Moguls received the Emperor and Empress as captives, hardly permitted to live, it witnessed another equally unwonted scene. The world has long heard the fame of its Dewan Khas, its exquisite Hall of Audience, all lined with pure white marble, richly flowered and inlaid even to the floor ; with marble arches opening into

the imperial gardens on one side, and the court of the palace on the other; and even these are covered with carving, gilding, and inlaid work in admirable taste, with inscriptions in Persian interspersed; among which is the one made familiar to all by Moore's translation in *Lalla Rookh*,—

‘O, if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this! it is this!’

There General Wilson assembled his heroic comrades to commemorate not so much their own triumph as that of their country; and then the victor proudly pronounced words which everywhere awaken the loyalty of Englishmen, but which never have been uttered in a scene where ancient associations, recent excitement, and the prospect of future dominion concurred to arouse similar enthusiasm. No wonder that the health of Queen Victoria, given at such a time and place, was caught up with a cheer which rang out loudly through the marble halls of the palace: but here came in a new trait of strangeness; for the cheer was caught up by our staunch mountaineer levies, the Ghoorkas, who were assembled outside; and thus the British Isles and the Himalaya Mountains united their voices, over the fallen throne of the Moguls, to hail the milder sceptre of our Christian Queen; while the helpless representative of the ancient line heard the final knell of one of the most glittering dynasties that ever proved the perishableness of human grandeur.

Among the pamphlets named at the head of this article, is one written with considerable ability on the question, ‘What are we to do with Delhi?’ advocating the solemn destruction of the entire city. This has been rather a favourite idea with the press; but in our last number we protested against ruining the dwellings of the common people, and would maintain that position with increased conviction. Others, again, propose that the palaces and gardens of the city should be bestowed upon our native allies, the Rajahs of Jheend and Puttiala; but we should prefer that no palaces remained. Others would erect a new city, and make it the seat of our government, thus securing, as they imagine, the traditional honours of Delhi, with the other supports of our ascendancy. We should much prefer dismantling all the fortifications, levelling the palace, removing every public office, and everything which could contribute to the importance of the place; and then leaving it to the swift, sure work of decay. In spite of the court, the residency, and the garrison, and the other large government expenditure, the city has been declining; and we may learn how much its decrease would be accelerated by a course of simple neglect, from the example of Seringapatam, which is now an obscure place of

twelve thousand inhabitants.* True, Seringapatam did not possess the ancient traditions of Delhi; but, on the other hand, Delhi had not the modern power and enterprise of Seringapatam. What now is Kanoje, which was so wonderful a city before the Moslem conquest? and what Oude, (not the country, but the city,) the royal metropolis of Rama? Let England not seek any robe of investiture from the Mogul; but, quietly putting him and his capital out of her way, confirm her power on new and better foundations.

The triumph of our arms at Delhi had scarcely been known, before Lord Granville, in his friendly defence of Lord Canning at the Mansion House, dwelt upon the argument of success in his favour. Whatever success is due to him must be nearer Calcutta than Delhi; for he has had no more connexion with the proceedings leading to its fall than Lord Granville himself. Whether he has made the most of Calcutta and the resources arriving, there is fair ground for debate; but as to the North-West he has been a spectator; for not a soldier, or a shilling, has he been able to send from the Presidency. The eastern base of operations under Lord Canning, and the western under Sir John Lawrence, have been as independent as the fleets of the Black Sea and the Baltic were in the last Russian war. Apart from the army, and some little reinforcements from Bombay, Sir John Lawrence alone has presided over the course of the struggle north or west of Agra. Lord Canning himself has in worthy terms recorded his pre-eminent merit and services. Ruling the Punjab as he did, reinforcing our besieging army, and inheriting, to some extent, the claims of his noble brother; we believe most close observers of the contest felt something like humiliation in seeing his public acknowledgment from his country gazetted as an advance of a single grade on the scale of Knighthood. The difference between K.C.B. and G.C.B. must be greater in the eye of the Government than in that of the nation, since it thought it worth announcing as a reward for a man who with kingly talent had ruled an excitable country, held down a mutinous army, and at the same time mightily supported a trembling empire. A coronet was seldom more nobly merited.

While the British prowess was being proved in the great attack on Delhi, it was still more wonderfully shown in the illustrious defence of Lucknow. Month after month Colonel Inglis and his memorable companions had stood alone against a kingdom: not in a regular fort, but in a place used as a residency. Women and children were crowded in with the men, and as

* We learn this from a curious and valuable unpublished document, a *General Memorandum on Mysore*, prepared for Lord Dalhousie on occasion of his visit to the south.

numerous as they; yet they stood on like heroes. Havelock came within two or three days' march of them, and drew off their assailants, giving an opportunity for a sortie, in which supplies were secured. Their noble helpers were compelled to retreat; yet this did not break their spirit. They wrote in good heart, and performed incredible feats. Long was Havelock kept waiting, distressingly long,—we felt it so in London; how must they have felt it at Lucknow? At length, after two weary, weary months, his reinforcements were up, and a bridge of boats ready. The sufferers wrote that they could hold good till September the 23rd; on the 19th, Havelock crossed the Ganges for the third time. For what reason we know not, the Government had sent a superior officer to supersede him; but this was Sir James Outram, who had the taste and honour to leave the command in his hands, and go on only in his civil capacity. We believe that it was by Sir James's advice that we neglected to disarm Oude after taking possession, as we had done in the Punjab, according to Lord Dalhousie's sensible policy; and therefore, having involved us in heavy trouble by bad statesmanship, he acted with all the more discernment in leaving to another the military honour of conquering obstacles which would never have been half so great, had he not prevailed on Lord Canning to reverse the policy of his able predecessor. Havelock's tenth triumph was soon gained over the enemy in an intrenched position; and a charge of volunteer horse, some hundred strong, led by Outram, hurried the rebels into downright flight. They were so hotly pursued, that guns were forsaken on the road, or pitched into wells; bridges were left standing; and the delivering army, small but invincible, swept on to its goal of real glory. They had reached Cawnpore too late; and if all the fury of tens of thousands could avail, they would be too late once more. It was the 22nd of September, one day before that to which it had been said that they could hold out, when Havelock's force caught the distant sound of guns. How those hero hearts leaped then! Their countrymen who, dead or living, had made an immortal history, were yet spared, and at their post! They would send them a message through the air.

We hate the horrid voice of cannon, and do not admire the man who, having ever heard it when it said 'sudden death,' does not hate it. Yet there are times when that odious roar is kinder than the voice of woman. Such we have always said it is, when, on the open sea, the boom of a British gun says to the slaver, 'Yield up thy prey into the open arms of England.' Such, pre-eminently such, was it that day, as from a distance, from the direction of Cawnpore, it heavily rolled through the residency at Lucknow. How the pale women rose in their beds! How the soldiers would say one to another,—

'Did you not hear it? No, 't was but the wind!'

How hearts beat during the pause! How the boys jumped when—

‘That heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat!’

How faces change and brighten as boom follows boom, too steady for chance firing, too slow for battle,—boom, boom, each one clearing away a doubt, till at last the oldest and wariest permits the children to see his face beam all over; and then the twenty-first boom, and it ceases. It is, it is a salute, a royal salute for them! Old England at the door; Queen, people, all the nation crying unto them, ‘We come!’ How the babies were hugged at that moment! And what would one have given to see the eye of Havelock as he watched the flash of those herald guns! Surely that good man lifted it up to bless Him who had chosen him to send this hope to those who were ready to perish.

Three or four miles this side of Lucknow, a country-seat of the Oude Princes stood in the midst of a great enclosure, surrounded by a wall ten feet high, and called the Garden of the World,—Alumbagh. Here fifty guns, and a strong force, awaited Havelock. The post seemed impracticable; but our soldiers were there to do or die. The battle cry was, ‘Remember Cawnpore.’ After an obstinate struggle, the enemy fled precipitately, and Havelock, placing his sick and wounded under a sufficient force in this strong place, marched forward unencumbered. A flat lay between them and the city, a canal crossed the flat, and the enemy had no time to destroy the bridge. Our band reached it, crossed it, and now it was their turn to be affected by sounds from the distance. The garrison must have spent a night of horrible suspense, after the battle at Alumbagh. Were their friends defeated? It was wearing late the next day, when, amid the steady din of guns, a slogan from a bagpipe was caught by the fevered ear of a Highland soldier’s wife dreaming in delirium. If the tale be true, she rushed to the batteries screaming out the news, ‘Here’s help at last!’ The soldiers held their fire; then an awful pause; then a murmur of the men, a wail from the women, and poor Jessie Brown sank down on the ground. But after a few moments, springing up again, she screamed so that all heard even there, ‘Will ye no’ believe it noo? The slogan has ceased indeed; but the Campbells are coming! D’ye hear? D’ye hear?’ They did hear the ‘savage and shrill’ note, which sounded to them as ‘the voice of God.’ And they ‘all, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer.’ Then they arose and sent across the plain one loud, wild, exulting shout of joy, joy, joy.

As the deliverers pressed on, something unwonted broke on

their ear; they listened,—it was the fragments of a cheer, a British cheer, borne across the plain; and see! handkerchiefs, flags, cloths, are waving, and hurrah follows hurrah, till they catch the cry, ‘God save the Queen!’ and return it with, ‘Should auld acquaintance be forgot?’ Stern was the hour of vengeance at Cawnpore, stern satisfaction in sorrow; but O how sweet this moment of glory united with joy! The rest was only the work they had come to do; fighting, and pressing on; fighting, and falling, and making head; and let the friends of those who fell remember, that they first heard the rejoicing shout of those for whom their lives were given. Slowly, but steadily, as the sun is hastening down, the standards of Havelock approach the second enclosure, where the flag of our fathers has not ceased to wave over the dust of Henry Lawrence. And now Neill falls; strong-hearted Neill; who with his Madras Fusileers sounded the first note of encouragement which reached us from the feeble side of our operations, Bengal! But here, still pressing on, is the hero hand that placed the mangled, yet honoured, fragments of our sisters at Cawnpore under the sacred protection of the British flag; and for him Providence has reserved the second and the greater joy of delivering those whom the same wild beasts had so long hoped to devour. Considering the *number, position, and discipline* of the enemy, the battle of Plassey was eclipsed by the relief of Lucknow. Had we all been looking on when Wellington and Blucher embraced each other on the heights of *La Belle Alliance*, we should have raised a cheer; but had we been looking on when Havelock and Inglis met, we should have dropped tears. That day of joy was the same as that on which our Queen, acknowledging the chastisements of God, published to her people a call to general humiliation.

Lucknow is the symbol of the whole train of providential dispensations through which we have been led in this crisis: severe chastisement, pursued till it threatened destruction; wonderful deliverance, coming nigh to the actual manifestation of an unseen hand. How deep our humiliation at Delhi! how manifold, delicately combined, and yet obvious even to the heedless, the extraordinary circumstances which conducted to our final triumph! circumstances which those who will not speak of human affairs otherwise than as if our race were ‘a fatherless world,’ call ‘unprecedented,’ ‘perfectly unaccountable,’ ‘such as the oldest could not remember;’ while wiser men thankfully acknowledge, in seasons, health, the wondrous fidelity of raw native levies, and the unspeakable magnanimity of our meanest soldiers, clear proofs that He who afflicted us, was yet reserving us to fulfil, with more fidelity, His purposes of good to India. And what applies to these two cities holds good of all the events of the rebellion. It came sudden as a hurricane out of a clear sky, lashed the waves up on every side, foundered some of our state-

liest barks, made all strain as if for dissolution; and ere help from us could reach them, the violence was overpast, and Lucknow even delivered. The blow was to fall in a way that would confound our foresight, and mock our boast of sagacity; the deliverance to come in one which would show that when Providence means to save, many or few are equally fit instruments. Our first victory in India, that which opened Arcot, followed a succession of scandalous failures, and was given to us entirely by a *thunder-storm*, without one blow struck by human hand.* Just previous to the present war, in which able leaders spring up in every march, was the long struggle of the Crimea, throughout which we were groping in vain for a General, to the astonishment of the world: and even the Royal Prince, now commanding in chief, was careful to say, on lauding from the scene, 'It is a *soldiers'* war.'

The two elements of power among men are, wisdom and courage; and in proportion as Providence would exalt a people, they are gifted with these qualities.

The cloud which had opened for a moment closed round Lucknow, for a second time, heavier and more charged with thunder than before. They could not move the women and children, and were cut off even from Alumbagh. O for those regiments which were slowly sailing, as if to witness a fête, instead of pressing to a rescue! They might—quite enough of them—have been with Havelock; but he was left to fight, and England to tremble and to pray; to tremble, not for the empire, but for the man who had done so much to save it; and for Inglis, and Outram, and the glorious fragments of their united bands. Thank God that they are safe at last! Sir Colin Campbell, after six days' fighting, has delivered them. Outram is wounded, Havelock's son wounded, but the great General seems yet unhurt. May he be spared to see the welcome England will give him whenever he comes!

'A Civilian,'† whom it is not difficult to identify with an author of some pretensions, hastened to Delhi immediately on the news of its fall. There it became his duty to examine the documents found in the palace, which threw some light upon the kind of government that had been organized during the Sepoy reign. It appeared that the King had not been military commander, and that his civil authority was checked, and his councils guided, by a body who bore not any native name, but that of a 'court.' This was composed of Sepoys exalted to dignities which also were worn under English names, 'Colonels,' a 'Brigade-Major,' and a 'Seketur,' that is, Secretary, which latter was the most important man of all. In fact, nearly all

* Orme's *History*, vol. i., p. 183. *London Quarterly Review*, No. I., p. 250.

† See *Times*, December 2nd.

English terms were retained. One 'Colonel' prepared a memorandum on the best mode of governing the country; in which he states that there is no doubt that with all the faults of the English, their government was the best that Hindustan ever saw; and that the future administration should be based on their model.

In the first part of his communication, this able 'Civilian' lets us know that the army which had taken Delhi is totally exhausted; in fact, so overdone, that 'for all campaigning purposes there is an end of them for the present;' and his previsions are gloomy. But the next scrap of his letter, dated five days later, is written far on the road to Agra, the Civilian having turned into marching companion to a 'pretty little force, three thousand strong, and equal to anything,' formed out of that army which he had just 'ended.' A battle had already been fought at Bolondshuhur; and though the Sepoys played the guns much better than we, they had to take to their heels, which the Ninth Lancers rendered unavailable for many. This was Colonel Greathed's first victory. His force passed on, the broken and flying rebels keeping out of its reach; but at two places little engagements took place, and a native fort was blown up, in which operation Lieutenant Home, the hero of the Cashmere Gate, fell; while about the same time his fellow starsman Salkeld sank under his wounds. Thus two names which had in a day become dear to all Britons, were on the morrow added to the multitude who prove that the pathway to glory leads across the highway of death; and that all gains which do not provide for the life beyond the grave, are but for a day. Greathed's column reached Agra, one hundred and forty miles from Delhi, early on the morning of the sixteenth day. They had made heavy forced marches on the last two days. Hardly had they taken a hurried breakfast, when some men beating *tom-toms* rushed forward, cutting down one or two of our men; and presently a large force was upon them, one of our guns taken, and artillery playing on our astonished camp. Then came a proof of what metal these men were made of, respecting whom our 'Civilian' had said that even before they started for Delhi 'there was an end of them,' and who were now beaten down by great fatigue. Out rushed the artillery; before a fifth gun had been fired upon them, they were sending back their thunder. Out rushed the Sikhs, prompt as Britons, and for the time as brave. Out rushed the Lancers, forgetful of all the charms of uniform, charging in light dress, and giving some bard of our time a theme for a new 'Song of the Shirt.' Out rushed a regiment from the fort, at a distance from the scene of action; and when they came up, the enemy were in retreat, almost flight, and Colonel Greathed had ordered a halt. But Colonel Cotton, of the new regiment, took the command, and would dash forward. The retreat became a flight, the flight a

dispersion; and on they ran for ten miles, forsaking guns, baggage, and all their valuables, yet not able even thus to escape terrible slaughter. A strong river at last stayed our soldiers, and sheltered the dispersed survivors.

Thus, in less than three weeks from the capture of Delhi, a large part of the Doab (the land between the two great rivers) was completely cleared by a small force. Yet we could never understand how the press and Parliament united to place Greathed's march in comparison with Havelock's from Allahabad to Cawnpore. Both were meritorious in an eminent degree; but the circumstances were very unequal. Havelock marched early in July, just after the summer solstice, Greathed between two and three months later; yet the former made one hundred and twenty-six miles in eight days, the latter a hundred and forty in sixteen. Havelock had 1,800 men, Greathed 3,000; yet the former met his enemies in intrenched positions as many as 12,000 at a time, the latter never had to face above 5,000 or 6,000, and that only once, in open fight. Havelock had no cavalry to set on the foe when 'scattered to the winds;' Greathed had Sikh sabres and British lances. Havelock found an advancing and unbeaten enemy, drunk with blood, flushed with triumph, having their military and political head; Greathed followed a flying remnant, who had been beaten a hundred times, and were now leaving their head, their fortress, their capital, and their dreams behind them.

We make no pretensions to settle the respective claims of those worthies, whose appearance on the scene has been a joy to every family group, whose names we will never cease to honour. We only tell out our own feelings, leaving every man to form his. To our view, two men stand in front of the historic handful: John Lawrence and Henry Havelock,—the wonderful Governor, the illustrious General; civilian and soldier, worthy to bear the burdens of England, entitled to receive her blessing. These men have earned coronets. Then we would place Inglis, Wilson, Greathed, Eyre: the last a greater man than the second, but confined as yet to a smaller sphere. These men have opened an account with the British empire; they have enriched us every one, with moments of patriotic pride, with tears of joy which we would have paid for heavily could we have bought them; and he is not a Briton who would not wish the national reward to be such that he should feel that his own store, however small, had contributed some share. We believe neither Eyre nor Wake, the brilliant *gemini* of Arrah, is yet knighted.

Havelock told his soldiers, that since they conquered unaided, in the face of difficulties so immense, England would remember them as a stay of the empire in the time of peril. It is in the

calm day of coming peace, when we are settling down again amid our comforts, that these words ought to come to our remembrance. How are that General and those men to be rewarded? The effect of the first announcement of reward for Havelock was comic; a good service pension of *a hundred a year*! Our first impulse was to record our humble hope that the Government of this wealthy and magnanimous nation would offer Lord Macaulay a penny a line to write the history of Havelock's march. But this was not fair: the Commander-in-Chief cannot create patronage; so in giving all that fell into his hands he has done his best. But has the nation done its best? If Lord Dalhousie deserves five thousand a year, (and we would not grudge him a farthing of it,) what does Havelock deserve? He and Sir John Lawrence have dared, and endured, and achieved greater things for England than all the Governors-General and Commanders-in-Chief put together, since Lord Hastings' day. Count up the means at their disposal, the difficulties in their front, and the history they leave behind, and you will acknowledge that we do not speak rashly. Lord Dalhousie added territory, they have reconquered territory; and compare his campaigns of the Sutlege and Burmah, as to all that honours a nation, with those of Delhi and Cawnpore! A community ought never to remain in debt to an individual; so far, at least, as the amplest reward can acquit it of debt, for services which each of its members would have paid for beforehand with part of his blood. One thousand a year to Havelock, at sixty-three, in the heat and heart of battles! The campaigns of the Sutlege owed all to great armies, and nothing to generalship, yet they got a sixfold reward. If Havelock had taken twenty thousand men and three months to enter Lucknow, he would have been a Peer.

Then as to the soldiers, we wish to be able to recognise every man who fought at Delhi, Cawnpore, or Lucknow, wherever we meet him. Let not their decoration be the ever-repeated florin, which is all that English genius seems capable of inventing; and which, whether it is given for Kaffir or Sikh wars, or for the Crimea, we civilians cannot well distinguish, and do not much care. But there it hangs, whether on English breasts in Whitehall, or French in the *Champs Elysées*, or Piedmontese in the *Strada del Re*, always the same dull florin piece. The heroes of Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow are not men whom we should be content to pass with the ordinary feeling of admiration for a brave soldier. They are family benefactors, in addition to being heroes. Even those of us whose wives have been safe by our side, and our mothers in the better country, feel nevertheless that they fought the battle of our wives and mothers.

They charged against fearful odds, crying, 'Remember the Ladies, Remember the Babies;' and now the ladies of England

ought to remember them. It seems to us that no decoration fitly honours them but one coming from the women of their fatherland. Let gold be gathered by our ladies, not one atom being accepted but what has been worn by a British lady; (some precious trinket would surely be cast into the collection warm from the person of England's Queen;) let all be melted, refined to the purest standard, made into the finest golden hair, and then let a braid be fixed, by a lady's hand, on the breast of every one who shared in any of the three combats we have named. Wherever we saw that braid of golden hair, if we did not actually take off our hat, we should do so in our heart. Were this project set on foot, by ladies fitly placed, so much would be given (ay, some widows would almost give their wedding ring rather than not share in the work) that enough would remain to make a noble memorial for Havelock, Inglis, and Wilson; for the widow of Neill, and the mother of Nicholson.

Among the prodigies of the rebellion, we must not omit Lieutenant Osborne, at Rewa, who alone, and so ill as to be prevented from lying down, able only to take rest in a chair; yet by the threat that he could take six lives before he lost his own, backed undoubtedly by that heroic stamp of character which alone gives moral power to such threats, held a mutinous regiment in dread, and had his messages conveyed through a disturbed kingdom, till the turn of the tide brought Madras troops to his neighbourhood, and then all fell before this still lonely man. Rewa is a kingdom of one million two hundred thousand inhabitants.

The return tide set in earliest from the north-west, and from that direction it has run the strongest since we last wrote. In the interval, Sir John Lawrence has enabled the Generals whom he supported to take Delhi, clear the Doab, relieve Agra, and reach the outpost of Lucknow. During the same period Lord Canning, on whom all the reinforcements of the Chinese expedition and the Cape have poured in, has been so much hampered by the doings of Lloyd's Loyals, that he has been able only to send an inconsiderable reinforcement to Havelock, with which none but men so chivalrous as he and Outram would have crossed the Ganges to invade a country with four hundred forts, and perhaps seventy thousand combatants. Happily, Sir Colin has now got his home-help at hand, and is in the field. The return tide from the south has been irregular, —destitute of that character of prodigy which marked the civil direction of the movement from the north-west, and the military conduct of that from the east. Yet our position now is, on the whole, greatly improved, in comparison with what it was three months ago. Many then thought us sanguine; yet we did not venture to predict that before the reinforcements from home

took the field, Delhi would fall; the whole country thence to Calcutta be opened; Lucknow be twice and effectually relieved; the Gwalior force be driven from its own state, the Indore one helplessly routed, and the political danger of the empire completely overpast; nothing remaining but to clear Oude, and extinguish embers in different provinces.

As to the effects of the rebellion, we said before that one of the first would be a restoration in the native mind of the old dread of British prowess. Perhaps many then thought this inference doubtful; but so extraordinary have been the displays and results of valour, that we may confidently anticipate that the native mind, for a while possessed with the idea that fate had sealed our doom, will rapidly veer to the opposite opinion that the Heavens fight for us. They were looking for our destruction, and perhaps will reason like the Maltese barbarians as to Paul: 'After they had looked a great while, and saw no harm come to him, they changed their minds, and said that he was a god.'

We also said that the display of our national resources would be equally impressive with that of individual prowess; and now that each of the Presidencies weekly witnesses the arrival of more and yet more of those forces which come too late to see the crisis of the rebellion, but in time to confirm our triumph, this will not admit of a doubt. Yet on this point we have much to regret. No one need say that proper vigour was used at Calcutta in providing transport, in finding horses, (which might have been brought from Madras by dismounting a regiment or two,) in using the Ghoorkas, or in disposing of forces that arrived. Troops enough to make Havelock secure were kept watching disarmed Sepoys, when these might have been put on board ships, and kept out of mischief; but that would not be agreeable to them, nor indeed quite regular. We need only write the word Dinapore to recall a melancholy waste of power. The Home Government, also, unhappily trusted to the opinions of the Calcutta authorities, and lost weeks in sending reinforcements, when every moment lost was a life lost. Even after the news that mutiny had become full blown and triumphant rebellion, slow ships were employed. True, when Lord Palmerston became fully awake, and took matters into his own hands, amends were splendidly made. Yet the fright-courage of Lord Canning, who would not take precautions for fear of showing weakness, and the excellent ignorance of Mr. Vernon Smith, led the Government so far astray, as to endanger Havelock and Outram, and replunge Inglis into the gulf of uncertainty from which we had hoped he was finally snatched. It is noble in a powerful Minister, like our Premier, to stand by damaging subordinates, up to a certain point; but when it is no longer damage alone to his own power and influence, but to the public welfare and the national sympathies, nobleness is better shown by returning

them to the obscurity they would adorn. What a blessing it would be were Lord Canning in the Post-office, and Mr. Verdant Smith in some green park in Northamptonshire!

We are very far from going the length of the Calcutta people, who have served Lord Canning greatly by their intemperance; but on the other hand the idea put forth by his friends, that he is unpopular only at Calcutta, is unfounded. He is unpopular in England, and odious in India. It is equally incorrect to date his unpopularity, as his advocates carefully do, from the passing of the Act against the Press. That Act greatly and justly increased his unpopularity; but long before its appearance, the British community in India felt itself without a competent head. Its members were at first prepossessed in favour of Lord Canning, but daily events proved that they were in the hands of *an ordinary man without Indian experience, at a crisis which demanded an extraordinary man with Indian experience*. And this ordinary inexperienced man could despise information, could smile at warnings, could risk empires, and be cold and changeful; *afraid to take measures*, and therefore forced to run risks, which are vaunted as proofs of courage! He is not equal to the post, either in ability or experience; and therefore, as Lord Palmerston must now feel that he has done all that the most chivalrous friendship could demand to sustain him, we trust he will put into his place *an extraordinary man with Indian experience*; and Sir John Lawrence, as Mr. Kinnaird plainly enough told the House,* is such a man.

Lord Ellenborough is set up by both Lord Derby's friends and some extreme liberals, as the true and proper man. His Lordship is in his place making able speeches, well worth hearing and sifting; but preserve us from a second reign of his in India! Lord Canning is too cold to permit the metaphor that such a change would be 'out of the frying-pan into the fire;' but it would be out of the shallows into the whirlpool. The man who with loud pæans restored the importance of a temple which had boasted, as part of its appointments, of five hundred dancing girls, many of them daughters even of Rajahs, is not the one to be again intrusted with the honour of England in the East.† Nor is one who never lost an opportunity, in his speeches, of setting Christianity at a disadvantage in its conflict with the atrocious superstitions of India, until the loud voice of public horror compelled him during the late short Session to be cautious, the one to inaugurate a new *régime* of frank and elevated Christian statesmanship. One of the bad effects of the Government defences of Lord Canning is, that many are driven to look to this undesirable alternative.

* Debate, December 9th.

† See the account of Somnath, in Ferishta, the native historian, Dow's translation, vol. i., p. 80, *et seq.*

The effect which we before pointed out, of a juster estimate of native character following these events, is daily becoming more apparent. With the light we now have it is partly amusing, partly distressing, to read the solemn evidence given by our greatest Indian statesmen to Parliament on this point in former years. Warren Hastings,* in 1813, with singular expressions of solemnity, repelled the charges of vice brought against the natives, and affirmed that they are 'as exempt from the worst propensities of human passion as any people on the face of the earth;' and added, to guide our legislature, 'Gross as their modes of worship are, the precepts of their religion are wonderfully fitted to promote the best ends of society.' Sir John Malcolm, making an exception against the Bengalees Proper, (from whom no Sepoys were taken,) says of the rest, 'They are brave, generous, humane, and their truth is as remarkable as their courage.' He especially refers to the very nations who have been conspicuous in the late outrages. Another truly great man, Sir Thomas Munro, informed the same Parliament, 'If civilization is to become an article of trade between the two countries, I am convinced that this country will gain by the import cargo;' one of the marks of civilization among them, which he singles out for emphasis, is, 'a treatment of the female sex full of confidence, respect, and delicacy!'

These statements were soberly made by men of real discernment, with high reputation to lose; and are a fair sample of that 'traditionary' creed respecting the Hindu religion and institutions, of which an apt modern exponent is 'P.' in the *Times*; whom we cannot mention without expressing our admiration of the masterly style in which that journal blew the dust to leeward, which was cast in our eyes by 'traditionary' P.'s and Q.'s. Stark staring facts now tell the world that the Missionaries alone understood the true character of the Hindus; and the public is painfully but conclusively taught that their religion is a source of wickedness and misery so great, that no good man can help wishing to see it forgotten, or bidding God speed to all who labour to supplant it by 'the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.' †

Yet we fear that in India the revulsion from old feeling is proceeding too far. No wonder that so many horrors should create intense dislike; and especially when the Government seemed bent, even at the height of the crisis, on crossing the Europeans on whom it depended, to flatter the miserable Bengalees who dare not fight, but know well how to put on airs. It showed, we think, ignorance of human nature, both native

* Wilson's Mill, vol. i., p. 526, *et seq.*

† What is Oxford to come to, when an ex-tutor of one of its colleges can at this crisis gravely publish his conviction that the Hindus would not gain but lose by changing their own religion for Christianity?

and English, as great as could be imagined ; greater than beforehand any of us would have set down as possible to be carried out in practice. The British are generous and forgiving ; and had their just desire for strong measures been met at the crisis, their generosity would have corrected excessive aversion after the worst was past. Instead of this, they have been galled into a state of soreness which years of wise and healing rule will hardly cure. Instead of making every native feel that when it came to a question of force, England was stern in her strength, and so turning them into ready and faithful adherents, we gave them all the impression that we were holding our own by their indulgence, and were deeply anxious to commend ourselves to their forbearance ; thus aggravating difficulties for the present, and preparing disasters for the future.

Yet the deep hatred of everything native which now breathes in India, natural as it is, and heightened as it may be by feeble policy, is a bad and a dangerous thing. It is so un-English, that the only fear we have of its lasting is on the ground that if a weak system of government continue, irritation may be kept up till it becomes settled. We wish for vigour now, because we wish for beneficence always. The natives are not the innocents, and their institutions are not the models, represented by 'traditional' officials ; but, on the other hand, let us ask what we should be ourselves, had we been brought up to worship Kali and Siva ; to pray to cows, snakes, and monkeys ; to look on torture by fire, by spikes and hooks, on death by crushing, burning, drowning, as religious acts ; to have every place of worship furnished with prostitutes, every sacred story redolent of lust ; and to believe that all mankind, whether neighbours or foreigners, except our own caste, were of a different nature, which no change could elevate to ours, and no number of generations bring nearer ? To us the wonder is, not that Hindus have depths of vice which would make even bad men here quake with horror ; but that with their disadvantages they yet retain so much that is amiable. We spurn with far more feeling the contempt which would treat them as incapable of elevation, than the flattery which represents them as already too good to need Christianity. They have all the elements of our own nature, and, when blessed with 'pure religion and undefiled,' will become among the foremost of mankind, if not in vigour, yet in social virtues, intellectual feats, and the gentler arts of life. They are not to be hated, hunted, and beaten down ; but to be firmly ruled for their good, with an outspoken display of moral superiority, and a careful disregard of prejudices which hinder their improvement. To infuse into the English the feeling that they are the Normans and the natives the Saxons, according to Lord Ellenborough's* unhappy illustration, is what we should de-

* Debate, December 7th.

nounce. Their relative positions are to be totally different. The English do not want to replace them, to absorb them as a people, and as proprietors. Our only national ends are those which are best, incomparably best, for the Hindus. Were it not our duty to make their happiness, prosperity, and moral elevation, the great aim of our rule, it would be our interest.

Even in the present fearful times how many traits of native fidelity have been recorded, some as elevated as history can produce! The Meerut storm had only swept over, when a white child was brought in by a Fakir, who had rescued it; and when offered a reward, he refused; but requested that a well might be dug in his name. And we trust that hereafter Christians to whom that name will not sound foreign will often by that well think on the good act done by Himam Bhartee of Duroura. Even in Oude, many of our hunted countrymen found good friends and faithful shelter; and in many a village the Hindu women showed real womanly tenderness for sufferers; not a few were concealed, fed, and clothed by Brahmins. That beautiful tale told by a lady from Aurungabad ought never to be forgotten. A trooper warned two ladies in time, got them away, and one of his debtors says:—

‘We continued the journey for several successive days, till we reached Ahmednuggur, and he endeavoured the whole time, by the most vigilant attention and kindness, to lessen the discomforts of the road. In the course of the four or five days I several times offered him a bag of rupees, which I begged, nay, besought him to take and use as freely for his own wants as for ours; but I could only persuade him to take very small sums from time to time, as they were required for our expenses. Again and again, in the course of our subsequent intercourse, knowing him to be much embarrassed by a large and unavoidable addition to his usual expenses, I begged him with great earnestness to allow me to relieve his necessities, or even (as I found it impossible to induce him to listen to this proposal) to accept any sum he might require for a time, and till possibly he might be in better circumstances. He said it would be a “great disgrace” to him to accept money from me, and that he only desired “that his name might be good” among the English, and neither by tears nor entreaties could I ever persuade him to change his mind. I had some difficulty in inducing him even to accept as a memorial a ring of little value, which I chanced to have on my finger when I bade him farewell; but the tears streamed from his eyes when I told him I felt I owed him more than ever I could repay, and that to the latest hour of my life I should consider him one of my most valued friends.’

Now the name of Booran Bucksh ought to be ‘good with the English,’ while they have a history. His noble acts and manly tears ought to assure us all that the foul deeds which have been perpetrated come not from creatures of a different blood to ourselves; but from a branch of our own fallen family, still under the debasing influence of superstitions, above which the blessed Gospel has raised ourselves.

The position of the native Princes in this conflict should never be forgotten ; Rajpoot, Mahratta, and Sikh, Ghoorka and Moslem, they have entitled themselves to respect for prudence at least, many of them for active and courageous help. Holcar and Scindia both contended, at personal risk, against bodies of troops disciplined by us. The Nizam and his Minister energetically and effectually co-operated with that excellent officer General Coffin, in preserving peace at Hyderabad. A Rajah from Oude sent succours to the refugees at Nynee Tal, in spite of threats that his life would be taken. And as to the two Rajahs of Jheend and Puttiala, especially the latter, it is impossible to speak too highly either of their conduct, or of the actual debt we owe them. Had they been faithless, or even lukewarm, our brave force at Delhi might have perished at its post. Were all the instances of devotion to us and our *régime* collected, we doubt whether anything equal could be shown in history, as manifested toward a dominant handful of foreigners, when to native eyes their cause seemed desperate. We hope that more spirit will be shown in rewarding our native friends, than has yet appeared in our treatment of our own heroes.

The effects of the outbreak upon religion in India cannot be small. Ostensibly, it arose from a religious panic, which itself showed at once the absurdity of the system which the Sepoys prided in, and their amazing ignorance of that which their masters were afraid to display too openly. Moslem and Brahmin joined hands against Christians, as such. Even in the court of Delhi, as it now proves, in forming plans for their future government, they stated that ours was the best they had ever known. But ignorant of our religion, and seeing it kept in the background, they naturally believed it to be deceitful, and rose against an imagined stroke of guile. Thus, then, for the first time, Christianity has had its martyrs in India, native as well as European.* Not a few Hindus have died because they believed in Christ. Some of them were Preachers of the Gospel ; and their blood will form the seed of future Churches. On Mohammedism the effect must be disastrous : the grand old pageant at Delhi is no more ; the power of Oude will be completely broken ; tens of thousands of their bravest men will fall or be transported ; large numbers of their subordinate chiefs be ruined, and multitudes of their families scattered to the winds. Their loss in population will be great, in influence incalculable.

As to the Brahmins, their positive loss in men will be greater ; the infamy of Nana Sahib will rest upon their caste, and military life will be closed against them. In the eyes of the mass of the

* Of course we do not count the slaughters by the Church of Rome, or those in retaliation.

population both of these classes will appear to be placed under the ban of Fate. Had our authorities the honesty which either of them if triumphant would have, to proclaim aloud, that our trust being in the one living and true God, His hand has been mightier for us than all the gods of our enemies against us; the natives would believe it, feel it, and unconsciously prepare to accept our faith. Whether the 'traditionary policy' will be too strong for this simple act of Christian gratitude and manly honesty, we cannot say. A better spirit is among our public men, and they may tell the Hindus plainly what is true, and what it would be a blessing for them to hear. But whether they do or not, those whose joy it is not to wait on human powers, but to serve the King of Kings, will proclaim the fact which they gratefully feel, and many a native will own its truth. Gathering earnestness from the blood of slaughtered converts, and courage from the manifold tokens that India is given by Providence to Christian ascendancy, the followers of our Redeemer will not only renew, but much extend, their efforts, and with greater effect than ever.

It is true that Lord Derby even to-day, with a display of feeling and information which would have been more worthy of that remarkable Indian statesman Lord Broughton, throws superb doubt on the prospects of Christianity in the East, albeit he does it the honour to wish it success. Does Lord Derby believe in his heart that the thinking, inquiring Hindus are to continue worshipping cows, ghosts, serpents, and devils to the end of time? Does he believe that the Father of all men has no better thing in store, for so large a branch of our human family? Does he know that already nearly seven hundred Hindus are preaching the Gospel? that about one hundred and twenty thousand are his fellow Protestants? that the Christians of Krisnagur petitioned Government to be employed in conveying stores to the seat of war, and were refused by Lord Canning, because they volunteered *as Christians*, not as subjects? that in Central India, when mutiny was rife in a Bombay regiment, sixty native Christians being in it kept the Colonel acquainted with all that was going on?—a fact which illustrates what might have been the case in most regiments, had our policy not been to discourage conversion.

The measures now to be adopted with a view to the future, affect the suppression of the revolt, the re-organization of the army and administration, the progress of enlightenment, and the relations of the Crown and Cabinet to the Indian Government. As to *measures of suppression*, they bear first upon rebel Princes, not one of whom should be allowed to stay in India, whether great or little; and such as have been guilty of murders should be punished just as common murderers.

* An Officer's letter in the *Homeward Mail*.

After the Princes come the Sepoys, who from mutineers became rebels, and emboldened if they did not induce all the others. We entirely agree with 'Indophilus' in the view, that when large numbers of these shall fall into our hands, wholesale slaughter in cold blood would disgrace us; and that to send them down the country in chains for transportation across the terrible 'black water,'—that water which at once will destroy their caste and shut out the hope of home,—will have a greater effect on the imagination of the natives than any amount of killing, which is in their traditions a tale twice told. But let no slackness be used in tracking these men out. Mercy quite as much as justice demands that, 'on the anti-Thuggee principle,' every village, every haunt should be scoured, and not a man who fought against 'his salt' be left to propagate the idea of future crime.

As to the people, those who have only followed chieftains in arms, ought to be let escape; those who are convicted of murder or robbery punished. But burning villages is a barbarous proceeding which makes no moral impression, except that you are the strongest for the moment, and as bad as others. Transportation of a few Head-men would have far more moral weight.

As to the reorganization of the army, every day tends to incline us more and more to Colonel Macdonald's view, that we ought to have no regular Sepoy army whatever; that, local forces for extra military duties being organized, and the native police system perfected and carried out, the army for real war should be British, with the exception of very subordinate corps. We take for granted that one Sepoy disciplined by us is worth three native soldiers of any other school. The present war has proved a hundred times over that one British soldier is worth five Sepoys after the best training. One to ten has been the ordinary proportion for our men against the most accomplished enemy India could produce; and as to the other forces which have often joined the Sepoys, they hardly wait to count them. It is a perfectly safe calculation to say, that an army of eighty thousand Britons is equal to a Sepoy force of four hundred thousand. At the battle of Maharajapore in 1843, Lord Gough led 14,000 men to attack 18,000 Mahrattas. At Goojerat he had 24,000 against 60,000 Sikhs. The metal of the army was not British steel, but an alloy. Let every man in Asia know that every rifle and cannon in India is in trusty hands.

In the new administration of the country, the very first step ought to be the disarming of all the people, and dismantling every petty fort. Carrying arms is the resort of those who are cursed with barbarous Governments. A strong Government is a general protector; and the example of the Punjab gives great hope as to the result of depriving the natives of a temptation to plunder and fight.

A chief point in the new administration of India is one on which we take it for granted that the mind of all is made up;

namely, that henceforth all public acts should be done in the name of the Queen, and not of the Company. Fancy the efforts of a native to get an idea what the Company is! 'Is it a King?' 'No.' 'An army?' 'No.' 'A religion?' 'No.' 'It is a *sabé*.' 'Ah, a society?' 'Yes.' 'Of *Padres* [i.e., parsons]?' 'No.' 'Of Kings?' 'No.' 'Of officers?' 'No.' 'Of *Pundits* [i.e., learned doctors]?' 'No; of merchants!' 'Of merchants! Ah, a society of merchants! and does the society of merchants do the *sirkar* business (the Government) of England?' 'No, the Queen does that!' 'And does the Queen do the *sirkar* business of Ceylon?' 'Yes.' 'Not the Company! And who is highest, Queen or Company?' How often have we been put through such a catechism! We suppose it was some one who was puzzled under it, that invented the answer which is not uncommon in India, That the Company is an old woman that never dies.

When the Rajah of Puttiala, our staunch and helpful ally, was at Calcutta, Lord Dalhousie gave him many presents from the Company, on which he looked with more or less interest; but on a portrait of the Queen being presented, he took it in both hands, raised it above his head, and bowed under it. We ought to set before the mind of every native an intelligible idea of a sovereign power. This can be done by proclaiming Her Majesty Queen of India; and occasion ought to be taken then to declare *once for all* the relation of the Crown and Government to religious questions; our own Christianity being fully stated, and its principles of toleration, of opposition to purchased, forced, or hypocritical conversions, announced; and then the protection which we give to all in their religious observances, placed on its true basis, not of 'respect' to their superstitions, but of obedience to our own religion. This frank and true position can be understood and will be trusted in; but professions of respect for heathen abominations, and opposition to the spread of our own religion among the natives, are things not to be believed in. They will beget distrust, as will all quibbling.

The Queen proclaimed, the Governor General ought to be Viceroy, with power of conferring Knighthood; and some native order of nobility should be bestowed on meritorious Rajahs. We would have no more councils than one; but several Governors, acting like Sir John Lawrence, or Sir Mark Cubbon,* independently of councils; men, in fact, and not boards; and, consequently, fit men, and not pets sent there to be provided for. If any new native States are constituted, or any of the confiscated ones continued in separate identity, it

* This gentleman, under the modest title of Commissioner, has reigned over a kingdom far more populous than Scotland, for more than a quarter of a century, and that very prosperously. Yet there are many members of both Houses who do not know who Sir Mark Cubbon is. How many coronets have been given for services not half so dignified or important!

would not be amiss to try Dhuleep Singh, the young Christian Prince.

A considerable revision of our revenue arrangements must be made; and this will offer a fit opportunity for putting an end to the odious traffic which we carry on in opium. We greatly regret to find such a writer as 'Indophilus' apologizing for this enormity, on the ground that our tax is a restraint on its production. Is that the purpose for which we cultivate it? for which we make it up in packages by Chinese weight, though bound by treaty not to introduce it into China? for which we turn our Government into a drug auctioneer, and use our British flag in the Chinese waters as a shield for smuggling? 'The opium branch of business' is the dignified language in which this death-dealing trade is spoken of in the papers of the House of Lords, lately published. And we would put it to 'Indophilus,' whether he is prepared to recommend our Queen, when she administers her grandest possession in her own name, to enter the Auction Mart at Calcutta, and carry on 'the opium branch of business.'

It is notorious that we tax it, not to check its consumption, but to get gain. We seal it with our Government seal; we grow it by Government money; we collect it in Government stores; we auction it on account of Government, and publish the proceeds as Government revenue. We studiously adapt it to be used in violation of the law of nations, in disregard of treaties. We infest a coast with it, the natural protectors of which warn it off by law, as a foreign-bred pestilence. We repay by barbarous and deadly debauch the people who send us our most civilizing beverage. We hurt our lawful commerce by wars which this directly or indirectly causes, and we debase our navy into a real, though not an avowed, protector of smuggling. We make the name of Christian a shame in the eyes of the heathen, and the protests of Britons against slave trade and slavery a hypocrisy in those of Spaniards and Americans. How often does any Englishman, in a tour through the United States, feel ashamed of this foul, foul blot!

While we write, a high-placed Indian officer, in a private letter, thus speaks of the present state of things:—'The state of the country precludes the advance of money by Government, and the growth of poppies by the Ryots. The opium fields are now Aceldamas; we have but to prevent a revival of the trade. God has put a temporary stop to it. We have the opportunity of rendering that perpetual, by breaking the connexion between the Indian Government and the infamous traffic.' Is this cultivation to be renewed? Drowned by the hand of Providence in blood, are the British people going to set it up afresh? It is generally understood that Lord Elgin carries to China instructions to 'persuade' the Chinese authorities to legalize it. Christians persuade heathens at the cannon's mouth to abet

debauch! Undoubtedly the power is now in the hand of the British people to end this abomination; and if we do it not, we can no longer throw the responsibility on that most convenient scapegoat, the Company. We owe to Lord Shaftesbury the paper which tells us of 'the opium branch of business;' and may God grant that to the debtors of his philanthropy, already extending from the coal-pits of England to the sheep-walks of Australia, may be added many on the shores of China!

As to the Home Administration of India: the doom of the double Government is sealed; and even if we risk losing much, we shall gain what is indispensable,—direct responsibility. Such bandying of accountability, as was lately witnessed between Mr. Smith and Colonel Sykes, respecting the slow ships, must end. A statesman of high order must stand up before Parliament, as answerable for the doings of the INDIA DEPARTMENT. But at the same time, it will never do to have all the affairs of that vast and unique empire exposed to the direct influence of any vote which may be won by surprise from a thin and heedless House. This would be more dangerous, in some respects, than even the want of proper Parliamentary control. The colonies have a breakwater between them and our legislature, in their local Parliaments. India cannot have that provision; but a breakwater must be found; and the only form which at present seems feasible, is that of a well qualified Council, of which the new Secretary of State for India shall be President. We said in 1853, that of all reforms, the one most imperative was that the responsible Minister should personally meet the Directors, as they had the knowledge and he the power.* We would now repeat this. Let the new Council be composed, say of twelve or fifteen persons, drawn as largely as possible from the old Court of Directors, and recruited from the same class. Let them all be excluded from seats in Parliament, to prevent collusion or entanglement with the Cabinet of the hour. Let the Chief Secretary for India retain the power, now held by the President of the Board of Control, of overruling the Council *on his own responsibility*; but under the obligation, not now existing, of meeting and hearing the Council. Care should be taken that the patronage of India be not made, as always has been feared, an engine of national corruption. The competitive system happily removes the civil service from this possibility; and either by the same means, or by the sale of first commissions, or by the continuance of the patronage as part of the remuneration of the members of the India Board, the military appointments ought equally to be placed in a position where they will not be a national temptation. Our public morality never had so severe a test as it would be subjected to, were the Indian patronage assumed by the Cabinet.

* *London Quarterly Review*, No. 1., p. 273.

Above every question affecting the form of our future administration, rises the importance of making its spirit worthy of a nation professing Christianity. Those who have always dreaded the open avowal of our faith, imagine that we desire Government to make war on the native religions, and to proselyte. This their total misconception of the feelings of Christians illustrates their misconception of those of Hindus. In fact, religion, like other things, is not understood by those who do not attend to it.

We do not wish Government to invite, reward, or specially favour converts: on the other hand, we demand that it shall give them every civil right, and open before them every avenue to respect, or employment, which their heathen relations enjoy. We do not wish it to pay a single Missionary or build one church for natives; but we do claim that every one of its Christian servants shall be free, as an Englishman's birthright, to promote the advancement of Christianity, in his individual capacity, by whatever means he may see fit. We do not wish it to violate any man's caste; but it ought not to suffer, in its offices or army, that on any inch of public ground another law shall be mentioned than the law of the land; leaving private circles sacred to private scruples. We do not wish it to rob even the temples of snakes or of Kali of their property; but we loudly demand that a searching inquiry be made into the expenditure for heathen and Mohammedan worship, in every district, *not half of which is known even to the Court of Directors*; and that all payments from the public revenue be terminated; and all temple lands now administered by us, returned to the village communities, to be used as they please. We are now, in the Bombay Presidency alone, paying £30,000 a year for heathen worship, and land to the value of £100,000 a year is held on condition of idolatrous worship being performed, otherwise Government would resume it.* In some of our schools even the name of Christ is omitted, when it occurs in an ordinary school-book. Without this flagrant outrage, the exclusion of the Bible from all Government schools is a public affront to our religion. We claim that this shall end; and that, as in Ceylon, the first hour of the day in every school conducted by Government be devoted to reading and explaining the Bible, attendance being optional. Without proselyting, the Government may practically preach Christianity by a beneficent and paternal regard for the happiness of the people, strict faith in all its dealings, morality in its revenue, and energy in improving the country; avowing, at the same time, as the basis of all English virtues, that blessed Gospel which has made England fit to rule India, and lead all the continent of Asia.

* See *Remarks earnestly addressed to the Men of England*. Darton and Co.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Tom Brown's School Days. By an Old Boy. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

WE have read and re-read this book with unmingled pleasure; and it would be against nature, if our criticism did not savour of the good feeling which it has excited in us. Any bias in this direction must be taken as the strongest proof of the genuine excellences of the book; for we have carefully guarded ourselves against any tampering with our critical sagacity, and yet have been compelled again and again to exclaim, '*Bend! optime!*'

Hundreds of philosophers have bewailed the fact, that no one could insinuate a philosopher's spirit into an infant's brain, in order (once for all) to detect the mode in which ideas first come there, and then unite like chemicals in the production of new ideas wholly dissimilar from themselves. If this were done, the squabbles of philosophers would be at an end. And Reid *wisely* says, 'If any man could narrate the experience of one day in an infant's life, and tell us what were its mystic feelings as it sprang towards the moon, or how it began to distinguish and love its mother, he would be the *princeps philosophorum*, disclosing those fountains in the hidden realms of infancy *from which* the streams of thought and feeling flow into the sunlight of memory.' This is *impossible*. The fountains of our own life are hidden in impenetrable darkness, just as its issues are. Far back as we can gaze, we can only trace that stream as it has begun to trickle through the narrow grass-tangled runnel, or to chafe against the stones, and leap down the pebbly shelves, in the gray dawn of childhood.

Next, however, to what is absolutely impossible, must come the most difficult task in the range of possibility. And if we cannot insinuate our matured and critical mind into the depths of our infant consciousness, so as to discover *what* went on there, it will be confessedly hard to recall and to *judge* correctly the feelings, notions, and habits of that *earliest time*, which just comes within the scope of memory, but which lies far away from our present life, and glimmers only with a hazy, though golden, light, as the Eden of our history.

The mere *work* of memory is difficult; to make ourselves truly boys

again, to bring back the old scenes, to revive the hopes, wonders, gleeful triumphs, and stormy sorrows of that period, to bid them all appear again in the freshness of reality, till they crowd, as it were, the surface of the mind, and then see them pass on in their appointed order, like a series of dissolving views, each growing out of the former, in a strange mysterious way, till the last appears—our present self—a full-sized and unmistakeable portrait. But if the mere effort of memory is great, greater, we take it, is the difficulty to represent in a happy and congenial spirit what memory has revived. Not only the facts of boyhood, but the spirit of boyhood must be recalled. The charm of this book consists in the simple, *natural*, boy-like way in which the boy-life is told. Had *Tom himself*, when a boy, described it, it would have been in just the style of the author. Not that Tom, when a boy, could have spoken such correct or nervous English. But this is the triumph of dramatic art, to fling off the coil of our personality, and to sympathize so intensely with the person we are representing, as to be one with him, to assume his very habit of soul; and then to express that soul, not as he would have expressed it, but through the purest and most fitting medium which the language affords. Hence it is possible to reveal the spirit of a boy, and so to inspire us with the feelings of boyhood, without using the blundering vocabulary of a boy. Nay, our author has done so by means of an uncommonly terse and vivid Saxon style, which is most suitable for his subject; but which he could not have wielded with the happy dexterous touch he now possesses, save by years of practice.

The success of the author, in surmounting these difficulties, is undoubted. As a dramatist in this single direction, his work is unsurpassed. He has the art of matured manhood. He has the soul of pure boyhood. Rightly does he call himself 'Old Boy;' and by this familiar paradox he has philosophically stated his twofold character. Boy he is; his pages palpitate and glow with the fresh, healthy, ebullient, wayward spirit of a boy. Old Boy,—for so experienced is he in his art, that he has allowed no polished phraseology, no sage philosophy, no callous cynicism, (of all which a boy's life is innocent,) to stain his exquisitely finished picture.

If it be difficult to reflect in the pages of a book, as in a mirror, the life of a boy, it must be especially so to reflect the life of such a boy as Tom Brown. He was a Brown, one of that square-headed, snake-necked, obstinate, and cheerful generation, which is so humorously described in the beginning of the volume, and which, in the author's words, 'is scattered over the whole empire on which the sun never sets, and whose general diffusion I take to be the chief cause of that empire's stability.' Then his Christian name is Tom, a name which would put fire and mischief into the dullest Smith or Jones ever christened with that quick-silvery syllable. Tom is the synonym for pleasant roguery and fun. When we think, then, of the wildfire of a Tom being infused into the tough, well-tempered substance of a Brown, we can guess the result; just such as the Tom Brown of the book.

He was born in Berkshire, where his father was a Justice of the Peace. His character was early shown in his contests with his nurse, and his loving attachment to Old Benjy, an old servant of the house,

who nursed and trained this boy as such men do, with a love beyond that of woman. Tom's first school was a private school, which an irruption broke up summarily during the second half year of Tom's discipleship. There being six weeks to run till the beginning of the Christmas vacation, his father determined the time should not be lost, and accordingly sent him, *au courant*, to Rugby. Here the narrative properly begins; for Tom Brown, *i. e.*, the author, evidently thinks the life of a private school to be hardly worth mentioning. *His school days* are the days he spent in Rugby, every one of which—from the moment he entered the gates under the mentorship of Harry East, and returned the volley of questions with which every new boy is always assailed—seems to be distinctly daguerreotyped on his memory. Whatsoever enjoyment he has had in furbishing up and musing over those old pictures, he has communicated to others. School life, as we all know, is a continual ferment, boiling and bubbling up with endless excitement; its squalls are black, sudden, terrific, but quickly spent; its sunshine is radiant and intense, such as seldom gleams on the sober mirky days of manhood. In this volume both storm and sunshine, play and work, fun and folly, sin and repentance, are clearly reflected. Our space forbids us to quote or to condense any portion of its thrilling narrative; and so for confirmation of our statement we must refer our readers to the book itself. Its aim, however, is higher than merely to interest: lessons from which men ought to profit are to be learnt in the boy's life. That life brightens as it rises towards its zenith. From the wild lawless boy we see Tom Brown grow up a robust thoughtful Christian young man. What produced or assisted the change? For a while his character trembles in the balance. It is impossible to predict which will predominate, the good or the evil. What has precipitated the crisis and flung the deciding influence for good into the even scales? These questions cut our way to the core of the most important social problem of the day, *viz.*, the education of our youth; and the answer given in the experience of Tom Brown shows us what Arnold did in this noblest work at Rugby. Arnold was commencing his reformations at Rugby when Tom went there. Tom's school days, therefore, are Arnold's working days; and this book presents to us, in the concrete form of a Rugby boy's real life, the results of Arnold's labours. To read Arnold's life, as it was stamped upon one of his own boys, cannot be a mere amusement, but a most elevating and profitable study. We hold in reserve for a more fitting opportunity the discussion of our public-school system; of the evils and the benefits of which this book gives the clearest exposition. Whenever we enter upon this discussion, Arnold's schemes and labours will stand foremost for our consideration; and then, referring to Tom Brown's school days, we hope to expound many of these practical lessons which are taught by this book, and confer upon it a special value.

The moral worth of this book, therefore, corresponds with its literary merit. Large as has been its circulation, we wish it to be yet much larger; and no better volume could be put into the hands of a boy at this cheerful season of Christmas holidays and New Year's presents.

Sinai, the Hedjah, and Soudan : Wanderings around the Birth-place of the Prophet, and across the Ethiopian Desert from Sawakin to Chartum. By James Hamilton, Author of 'Wanderings in North Africa.' London : Richard Bentley. 8vo.

THE realms portrayed in Mr. Hamilton's volume are full of interest. *Fontem querere Nilii* has for more than twenty centuries been a mode of expressing attempts at that which is impossible ; and we are, therefore, pleasantly startled with any dawn of hope that this opprobrium of geography may yet be wiped away by the science and enterprise which have in our own day achieved greater things. Higher objects are, moreover, involved in the solution of this problem. For, whilst Homer may still sing of the 'Nile from heaven,' the political economist may push his matter-of-fact inquiries to an issue that shall greatly subserve civilization and commerce. Mr. Hamilton calculates that an expedition for this purpose—well managed and arranged for upon a liberal scale—would not cost more than £10,000. But it must be accomplished by Europeans ; the Viceroy of Egypt having spent twice the sum we have mentioned upon a bootless mission, which he has just broken up. 'The problem,' quoth our author, 'is still unsolved ; but it is not rash to say that it is no longer insolvable.'

England has great interest in the Pashalic dependencies of this region. Take, for example, that of the petty Chief who wears the high-sounding title of Governor of Abyssinia. Let that be transferred ; and in the hands of Europeans, the Island of Massawa, and the small town of Hakiko on the coast opposite to it, now a mere *entrepôt* of slaves, would become an outlet for the rich productions of a country whose natural wealth is yet unexplored, and which might yield large supplies of raw material both for the Indian and European markets. Its possession yields the Sultan nothing ; and his government is so feeble that he cannot mediate between the Chiefs who have parcelled out Abyssinia amongst themselves. Then as to the Hedjah,—that province of Arabia which contains Mecca and Medina, with their ports Jêdda and Zambo,—there are grave reasons why England should be alert. Her Indian provinces carry on an extensive trade with the Hedjah ; and she has twenty-five millions of subjects who look with pious veneration to the holy cities, and furnish thousands of pilgrims annually to their shrines. Should she not, therefore, especially considering the insecurity of the country, and the exactions and malversations of the Governors, claim and exercise a strict surveillance over these ? She would also thus open out an immense market for many European productions.

Marvels and Mysteries of Instinct : or, Curiosities of Animal Life. By G. Garratt. Second Edition. London : Longman and Co.

ON such a subject as Instinct, some of the conclusions of the best and safest thinkers must be, at least, open to debate. Indeed, because the exact nature of Instinct is so mysterious, and the exact confines of it and Reason so uncertain, the premises of the most

cautious inquirer in the matter can be scarcely other than hypothetical. Our author manages the difficulties of his subject philosophically, or, with just as genuine philosophy, confesses and leaves them. He defines Instinct as 'that propensity in animals which directs or impels them to do certain things, usually for the preservation or continuation of their species, at the fittest time, and with the greatest perfection, quite independent of knowledge, without experience from themselves, and without teaching from others.' Whether this impulse is conveyed by the Creator directly, or mediately, he does not dogmatically assert; but inclines, as we think rightly, to the latter view. He believes Instinct to have some 'accommodating quality,' fitting it to meet peculiar exigencies, and thus accounts for those extraordinary manifestations of something very like judgment or intellect on the part of some animals.

The reader of this book will find much to instruct and interest him, given in a popular style, though sometimes a little loose and careless as to composition. The illustrative facts are numerous and well chosen, including exhibitions of Instinct by various animals, beginning with those horridly grotesque *quadrumana*, the monkeys, and passing on through other mammals to birds and insects. Some of the instances of concerted action are exceedingly curious, and well employed.

The work altogether is a good example of an enlightened Christian faith aiding the study of a confessedly difficult and intricate subject. The whole matter under the treatment of the author issues in a high moral and religious end. Without diluting his work by the ever-repeated introduction of pious platitudes,—which, being out of place, oftener tire than teach,—he declares simply his principles and his purpose at the outset, and pauses occasionally to point out the enlarged prospect of spiritual truth which is opened up from each fresh point of scientific inquiry.

The Epistles of St. John. A Series of Lectures on Christian Ethics. By Frederick D. Maurice, M.A. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1857.

MR. MAURICE has, after his own manner, nearly gone through the Bible, in the way of consecutive exposition. The present work leaves only the 'Revelation' to be illustrated.

The most characteristic feature of this volume is, that the lecturer keeps closely to his text, and to his expository purpose and profession. He really tries to explain St. John's Epistles, and, with, perhaps, an exception on one point, to express his own inner meaning. There is far less, than in most of his other publications, of that mirage of words by which he has been accustomed to dazzle and confuse his readers; avoiding in this way the necessity of strictly expounding his subject, or of revealing his esoteric purpose. We are pleased to observe, moreover, that there is little or none of that covert bitterness and passion, in combination with a show of rare candour and humility, which has been an unhappy feature in Mr. Maurice's writings. He may, perhaps, have been brought to see how far, in reference to this point, he had been deceiving himself.

For the rest, the theology is Mr. Maurice's own. Sin is 'selfishness, the want of understanding that we are members of a kind.' (Page 60.) 'Conscience is not a power of its own, (*sic*,) but a witness to us of some One speaking to us, commanding us, judging us.' (Page 12.) 'The blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth us from all sins,' means precisely and only 'the new life-blood,' which the Son of God, who 'has taken our flesh and blood,' and so become the manifested 'Head of our race,' has 'put into this nature of ours.' (Page 50.) Christ delivered us from our bondage and degradation, by 'dying our death,' *i. e.*, by dying, as He had lived, according to the ordinary conditions of humanity, as a real man, to glorify death as He had dignified life. (Page 158, *et passim*.) Christ's sacrifice of Himself was only *for us* in such a sense as this,—that in offering up Himself He dedicated, sanctified, and offered to God *humanity*, our nature and race, as such. (Page 111.) Christ the Word was 'that form or type after which the Divine Artist fashioned the whole universe.' (Page 131.)

Mr. Maurice, in all his works, shows himself to be utterly incapable of delivering himself from these misconceptions, in which he was trained as a Unitarian, or of understanding the spirit and principles of that grand evangelical theology of which, in all its great points, the immortal work of Bishop Pearson may be considered the representative treatise. His obtuseness can only arise from lamentable prejudice, and pre-occupation of mind. His positive ignorance seems to imply, that he has never set himself to read any of the acknowledged standards of the theology he travesties. We doubt whether he knows more than he may have learnt in the gossip of his particular circle, or from an occasional sermon which he may have heard from a Low-Church Evangelical Clergyman. Only on such a supposition can we account for the extreme absurdity of many passages in his writings, where he alludes to evangelical doctrines. As samples of the sort of thing we mean, we may refer to pages 153, 238, and 239, of this volume.

The Duties of Christianity, theoretically and practically considered. By Thomas Jackson. London: Mason. 1857.

WE have long desired to see such a volume as this, wherein the Duties of Christianity are explained and enforced to the conviction of the intelligent, and the comfort of those who simply desire to see the path of duty. The pernicious influence of our popular writers on Moral Philosophy cannot be fully estimated; for some of them have poisoned the very fountains of public opinion. We have some antidotes in the productions of ethical writers better instructed than Paley; men who acknowledge the revealed will of God as the only certain and authoritative ground of moral obligation. Mr. Jackson, in all his writings, is distinguished by a profound deference to the Scriptures, and not the least in this volume on *Christian Duties*. The subjection of the understanding to the will of God is beautifully exhibited in the opening chapters, 'on the Difference between Moral Philosophy and Christian Duty,' which is an admirable statement. In it Mr. Jackson has well combated several modern theories; and,

by the force of revealed truth, argumentatively applied, has shown them to be really unphilosophical, as contrary to facts, and inadmissible on principles of right reasoning. All the errors of our moral philosophers may be traced to this practical repudiation of revealed truth. Human nature is not considered as it really is; but is to be regulated by systems which are no more than human opinion, ever variable, and which can never wear the aspect, nor possess the force, of law, which yet is essential to moral obligation. We are glad to possess a volume which places duty on its true basis, and furnishes the *obliged* not only with a rule, but with motive force. Unlike such works as *The Whole Duty of Man*, 'that repository of self-righteousness and Pharisaic lumber,' as Cowper calls it, all is based on evangelical principles. Power for such duties is not inherent in human nature; but is attainable by all, on the simple condition that it be sought; and hence our author has devoted several early chapters to the subject of prayer,—its nature, authority, and warrant, and its qualifications; and these, we think, will satisfy any doubting mind. On every topic Mr. Jackson is clear, scriptural, and earnest; a true Protestant, he is profoundly loyal to the throne and the Government,—jealous for liberty, fearful of licence. Without the form of controversy, he has fully delivered himself on many controverted points with fairness, and conclusively.

The notes appended to the volume add greatly to its value and interest; many of them rich in thought, vigorous in style, and well calculated to lead young Ministers especially to search among the divinity of the seventeenth century for gold, not beaten into superficies, but piled in vast solid ingots, or heaped in rude ore of scarcely less value. We know of no one so well qualified, and therefore so well entitled, to guide in this direction, as the author of the present volume. A history of English theology of the seventeenth century would be a valuable text-book for the students of our day.

The Shekinah: or, The Presence and Manifestation of Jehovah, under the several Dispensations, from the Creation of Man to the Day of Judgment. With Dissertations on the Cherubim and Thummim. By William Cooke. J. B. Cooke. 1857.

THE title of this work is very ambitious, and might tend to excite expectations which would not be satisfied. For this most sublime of all the symbols of Holy Scripture presents to the mind the loftiest and most unlimited field of sacred speculation; while it enters into the exposition of a very large portion of the sacred writings. It would be wrong, however, to say that the word *Shekinah* is used merely as a title; its place in the symbolism of the Old Testament, and in the glorious revelations of the New, and in the prospective consummation of all things, is very plainly, though it may be superficially, exhibited. The author pretends to nothing more than he accomplishes, and accomplishes well. The work is a very excellent piece of dogmatic and practical theology; and some chapters in it deserve the solemn attention of all Christian Churches, and Christian men, in these days of a restrained Spirit, and of deep longings for a fuller manifestation of God in the world.

MISCELLANEA.

Life of Alexander Pope. Including Extracts from his Correspondence. By Robert Carruthers. Second Edition, revised and considerably enlarged. Bohn. 1857. This is the only memoir of the poet which deserves perusal. We have now a volume which approaches in character and interest to the Life of Johnson. There is something wonderfully engaging in the personal history of these great wits and their attendant satellites,—something which rarely belongs to that of more isolated genius. It is surely the attraction of large humanity, of common sense sublimed by noblest sympathies, and diffused over an extended circle. The character of Pope is not so fine a study as that of Johnson, and his failings were far more serious; but he had many amiable virtues, and almost matchless talents; and his influence on the literature and society of his day was quite equal to that of his successor.—*The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village. By Thomas Aird. Second Edition. Blackwood. 1857.* Mr. Aird is one of the most original poets of our time; and the present little volume is full of beautiful poetic prose, worthy of his delicate and subtle fancy.—*The New Dance of Death, and other Poems. By Charles Boner. Chapman and Hall. 1857.* The title of this book is not more deadly-lively than its style. The 'dance' is represented by a jolting measure, and the general effect is dismal enough, without being exactly such as should result from serious thoughts of 'death.'—*The Book for Every Land: Reminiscences of Labour and Adventure in the Work of Bible Circulation in the North of Europe and in Russia. By the late John Patterson, D.D. Edited, with a prefatory Memoir, by W. L. Alexander. Snow. 1857.* If time were of no account, we should not esteem this narrative too long; for, under a more liberal economy, the Reminiscences of Dr. Patterson would be very agreeable reading. But circumstances alter cases, and the book will now be voted dull and tedious.—*The Legacy of an Octogenarian Pastor in the Anglican Church; being Valedictory Reflections offered to the Consideration of the Religious World. By John Riland, M.A. London. 1857.* The style of this excellent pamphlet is full of vigour, and no sign of the author's age appears, except in the ripeness of his wisdom and the catholic expansion of his views.—*The Purchase of the Truth: A Sermon. By the Rev. H. Fish, M.A. London: Hamilton. 1857.* A good and useful sermon, which is said to have been very profitable during the author's ministry. We hope that it may prove not less so in its present form.—*Minutes of Proceedings in Parliament respecting Public Bills, 20-21 Vict., Session 1857. Edited by James Bigg.* A very useful manual, prefaced by a general summary judiciously drawn up.—*The Science of Arithmetic: A systematic Course of numerical Reasoning and Computation, with very numerous Exercises. By James Cornwell, Ph.D., and Joshua G. Fitch, M.A. Third Edition. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.* We are glad to see this revised edition of the best work on Arithmetic that has yet appeared. It is both scientific and practical, in the best and fullest sense of those terms.

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